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DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XX

November 1907

No 1



"INEXCUSABLY LATE, FATHER!
WHAT CAN WE SAY?"
SEE "A SPECKLED BIRD"

Published at Augusta, Maine

COMFORT

The Key to
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A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
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Crumbs of Comfort

Tears are the silent language of grief.
They never fail who die in a great cause.
The best armor is to keep out of gunshot.
Nothing comes too soon to us but sorrow.
Fear God, and you have nothing else to fear.
Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.
To live beneath sorrow one must yield to it.

Alas, by some degree of woe
We ever bliss must gain;
The heart can never a transport know
That never feels a pain.

—Lytleton.

Those who think must govern those who
toil.

The infinitely little have a pride infinitely
great.

Great thoughts like great deeds need no
trampet.

There are more men ennobled by study than
by nature.

Opinion is a medium between ignorance and
knowledge.

The souls of those who die are but sunbeams
lifted higher.

As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As the knots around a vapor,
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood
As if drinking its repose.

—E. B. Browning.

Speech is but broken light upon the depths
of the unspoken.

We are less thought of for what we are, than
for what we have.

The more good is communicated the more
abundant it grows.

How immense appear the sins to us that we
have not committed.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds
of snow;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.

—Byron.

To Music never was the word said: "To dust
return, for dust thou art."

Strengthen us by sympathizing with our
strength, not our weakness.

He that wrestles with us sharpens our skill
and strengthens our nerves.

Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle, helping glide.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The true effect of genuine politeness seems to
be ease rather than pleasure.

When pride and presumption walk before,
shame and loss follow very closely.

There is no harm in being stupid so long as a
man does not think himself clever.

The Devil knew what he did when he made
man politic; he crossed himself by it.

But whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.

—M. J. Barry.

A Few Words by the Editor

A HAPPY Thanksgiving to all of our readers! The harvests have possibly not been as bountiful as last year, nor the rewards as great; certain fruit crops may be failures, but still on the whole we have much to be thankful for, and on Thanksgiving day we forget the drawbacks and the adversities, and remember only the blessings and benefits we have received.

Adversity is a test of our manhood. It is a poor human that can not be thankful when everything comes his way—a man of that kind it little better than an overgrown hog who grunts his satisfaction after a hearty meal. The grunt is a token of content that the stomach is full, not an expression of thanks to the one who provided the meal.

Many will say: "My crops were a failure, I have nothing to be thankful for." Yes we all have much to be thankful for. If a part of the crops failed this year, we had an abundance last, and the next year we shall doubtless have an abundance again, for the lean years in this glorious land of ours are few and far between. God blesses us as He blesses no other land, and if He withholds His favors one season it is only that we may be doubly appreciative of the abundance which is sure to be bestowed upon us in the seasons that follow. It is the cloudy days that make us appreciate the sunshine; it is the lean years that make us grateful for the years of fatness. "The man worth while is the man who can smile, when everything goes wrong," and the real gratitude is that which triumphs over trials and adversities, and, unmindful of the things of earth still lifts up prayers of thankfulness to the Father of us all.

Your editor would like to ask a favor of you. It is a favor that will cause you little effort, and will mean much to us at this end of the line. You are doubtless contemplating sending in your subscription at the end of the year—nearly everyone does this—and the consequence is, we have to work day and night, so great is the demand made upon our staff at that time! But no matter how energetically we toil, no matter how large a force we employ, we can not handle the avalanche of letters that then pours in upon us. It takes time to carefully read all the kind and encouraging letters our many friends send us. Your communications usually have in them something more than business, and every word you send us is carefully read, and your kind messages deeply appreciated. The entering up of one subscription absorbs a considerable amount of time; the entering of a million subscriptions is a Titanic work that consumes months of effort. Fortunately however, subscribers do not all renew their subscriptions at the end of the year or the beginning of the new, but at least half of our friends make a practice of doing this. If you could help us out in this matter, and subscribe now before the rush begins, there would be no delay, no danger of mistakes, and no chance of your missing a copy of your favorite paper when it is at its brightest and best.

Your premiums too, if you are working for them, can be sent you now with greater dispatch. Both for your sakes and ours then, send in your subscriptions before the Christmas rush begins and get your friends to do likewise. If you are contemplating giving a Christmas present, give your friends a year's subscription to COMFORT. It will only cost you fifteen cents for each individual present, and you can secure a valuable premium in addition, which can also be made a very acceptable gift for someone, should you not want to make use of it yourself. COMFORT is the cheapest and best Christmas present in the world, the best fifteen cents' worth on earth. We challenge anyone to find its equal for the money. It is absolutely peerless in its line. Please take this little talk to heart. It is meant for you individually as well as for your neighbors. One good turn deserves another. We certainly do our best to give you satisfaction and we feel sure, knowing the bond of sympathy and good feeling that exists between us, that you will grant us this favor and subscribe now. Remember, when you get COMFORT you get the best. Comparisons are odious, but if you have a moment to spare kindly note how much more reading matter there is in COMFORT than can be found in most of its competitors. When you go to the store to buy a pound of butter, you watch the scales to see that you get good weight. When you buy a magazine you should do the same. You have just as much right to insist on getting what you pay for in literature as you have in butter, or any other commodity which you buy. As a matter of fact, however, the average magazine buyer seems perfectly content to pay for shortweight, and will take and pay for anything in the magazine line that comes along.

Your editor has just been casting his eye over some of the publications which attempt to compete with COMFORT in its particular field. The September issue of one 25-cent publication consisted of sixteen pages, and contained only ten columns of reading matter! COMFORT for September, gave you a 24-page issue and fifty columns of reading matter, and its price was only fifteen cents. Thus we gave you five times as much matter as the magazine in question, and charged you about half the price. Our competitor charges two cents for ten columns, we charged one and one quarter cents for fifty columns. If this comparison had been made in November, when we run thirty-two page issues, the difference in favor of COMFORT would be immensely greater. Still the business methods of our contemporaries are none of our concern, and we only draw attention to them, because we feel you ought to know when you go shopping at the COMFORT literary store, that we charge you less than anyone else, and give you four or five times more in quantity than many of our competitors.

You who contemplate getting up clubs for COMFORT should draw the attention of your friends and neighbors to the facts mentioned above, for they are certainly startling. We do not take up half the paper in telling you how good the other half is. There is no necessity for that, in fact your editor is making these remarks quite independently of the publisher, who is satisfied to let COMFORT speak for itself, without any horn tooting on the part of the one who pens this column. Subscribe at once then for COMFORT, the brightest, the biggest and the best.

The recent troubles in Morocco are unlikely to be of any deep interest to the average American citizen. Morocco is a long way off, but at the same time this Morocco business is liable to cause serious complications and possibly a European war. The matter is of interest from another standpoint, as once more we see the Crescent and the Cross in deadly conflict.

In Morocco things are very much the same as they were one thousand years ago. The inhabitants are Mohammedans—Arabs, with admixture of Spanish blood. The people are usually referred to as Moors, this being the term applied to nearly all the Mohammedan inhabitants of Northwest Africa. The Sultan is an absolute monarch.

The population of Morocco is about five millions. The inhabitants are divided into six different tribes. These tribes are constantly in revolt. Each tribe has a chief, and each chief of course has political ambitions. The best known of these tribal chieftains is Raisuli. This gentleman has for a long time defied the Sultan's authority. He has been capturing Europeans and holding them to ransom. One of his captives was an American, whose release was secured only after the greatest difficulty. At present Raisuli is holding captive Sir Henry McLean, an Englishman, who has been attempting to modernize the Sultan's military forces.

European governments of course threaten the Sultan with dire punishment if he does not rescue captured Europeans from the rebellious chieftains. The poor distracted Sultan, between the devil and the deep sea, at once sends an armed force against the offenders. Usually the Sultan's forces get whipped, and a bad matter becomes worse.

What will be the outcome of this business no one can exactly say. It would doubtless be better for the world and civilization, generally, if France were permitted to permanently occupy the country, as she has done in the case of Algeria. Possibly Germany may be brought to see the necessity of this, and some concessions may be made her that may result in her acquiescence in a scheme of permanent occupation. A few years ago, such a suggestion would have brought immediate warfare, as England has long had her eye in Morocco, but the entente cordiale between those two powers is so sincere and so thorough, that England would raise no objections to such a step. France must do something, as the present reign of fanaticism in Morocco is liable to extend to Algeria. The Mohammedans are already preaching a holy war, and France has already had such bitter experiences in Algeria with the fanatical sons of the desert, that she will do her best to pour oil on the troubled waters and so avert a general uprising in Algeria.

The Peace Conference at the Hague, has fortunately been rescued from utter failure by the discussion of the American suggestion for a permanent court of arbitration. With a peace court always sitting, and always ready to arbitrate any differences that may arise between nations, there will be no necessity for war, unless one or other of the disputing parties is determined on bloodshed.

Nations do not rush into war as they used to do. War is an expensive business even for the victors, and with the nations of the world in a peaceful frame of mind, and a permanent court of arbitration always ready to settle disputes, the likelihood of strife and conflict are greatly lessened, and permanent peace becomes almost a certainty. The very fact that such a court is in existence will have an immense moral effect, and its influence for good upon the mind and thought of the world will be incalculable. America has done no greater service for humanity than this.

Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Mrs. Susan A. Wallace, widow of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," died recently in Crawfordsville, Indiana. She was a woman of rare literary ability and assisted her husband in his writings.

The Cunard Lusitania arrived in New York Oct. 11, from Queenstown, in the fastest time ever made across the Atlantic Ocean. Her achievement is a triumph to British shipbuilding and Great Britain regains the mercantile supremacy which was lost to Germany ten years ago.

If railroad companies are successful, tramps are likely to lose one of the fascinations of seeking a living, and will likely do more walking than riding in the future. The Pennsylvania company has in operation a special police force to keep all tramps from its tracks and trains.

Thomas A. Edison announces his purpose of constructing within twelve hours next summer a three-story house of cement, costing only \$1,000. Iron moulds have been especially prepared for the cement concrete at a cost of \$30,000. If this project proves the success that Mr. Edison claims, it will work a revolution in the building business.

The opening of trans-Atlantic communication by the wireless system marks an epoch in the progress of the world, and scores a triumph which has not been enjoyed by any inventor of the present day. Twelve years ago William Marconi startled the world with the theory of communicating through the air without the use of wire. Distance is annihilated, as was shown last month when messages were exchanged between America and Europe, just as they would be sent by cable.

Two important regulations relating to foreign postage went into effect Oct. 1st. In place of the old rate for letters sent abroad, the new rate is five cents for a whole ounce and three cents for each additional ounce or fraction. The other regulation puts into use the international reply coupon. Hitherto anyone writing in this country to England or France and wishing to inclose reply postage had to procure foreign stamps, our stamps being worthless on a letter mailed in another country. All the post offices under the Postal Union issue a coupon which is redeemable at a slight discount in any country.

TOLD AROUND THE STOVE



Ghost-scared Indians

"Memaloose island, in the Columbia river, Oregon, is the greatest Indian burying-ground in this country, perhaps," remarked a traveling man. "It is a small island and though right in the midst of the very best salmon fishing, the white men who want all the salmon they can buy, could not get the Indians to fish there. At last somebody went to the island to see what was the matter. They found any number of small mounds, and opening some of them found them literally full of Indian bones and skulls. Further search was made and the whole island was discovered to be chock full of Indian remains. In most cases, the skeletons had disintegrated, and there was merely a jumble of bones and dust, but now and then, a skeleton entire, in something like mummy form, was found. There was no possible way of telling how many Indians had been buried here, but for more years than anybody knew it had been used as a graveyard, and thousands of dead reposed there. The island was considered sacred to the gods as well, and there isn't an Indian on the Columbia who can be hired to go fishing on Memaloose Island."

Vanadium Steel

"When the steel manufacturers hit upon the idea of mixing nickel with their product and gave the world 'nickel steel,' they thought they had about reached the limit of a good thing," said a man with a piece of ore in his hands, "but vanadium steel knocks it end over end, and promises to be the steel of the future. The use of it increases the tensile strength and elongation of ordinary steel 90 per cent. The automobile people have brought this about because they are after a steel that will not break, if they can find it. Vanadium is a metal which has been known since 1801, but for 80 years it was looked upon merely as a curious production of nature. Fifteen years ago it was used in dyeing, and for enamel on glass and china. It was known to improve steel, but the cost of it prohibited its use. The only mines were supposed to be in Peru, and by the time it was made and shipped to this country it cost from \$300 to \$400 a pound. Now it has been discovered in Colorado, Utah, California and New Mexico in unlimited quantities and the cost has been reduced to \$2.50 a pound, and of a little is used at that price. Dr. J. Baxeres of New York, has spent \$150,000 in experiments with it and says he can soon turn it out as low as 25 cents a pound. When it gets to that price it will come into general use and vanadium steel will be the only kind for first-class use."

Our Beginning

"Though these, or this, United States doesn't date back of the 4th of July, 1776," said a man thin enough to pose for Brother Jonathan, "it really got its start on the 19th of December, 1606 and we are now a little more than 300 years old. To put it more definitely, on the 19th of December, 1606, three ships, the Sara Constant, Godspeed and Discovery, sailed from Blackwell, England, for Virginia to found an English colony in the new world. This was known as the 'First Colony.' The 'Second Colony,' bound for Plymouth, Mass., or what afterwards became Plymouth, Mass., didn't get away for six months later, and then stranded on the coast of Maine, and went back home. It was not until 1620 that this colony finally landed on Plymouth Rock. But the First Colony, after two weeks delay in getting off, left England and on the 26th of April, they arrived at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. They went up the James river, then called Powhatan, for 35 miles and landed May 13th on a peninsula where they founded a town which they called Jamestown. Later the neck of the peninsula was washed away and the town was on an island, where what is left of it is yet. Other settlements had been attempted, but had failed, and this one was the first to stick. From it has grown the United States of the present, the biggest growth, I may say, in the shortest time from anything that ever was planted."

Science Against Smuggling

"The tariff on all sorts of foreign-made goods," said a political looking party, "puts a premium on smuggling by every traveler who comes to the United States, and there are hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of goods of all kinds slipped by the customs-house officials every year by good American citizens who don't want to pay duty on the presents they have bought for friends, or on the various articles they could buy for their own use cheaper than they could buy them at home. As a rule, the value of each smuggler's possessions are not large, and he does not bring in the goods to sell again, but there are so many doing it that the aggregate amounts to a big sum every year. And there has been no way of stopping it, simply because the small smugglers do not consider that they are violating the laws and will not declare what should be declared and duty paid. But the end of the petty smuggling is in sight, for a Frenchman has devised a scheme which nobody can get around. This is nothing but turning the ordinary X-ray on all passengers and their baggage. This shows up everything that may be hidden anywhere in clothes or trunks, and the officials can go right after it and see for themselves whether it is dutiable or not. Repeated experiments with the X-ray device, in every instance disclosed what the smuggler—who was being experimented upon—had hidden about him or in his trunks. No doubt, it won't be long till an X-ray room will be fitted up at every landing place of foreign ships on these shores and the smuggling will cease. The time is very short to make examinations, as many as 167 persons being examined in 45 minutes. In the tests, articles concealed in the mouth, in the bottom of shoes, in packages next to the skin and in the ears were shown up by the ray."

The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

CHAPTER I. BEECHWOOD.

THE sultry September day was drawing to a close, and as the sun went down, a dark thunder cloud came slowly up from the West, muttering in deep undertones, and emitting occasional gleams of lightning, by way of heralding the coming storm, from which both man and beast intuitively sought shelter. Ere long the streets of Mayfield were deserted, save by the handsome carriage and span of spirited horses which went dashing through the town toward the large house upon the hill, the residence of Judge Howell, who paid no heed to the storm, so absorbed was he in the letter which he held in his hand, and which had roused him to a state of fearful excitement. Through the gate, and up the long avenue, lined with giant trees of maple and beech, the horses flew, and just as the rain came down in torrents, they stood panting before the door of Beechwood.

"Bring me a light! Why isn't there one already here?" roared the Judge, as he stalked into the library, and banged the door with a crash scarcely equalled by the storm outside.

"Got up a little thunder-storm on his own account! Wonder what's happened to him now!" muttered Rachel, the colored housekeeper, as she placed a lamp upon the table, and then silently left the room.

Scarcely was she gone when, seating himself in his armchair, the Judge began to read again the letter which had so much disturbed him. It was postmarked at a little out of the way place among the backwoods of Maine, and it purported to have come from a young mother, who asked him to adopt a little girl, nearly two months old.

"Her family is equal to your own," the mother wrote; "and should you take my baby, you need never blush for her parentage. I have heard of you, Judge Howell. I know that you are rich, that you are comparatively alone, and there are reasons why I would rather my child should go to Beechwood than any other spot in the wide world. You need her, too—need something to comfort your old age, for with all your money, you are far from being happy."

"The deuce I am!" muttered the Judge. "How did the trollop know that, or how did she know of me, anyway? I take a child to comfort my old age! Ridiculous! I'm not old—I'm only fifty—just in the prime of life; but I hate young ones, and I won't have one in my house! I'm tormented enough with Rachel's dozen, and if that madam brings hers here, I'll

The remainder of the sentence was cut short by a peal of thunder, so long and loud, that even the exasperated Judge was still until the roar had died away; then, resuming the subject of his remarks he continued:

"Thanks to something, this letter has been two weeks on the road, and as she is tired of looking for an answer by this time, I shan't trouble myself to write—but what of Richard?—I have not yet seen why he is up there in New Hampshire, chasing after that Hetty, when he ought to have been home weeks ago; and taking from his pocket another and an unopened letter, he read why his only son and heir of all his vast possessions, was in New Hampshire 'chasing after Hetty,' as he termed it.

Hetty Kirby was a poor relation, whom the Judge's wife had taken into the family, and treated with the utmost kindness and consideration; on her death-bed she had committed the young girl to her husband's care, bidding him be kind to Hetty for her sake. In Judge Howell's crusty heart there was one soft, warm spot—the memory of his wife and beautiful young daughter, the latter of whom died within a few months of her marriage. They had loved the orphan Hetty, and for their sakes he had kept her until accident had revealed to him the fact that to his son, then little more than a boy, there was no music so sweet as Hetty's voice—no light so bright as that which shone in Hetty's eye.

Then the lion was roused, and he turned her from his door while Richard was threatened with disinheritance if he dared to think again of the humble Hetty. There was no alternative but to submit, for Judge Howell's word was law, and, with a sad farewell to what had been her home so long, Hetty went back to the low-roofed house among the granite hills, where her mother and half-imbecile grandmother were living.

Richard, too, returned to college, and from that time not a word had passed between the father and the son concerning the offending Hetty until now, when Richard wrote that she was dead, together with her grandmother—the news of her illness had been forwarded to him, and immediately after leaving college, in July, he had hastened to New Hampshire, and staid by her until she died.

"You can curse me for it, if you choose," he said, "but it will not make the matter better. I loved Hetty Kirby while living, I love her memory now that she is dead; and in that little grave beneath the hill I have buried my heart forever."

The letter closed by saying that Richard would possibly be home that night, and he asked that the carriage might be in waiting at the depot.

The news of Hetty's death kept the Judge silent for a moment, while his heart gave one great throb as he thought of the fair-haired blue-eyed girl, who had so often ministered to his comfort.

"Poor thing, she's in Heaven, I'm sure," he said; "and if I was ever harsh to her, it's too late to help it now. I always liked her well enough, but I did not like her making love to Richard. He'll get over it, too, even if he does talk about his heart being buried in her grave. Stuff and nonsense! Just as if a boy of twenty knows where his heart is. Needn't tell me. He'll come to his senses after he's been home a spell, and that reminds me that I must send the carriage for him. Here Ruth," he continued, as he saw a servant passing in the hall, "tell Joe not to put out the horses, or if he has, to harness up again. Richard is coming home, and he must meet him at the station."

Ruth departed with the message and the Judge again took up the letter in which a child had been offered for his adoption. Very closely he scrutinized the handwriting, but it was not a familiar one to him. He had never seen it before, and tearing the paper in pieces, he scattered them upon the floor.

The storm by this time had partially subsided and he heard the carriage wheels grinding into the gravel as Joe drove from the house. Half an hour went by, and then the carriage returned again; but Richard was not in it, and the father sat down alone to the supper kept in waiting for his son. It was a peculiarity of the Judge to retire precisely at nine o'clock; neither friend nor foe could keep him up beyond that hour, he said; and on this evening, as on all others, the lights disappeared from his room just as the nine o'clock bell was heard in the distance. But the Judge was nervous tonight. The thunder which at intervals continued to roar, made him restless, and ten o'clock found him even more wakeful than he had been an hour before.

"What the plague ails me," he exclaimed, tossing uneasily from side to side, "and what the deuce can that be? Rachel's baby as I live! What is she doing with it here? If there's anything I detest, it is a baby's squall. Just hear that, will you?" and raising himself upon his elbow he listened intently to what was indisputably an infant wail, rising even above the storm, for it had commenced raining again and the thunder at times was fearfully loud.

"Screech away," said the Judge, as a cry, sharper and more prolonged, fell upon his ear; "screech away till you split your throat; but I'll know why a Christian man, who hates children, must be driven distracted in his own house," and stepping into the hall, he called out at the door of his voice, "Ho, Rachel!" but no Rachel made her appearance; and a little further investigation sufficed to show that she had retired to the cottage in the back yard, which, in accordance with a



"IT SHAN'T BE SAID
A BRUTE IS MORE
HUMANE THAN MYSELF!"



"I WOULD HAVE CALLED NO OTHER WOMAN MY WIFE"

southern custom, the Judge, who was a Virginian, had built for herself and husband. Rachel was also a native of Virginia, but for many years she had lived at Beechwood, where she was now the presiding genius—and the one servant whom the Judge trusted above all others. But she had one great fault, at which her master chafed terribly; she had nearly as many children as the fabled woman who lived in a shoe. Indeed there seemed to be no end to the little darlings who daily sunned themselves upon the velvet sward in front of their cabin door, and were nightly stowed away in three wide trundle-beds, which Rachel brought forth from unheeded hiding-places, and made up near her own. If there was one thing in the world more than another which the Judge professed to hate, it was children, and when Rachel innocently asked him to name her twelfth, he answered wrathfully:

"A dozen—the old Harry!—call it Finis—and let it be so—do you hear?"

"Yes, master," was the submissive answer, and so Finis, or Finn, for short, was the name given to the child, which the Judge fancied was so disturbing him, as leaning over the banister, he called to Rachel, "to stop that noise, and carry Finn back where he belonged."

"She has carried him back, I do believe," he said to himself, as he heard how still it was below, and retiring to his room, he tried to sleep, and succeeding so far as to fall away into a doze, from which he was aroused by a thunder-crash, which shook the massive building to its foundation, and wrung from the watch-dog, Tiger, who kept guard without, a deafening yell.

But to neither of these sounds did the Judge pay the least attention, for, mingled with them, and continuing after both had died away, was that same infant wail, turned now to a higher, shriller note, as if the little creature were suffering from fear or bodily pain.

"Might as well try to sleep in bedlam!" exclaimed the exasperated Judge, stepping from his bed a second time, and commencing to dress himself, while his nervousness and irritability increased in proportion as the cries grew louder and more alarming.

Striking a light and frowning wrathfully at the sour, tired-looking visage reflected by the mirror, he descended the stairs and entered the kitchen, where everything was in perfect order, even to the kindling laid upon the hearth for the morning fire. The cries, too, were fainter there and could scarcely be heard at all, but as he retraced his steps and came again into the lower hall, he heard them distinctly, and also Tiger's howl. Guided by the sound, he kept on his way until he reached the front door, when a thought flashed upon him which rendered him for an instant powerless to act. What if that Maine woman, tired of waiting for an answer to her letter, had taken some other way of accomplishing her purpose? What if he should find a baby on his steps! "But I shan't," he said decidedly; "I won't, and if I do, I'll kick it into the street, or something," and emboldened by this resolution he unlocked the door, and shading the lamp with his hand, peered cautiously out into the darkness.

With a cry of delight Tiger sprang forward, nearly upsetting his master, who staggered back a pace or two, and then, recovering himself, advanced again toward the open door.

"There's nothing here," he said, thrusting his head out into the rain, which was dropping fast through the thick vine leaves which overhung the lattice of the portico. As if to disprove his assertion, the heavens for an instant blazed with light, and showed him where a small white object lay in a willow basket beneath the seat built on either side of the door. He knew it was not Finn, for the tiny fingers which grasped the basket edge were white and pure as wax, while the little dimples about the joints involuntarily carried him back to a time when just such a baby hand as this had patted his bearded cheek or pulled his long black hair.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of that hand, now cold in death, which prompted him to a nearer survey of the contents of the basket, and setting down his lamp, he stooped to draw it forth, while Tiger stood by trembling with joy that his vigils were ended, and that human aid had come at last to the helpless creature he had guarded with the faithfulness peculiar to his race.

It was a fair round face which met the Judge's view as he removed the flannel blanket, and the bright, pretty eyes which looked up into his were

gingham dress. "Thar's somethin' fastened to't," she said, and, removing the blanket, she saw something pinned to the infant's waist. "This may 'plain the matter," she continued, passing it to the Judge, who read, in the same hand-writing as the letter: "God prosper you, Judge Howell, in proportion as you are kind to my baby, whom I have called Milly."

"Milly!" repeated the Judge, "Milly be

He did not finish the sentence, for he seemed to hear way back in the past, a voice much like his own, saying aloud:

"I, Jacob, take thee, Milly, to be my wedded wife."

The Milly taken there in that shadowy old church had been for years a loving, faithful wife, and another Milly, too, with starry eyes and nut-brown hair had fitted through his halls, calling him her father. The Maine woman must surely have known of this when she gave her offspring the only name in the world which could possibly have touched the Judge's heart. With a perplexed expression upon his face he stood, rubbing his hands together, while Rachel launched forth into a strain of baby talk, like that with which she was wont to edify her twelve young black-birds.

"For Heaven's sake, stop that! You fairly turn my stomach," said the Judge, as she added the finishing touch by calling the child "a pessus 'tittle darlin' dumplin'!" You women are precious big fools with babies!"

"Wasn't Miss Milly just as silly as any on us?" asked Rachel, who knew his weak point, "and if she was here tonight, instead of over Jordan, don't you believe she'd take the little critter as her own?"

"That's nothing to do with it," returned the Judge. "The question is how shall we dispose of it—tonight, I mean, for in the morning I shall see about its being taken to the poorhouse."

"The poorhouse," repeated Rachel. "Ain't it writ on that paper, 'The Lord sarve you and yours as you sarve her and hers?' Thar's a warnin' in that which I shall mind of you don't. The baby ain't a-going to the poorhouse. I'll take it myself, first. A hen don't scratch no harder for thirteen than she does for twelve, and though Joe ain't no kind o' count, I can manage somehow. Shall I consider it mine?"

"Yes, till morning," answered the Judge, who really had no definite idea as to what he intended doing with the helpless creature thus forced upon him against his will.

He abhorred children—he would not for anything have one abiding in his home, and especially this one of so doubtful parentage; still he was not quite inclined to cast it off, and he wished there was someone with whom to advise. Then, as he remembered the expected comin' of his son, he thought, "Richard will tell me what to do!" and feeling somewhat relieved, he returned to his chamber, while Rachel hurried off to her cabin, where, in a few words, she explained the matter to Joe, who, being naturally of a lazy temperament, was altogether too sleepy to manifest emotion of any kind, and was soon snoring as loudly as ever.

In his rude pine cradle little Finn was sleeping, and once Rachel thought to lay the strange baby with him; but proud as she was of her color and of her youngest born, too, she felt that there was a dividing line over which she must not pass, so Finn was finally removed to the pillow of his sire, the cradle re-arranged, and the baby carefully laid to rest.

Meantime, on his bedstead of rosewood, Judge Howell tried again to sleep, but all in vain were his attempts to woo the wayward goddess, and he lay awake until the moon, struggling through the broken clouds, shone upon the floor. Then in the distance, he heard the whistle of the night express, and knew it was past midnight.

"I wish that Maine woman had been drowned in Passamaquoddy Bay," said he, rolling his pillow into a ball and beating it with his fist. "Yes, I do, for I'll be hanged if I want to be bothered this way! Hark! I do believe she's prowling 'round the house yet," he continued, as he thought he caught the sound of a footstep upon the gravelled walk.

He was not mistaken in the sound, and he was about getting up for the third and, as he swore to himself, the last time, when a loud ring of the bell, and a well-known voice, calling "Father! father! let me in," told him that not the Maine woman, but his son Richard had come. Hastening down the stairs, he unlocked the door, and Richard Howell stepped into the hall, his boots bespattered with mud, his clothes wet with the heavy rain, and his face looking haggard and pale by the dim light of the lamp his father carried in his hand.

"Why, Dick!" exclaimed the Judge, "what ails you? You are as white as a ghost!"

"I am tired and sick," was Richard's reply. "I've scarcely slept for several weeks."

"Been watching with Hetty, I dare say," thought the Judge; but he merely said: "Why didn't you come at seven, as you wrote you would?"

"I couldn't conveniently," Richard replied; "and as I was anxious to get here as soon as possible, I took the night-express, and have walked here from the depot. But what is that?" he continued, as he glanced at the willow-basket standing near the door.

"Dick," and the Judge's voice dropped to a nervous whisper—"Dick, if you'll believe me, some infernal Maine woman has had a baby, and left it on our steps. She wrote first to know if I'd take it, but the letter was two weeks coming. I didn't get it until tonight, and, as I suppose she was tired of waiting, she brought it along right in the midst of that thunder-shower. She might have known I'd kick it into the street, just as I said I would—the trollop!"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the more humane young man, "you surely didn't treat the innocent child so cruelly!"

"No, I didn't, though my will was good enough," answered the father. "Just think of the scandalous reports that are certain to follow. It will be just like that gossiping Widow Simms to get up some confounded yarn, and involve us both, the wretch! But I shan't keep it—I shall send it to the poorhouse."

And, by the way of adding emphasis to his words, he gave the basket a shove, which turned it bottom-side up, and scattered over the floor, sundry articles of baby-wear, which had before escaped his observation.

Among these was a tiny pair of red morocco shoes; for the "Maine woman," as he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

A SPECKLED BIRD

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By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonaire and wily. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-keen, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispars, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza. At nine years of age she wants to know how old she must be before Eliza will tell her why her grandmother hates her father so.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Slowly disease weakens the proud woman. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eliza and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. From that time Eliza dates the undivided attention she craves from her father. "Father," Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspects the seed he sows in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace. From the day he first sees her he opens the empty temple of his heart.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his position. He is an ascetic that Eliza witnesses a scene near the altar. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. He will set them to a chant. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. God can spare two. A sob and tears follow.

Eliza recognizes in a cash box the soloist of St. Hyacinth's, and how pale he looks. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at — Fourteenth St. Going out Eliza presses a folded bill in the boy's hand.

Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. It is easy to discover the center of attraction. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She drifts from the far West to Brooklyn and finds employment, from which she is dismissed on an unjust charge. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISCOVERED MENACE TO JUDGE KENT'S PEACE OF MIND.

DISTINCTLY A poseur, Senator Kent had studied his physical good points with sufficient attention to establish the habit of exhibiting them advantageously, and tonight, as he leaned back in his easy-chair, persons who knew him well understood that the fine leonine head was always turned adroitly to the right because a defect in one drooping eyelid found semi-concealment in the shadow of nose and brow. Political and financial prosperity had prevented or erased the lines that usually mark countenances of men of his age, and his smooth, handsome smiling face seemed to defy and rebut the testimony offered by gray hair and white mustache.

Suave and conciliatory, tactful yet tenacious of purpose, a carefully cultivated air of frankness ambushed subtle craftiness that rarely failed to accomplish schemes which the unwary never suspected. Unhampered by scruples, he had scaled the heights of success, climbing the ladder of cautious expediency, and claiming allegiance only to principles and policies that beckoned from the rung just above his head. Proverbial good nature, voiced by a musical, hearty laugh, won him social popularity, and even in congressional debate he never laid aside the polished armor of imperturbable courtesy. Despite the keen scrutiny of Eliza Mitchell during many years of intimate association, his character had remained a baffling enigma, and her suspicious distrust was allayed, in some degree, by his genial equanimity and amiable abdication of control in domestic details. That he wore a mask she had always believed, yet it fitted so perfectly she could not penetrate the steel mesh, and in no unguarded moment had its springs loosened.

The luxuriously furnished library was bright and warm with fire glow and gas light, and sweet with the breath of white azaleas heaped in a pale-pink bowl on the low mantel shelf. Only the click of the typewriter disturbed the stillness until Eliza rose from the instrument, covered it, and numbered the written pages, arranging them in a sheaf.

"All ready now, father, and Mr. Metcalf can incorporate these tables in the report you will need tomorrow. Do you wish to verify the figures?"

"Not necessary, my dear. You are usually accurate."

"Thanks for the sugar plum. You know exactly how sweet is your praise."

Coming forward, she sat down on the carpeted footboard attached to his reclining chair, leaned her head against his knee, and stretched her fingers toward the fire. He laid one large dimpled hand on her shoulder, and she turned her cheek to touch it. After the lapse of some minutes the clock struck, and Eliza sprang up.

"Barely time to dress for the Secretary's dinner! Has the carriage been ordered?"

"Yes. I can doze a while longer, as I have to change only my coat, vest, and tie."

"Eliza, do you need my help in dressing, or will Octavia suit you best?" asked Mrs. Mitchell, who sat at a small table near the hearth, matching silk squares for an afghan.

"You can revise me finally, and punctuate me with additional pins when I come down. Don't let father oversleep himself."

Senator Kent straightened the folds of his padded dressing-gown and through half-closed eyes watched the small hands hovering over silken scraps, and wondered, as he had often done before, what manner of man could have been the "overseer" husband for whom this grave, pretty, reticent, demure widow still mourned in black garments, relieved only by narrow white ruches at her throat and wrists.

The clock ticked softly, and the senator seemed asleep, when the ringing of the doorbell roused him. Some moments passed before the library door opened and a servant entered. "A note, sir. It was laid on top of the bell knob, and the messenger did not wait, for I looked up and down the street."

"Evidently of no importance, else the delivery would not have been so careless."

He lazily took an envelope from the silver salver and held it up.

"Senator Allison Kent, Washington, D. C."

"Strictly Personal."

Both the address and contents were typewritten.

Intent on her patchwork, Eliza was bending over a mass of scarlet satin ribbon, when a strange sound startled her: not a cry nor yet a groan—an anomalous smothered utterance of pain, as from a strong animal sorely stricken.

He had struggled to his feet, and the large heavy body swayed twice, then righted itself, and he stood staring blankly at the red lily dado—the opposite wall, as though their cry son petals spelled some such message as foreshadowed doom to Babylon. One hand crushed the letter into an inside pocket of the dressing-gown, the other clutched his mustache, twisting it into knots.

The swift, inexplicable change of countenance could be compared only with the startled alertness of a drowsing fox when his dim, snug covert echoes the first far-off blast of the coming hunter's horn. In every life some alluring vision of Arden beckons and beguiles, and to this successful man, basking in the golden glamour of a satisfying attainment of his aim, came suddenly an ominous baying of the bloodhounds of retributive destiny.

"You have bad news, Judge Kent?"

He made no answer, and she seized his arm.

"What is the dreadful news that distresses you?"

As he turned his eyes upon her, all their light and color seemed faded to a dull glassiness, and his voice shook like a hysterical woman's.

"News—did you say? No—I have received no news. None whatever."

"Then what ails you? I shall call Eliza."

She turned, but he clutched her skirt.

"For God's sake, don't ever tell her! Why grieve the child? The truth is—"

He caught his breath, and a sickly smile showed how his mouth trembled, as he swept his hand across his brow.

"You are sick?"

"Oh, yes—sick; that is it exactly. Sick—sick indeed. Some oysters I ate, and cheese; later I very foolishly drank ale."

"Then, sir, you must go to bed, and Eliza will send an explanation of your unavoidable absence from the dinner."

Upstairs a door was opened, and a sweet, girlish voice trilled two bars of a Venetian barcarolle.

Judge Kent threw out his arms appealingly.

"I must go tonight. For God's sake, don't let her know anything! Say nothing. I shall tell her I was a little faint from indigestion. Vile compound—oysters, ale, Roquefort! Promise me to hold your tongue; not for my sake, but hers. I am obliged to attend this dinner, and it would spoil her evening if she knew how deadly sick—I—really was a moment ago. Promise me."

"Very well. I suppose you know best what concerns you most. I promise."

"You are the only woman I ever knew upon whom I could rely to hold her tongue. Now, quick as you can, bring the decanter of brandy to my room. Amuse the child with her frills and finery while I dress. I must have a little time."

When she carried the brandy to his door, the hand that grasped it was icy, and the other tugged ineffectually at his white tie.

Humming her boat-song, Eliza trailed silken draperies down the winding stairs and into the library, where she courtesied low to Eliza and swept her train—like a peacock's plumes—up to the grate, putting one slipped foot on the brass fender.

She was gowned in green crepe of an uncommon tint, that held multitudinous silvery lights in its crinkled texture, and when she moved they glistened and played hide and seek in the clinging folds. Around her fair, full throat a rope of emeralds coiled twice.

"Am I all right—ready for publication and criticism? The damp weather makes my hair so curly I can scarcely keep it in line. Ma-Lila, the clasp of my necklace feels a little rickety, so I must ask you to move it around in front, and cover it securely with this."

She held out a diamond butterfly, and Eliza fastened it in the gold-wire links of the emerald chain. As she settled the jewels in place, she stooped and kissed one lovely white shoulder.

"Renew your subscription and get a friend to subscribe also while the price of 15 cents per year is in force. 'A Speckled Bird' will be continued for some months and other good stories now running will follow on COMFORT is the best monthly published, so say thousands."

"Solemn little mother! I know exactly what you are thinking. That I am as frivolous a creature as grandmother's heirloom butterfly? You should not lose sight of the psychic symbolism of this much slandered and despised insect. Little white butterflies whose wings are all powdered with shining star-dust are the souls of babies."

"Pagan nonsense that I won't listen to. Moreover, you ought to be ashamed to jest about your immortal soul as if it were yours exclusively—to play with as you would a ball."

"You darling Puritan! If you do not unlace yours it surely will smother. Really, I thought it was orthodox to believe that in the very last analysis and final adjustment of personal property one's own soul was one's solitary chattel that defied and survived the confiscation of death. Motherkin, don't scold! Kiss me good night, and help me with my cloak, so that I shall not muss all this lace jabot. Is not father ready?"

Eliza laid her long, white velvet cloak around her and tied the ribbons under her chin.

"What keeps father so long? I heard the front doorbell ring; is there a visitor?"

"No visitor. Only some document left for the Judge. He is dressing."

Eliza went to the door of an adjoining room and rapped.

"Father, we shall be late. Unpardonable, you know, at a formal dinner."

"Almost ready. Old men need more time for repairs than young beauties."

When he came in, walking briskly, with his overcoat on his arm, Eliza saw that he had rallied surprisingly. Brandy reinforced his nerves, and the cautious, defensive tactics of a lifetime availed now to readjust and restore his equivoque of manner. A flush showed on the full cheeks, and his eyes shone like those of a cat in some dim corner.

"Inexcusably late, father! What can we say?"

See first page illustration.

"Come, my dear; leave that to me. I shall simply apologize by telling the truth—a spell of indigestion delayed me, but I felt sure one of the Secretary's famous cocktails would rejuvenate me."

Women, secure in their heritage of personal charms, resent as the most unpardonable of affronts to their mental acumen explanations that do not explain, and Mrs. Mitchell was thoroughly exasperated by the flimsiness of the deception which she was expected to accept with unquestioning credulity. Silence under strenuous conditions she could have condoned, because it left her the resource of conjecture; an honest confession of vitally grave business complications she would have regarded as confidential, and loyally held inviolate, but "oysters, ale, and Roquefort" was a stinging challenge to her feminine intuitions. Judge Kent's arrested assertion: "The truth is—," recalled Mrs. Maurice's estimate of his veracity when she had applied to him the sarcasm: "He holds truth too precious to be wasted on everybody." That he covered under some unexpected blow she was quite sure, but her solicitude included him only as his interests involved Eliza's welfare, and any intimation of coming disaster fluttered this foster-mother, as the faint gray shadow of a hawk high in the heavens startles a hen into signaling her brood. Ignorant of the quarter whence trouble might approach, how could she shield Eliza, whose safety had been committed to her guardianship? Had she the right to discover the contents of a note that "contained no news"? Did his falsehood entitle her to pry into his correspondence? All the smothered distrust of years was acutely intensified, and she rose and walked to his room. A bright light shone through the transom, but when she turned the bolt she found the door locked. During her residence in the house this precaution had never before been taken, hence she knew the note had not been destroyed. Returning to the library, she rang the bell, and the butler responded promptly.

"Have you locked up the silver? Bring me the key. Close the house for the night. Judge Kent will be out late. Tell Octavia to have good fires upstairs, and then she need not wait for Miss Eliza, as I shall sit up till she comes; and, Watson, you can go home. Should the front doorbell ring, I shall be here."

More than once she had suspected that the senator was interested in financial speculations, and, though Eliza's fortune had been carefully tied up beyond his reach, she began to fear he might by some devious process jeopardize it. "Hypothecating securities" was a bristling phrase she had never quite comprehended, but it symbolized an ogre she must outwit.

In one corner of the library stood a tall, brass-mounted chiffonier filled with papers, and above it hung an engraving. Behind, and entirely concealed, was a door opening into a small bathroom that formed an alcove in the senator's apartment. After an hour had passed, Mrs. Mitchell placed her shoulder against the chiffonier, that rolled easily on its castors, and she slipped behind it. There was no key in the lock, but a slender steel bolt slid horizontally under her hand, and the door opened a few inches only, barred by a table, which she succeeded in pushing aside. Lifting the portiere inside, she entered the sleeping-room, and found the robe de chambre hanging over the lack of a chair. The pockets were empty, the drawers of the bureau locked, but under the pillow on the bed she thrust one hand and drew out the object of her search. It contained neither date nor signature, and was typewritten in purple ink on thin paper bearing no watermark.

"A friend to you and to yours believes it a genuine kindness to inform you that the identity of 'Ely Twiggs' has been discovered, and hopes an early knowledge of this fact may be useful to you."

She replaced the note beneath the pillow, returned to the library, and rolled back the chiffonier. After all she had ended her quest in a cul-de-sac. Turning the gas jets low, she sat watching the blue flicker that danced like witch-lights in the grate, and once she smiled at her own discomfiture, realizing that her attempt was futile as would be the trial of a Yale key to open a "combination" vault lock, the arrangement of which was unknown. Keenly alert, she heard the rattle of the night-latch, the closing of the front door, and, after a moment, Judge Kent came slowly into the room. At first he did not notice her presence, the countenance without its habitual mask—a face gloomy, perturbed, unnaturally flushed, with restless eyes gleaming like those of a jaded, hunted forest animal.

"Ah—Mrs. Mitchell! Sitting up for Eliza? Didn't she tell you she was going from the dinner to the cotillon? Herriott will see her girls are so thoughtless."

"Eliza is never that, and I knew she would be late at the cotillon. I waited downstairs solely to see you."

"Very kind, I am sure; but I feel much better, thank you. Indeed, I may say I have fully recovered from that sudden, intolerable spell of nausea. You are very good to worry over that little attack, but pray think no more about it. I shall abjure Welsh rarebit and oysters in future. At my time of life, pneumogastric nerves get their innings."

Brightening the light in the gas globe over the mantel, she approached and confronted him.

"Judge Kent, I am not 'worrying' over the condition of your digestive organs, but I do feel deeply interested in the nature of the trouble that has come upon you so unexpectedly, and I can not sleep until I tell you what I have done tonight. Whatever injures you wounds Eliza, and solely on her account I felt justified in taking a step that no weaker motive could have sanctioned. I sat up to tell you that when I found you would not trust me with the truth, I hunted it by reading the note that fell this evening like a bombshell. I have no hesitation in confessing the fact. I am here for that purpose."

She set her small, white teeth grimly and clasped her hands behind her.

He looked down at her, as a mastiff at a barking pug, and, throwing back his head, laughed heartily, clapping his hands softly.

"Bravo, Methodist burglar! You seem an expert, and find locked doors no barrier. What would Eliza think of your breaking into my room, and into my correspondence?"

"Shall we ask her? Only my promise not to mention this matter to her prevents me from telling her as quickly and frankly as I have told you. May I speak to her?"

"Madam, you possess an arsenal of mental reservations, and I doubt whether you can keep a promise."

"I can be silent against my will, and even in defiance of my judgment. Try me."

"Then consider yourself on probation. Where is my hoax of a note?"

"Under your pillow, where you left it."

His eyes twinkled, and his voice shook as with suppressed laughter.

"A woman's curiosity cost us Eden. My dear little lady, what did you discover in my anonymous letter?"

"Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 230 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, 'A Speckled Bird,' which will be continued for some months into 1903: it only costs 15 cents to do it now."

"That 'Ely Twiggs' is a terrible menace to your peace of mind."

"Would you like a translation of that ugly occult phrase? It is merely a telegraphic cipher. You have conjured up a malignant chimeras; rest assured it is only a dingy red-paper balloon with a flickering taper inside. Good night. Pray allow no compunctions qualms to disturb the peace of your Methodist conscience."

"No church is responsible for errors of its members, and I wish I could believe it possible that your Episcopal conscience will allow you a night of refreshing sleep. For my dear child's sake, I hoped you would confide in me, and I regret that you withhold the truth. Good night, sir."

"Little foster-mother, remember your promise."

He held out his hand, but she declined the overture and walked away.

"My Methodist promise will bear any weight laid on it."

Without premonition, a sudden storm had swept over the city that night and at two o'clock, when Eliza and Mr. Herriott went down the steps to enter their carriage, the stone pavement held tiny pools and rills of water.

"Wait, Eliza, your slippers will be soaked."

"I can run across on tiptoe."

"You shall not! Permit me."

He stooped, lifted her from the lower step, and placed her on the cushioned seat.

"How strong you are!" she said, laughing, as he entered the carriage and sat down opposite, not beside her.

"Physically—yes. If my force of will equalled my nerves and muscles, I should be a much happier man."

"Infirmary of will? You,—the most obstinate man I ever met! How little you know yourself!"

"You are so sure you read me aright, perhaps you understand why all the strength of my manhood has not saved me from staking my earthly hopes on a venture that may be fatal. Can you explain?"

"Is it some scientific scheme? Some theory that may prove a delusion?"

"It is simply the possibility that the woman I love will not give me her heart. Eliza, I have been patient. I wished you to see and know other men—to form your own ideal, to compare me with some more brilliant and attractive—before I asked for your love. Since the day I first saw you—a grieving child—at Nutwood, my heart has been entirely yours, and all my future is gilded with the hope of a home in which you will reign as my wife. I bring you the one unshared love of my life. May I have the blessed assurance that you will accept it?"

For some seconds Eliza neither moved nor spoke; then she slipped down on her knees and laid her head on his hands, that were folded together.

"Mr. Noel—dear Mr. Noel—I will never marry. Only one man in all the world is necessary to my happiness, and he is my father. What you tell me now is a surprise—a painful surprise to me—because I never thought of you as of some who flattered and even some who have asked my hand. You were always my best friend, my wise, sympathetic companion, and I never could think of you as desiring or needing any woman's affection. You have seemed unlike other men I meet in society, and I believed you cared most for books and scientific experiments, though I thought you always felt a very kind, friendly, brotherly interest in me. Oh, I am so sorry you have uttered such words to-night! You must know I am not like other women in our circle, and I have no intention of marrying. If I should select any man to love it might be you, because I respect and trust you so profoundly; but that could never happen to me. What have I inadvertently done to make you misjudge my feelings. You must forgive me. I never suspected."

As she pressed her face against his hands he felt her lips trembling, and his struggle for self-control was short and fierce. After a moment, he raised and replaced her on the seat and sat beside her.

"I can reproach only myself for a delusion that costs me more than you will ever know. In my loneliness the dream was so beautiful."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sta. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

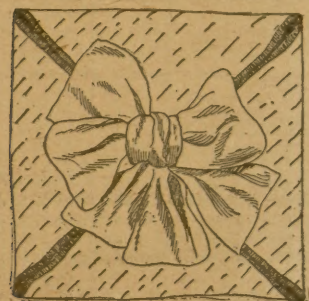
Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Gift Giving

THE habit of giving at Christmas-time in many cases has degenerated into simply the exchange of gifts, rather than the bestowing of them as a token of love or friendship.

If we give in this way we help to cheapen this custom and rob it of its highest and best sentiment. Of course, we all like to be remembered by our real friends, and, if only these, who must necessarily be few are remembered, the habit of giving at Christmas-time would indeed be a pleasure rather than a burden, as it is at present to many of us. If we indulge indiscriminately in giving, many of us are forced to choose our gifts hastily and half heartedly, selecting things of value in themselves, maybe, but little suited to the needs of the receivers.



HANDKERCHIEF CASE. (FIG. 1.)

would be a reminder of the giver as long as it lasts.

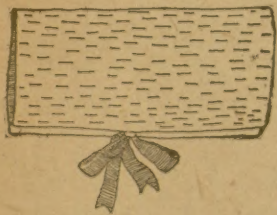
If you have never given this matter much thought let me assist you this year, and see how far you can make your Christmas money go by carefully planning and selecting suitable and sensible gifts which you know will meet a need.

As an example of the number of inexpensive articles which can be planned and made at home, let me tell you of a few more of the attractive and useful little things which my friend's Christmas box contained.

To begin with there were the dainty gifts which she fashioned from birch bark. Thin paper-like pieces of the bark were made up into beautiful handkerchief and glove cases, while the thicker pieces were fashioned into lovely canoes and hanging baskets for plants.

For a handkerchief case, cut a nine-inch square—larger if your bark admits of it. Cut a square the same size of cotton batting and sprinkle between the layers some sachet powder. Overcast edges of batting and lay on wrong side of bark. Cut a square of satin same size for lining, and lay that on top of the batting. Overcast the edges of all three together, drawing the lining as tightly as possible so it will fold easily. Bind edges with inch wide satin ribbon, basting first and then stitching on the machine. Fold three corners to center and tack them together at the points, so they will remain in place. On the fourth corner place a big bow, and under the bow put a small loop. On the proper place to match this loop, on top of case, put a flat button; this will be covered by the bow when the fourth end is folded up and loop caught on button. Our illustration Fig. 1 shows this case closed.

When lined with cream satin and bound with very light brown ribbon, the combination of tones is very artistic, as the bark has all the shades of brown, up to cream. Lined and bound with light blue they are beautiful. A glove case is cut same size and shape, but folded only once, to make an oblong case. A big bow can be put on top, or simply a loop, with a button on under side to keep it closed. The bark is so beautiful that it is really a shame to cover it with a bow. Small bows could be put at the corners, if desired. It is best not to try to decorate the bark—with pen and ink or brush, for it is hard to improve upon nature,



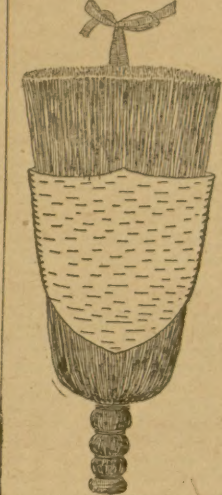
FINISHED GLOVE CASE. (FIG. 2.)



CANOE FLOWER BASKET. (FIG. 3.)

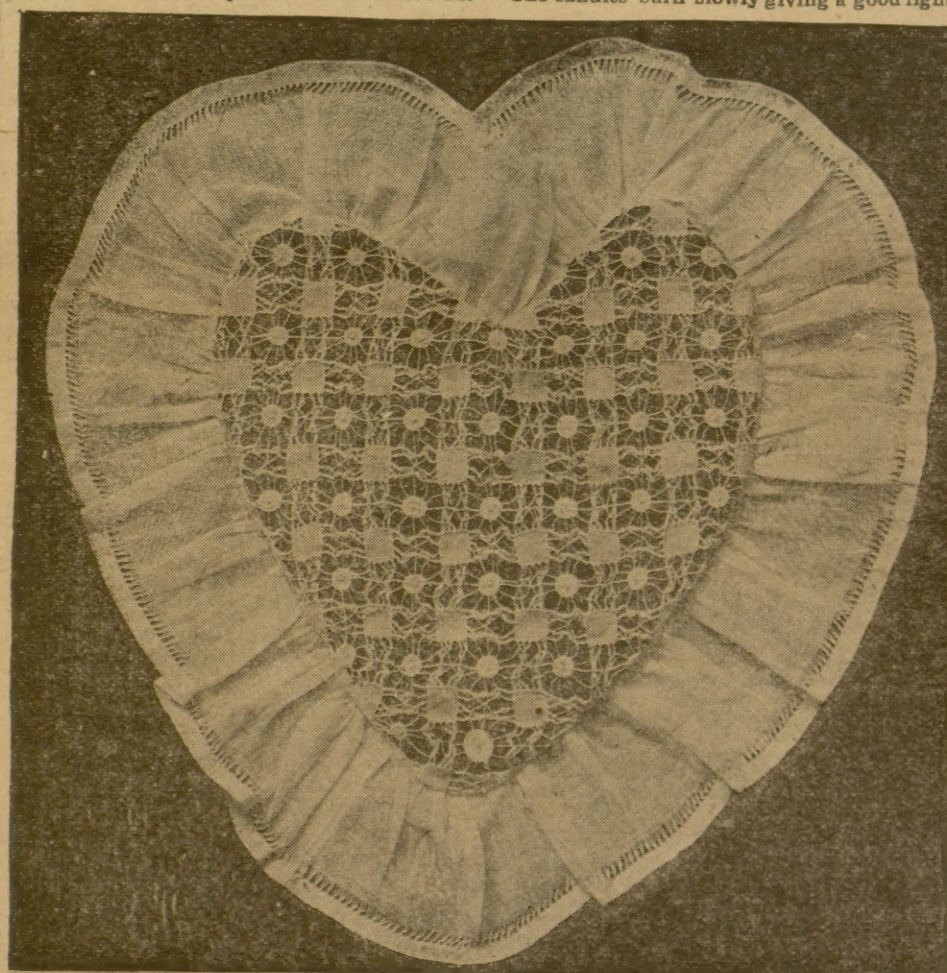
and unless one can do exceptionally good work, the natural bark is more attractive. Illustration Fig. 2 shows one of the finished glove cases.

Boxes made of the thick bark were cut in six pieces, four sides and top and bottom. For a handkerchief box the top and bottom should be seven inches square, the sides seven inches long by two or two and a half deep. Line all the pieces by pasting silk or satin, cut the same size, on the wrong side of each piece, pasting a narrow strip on all edges—not over entire surface, as paste would dis-



BROOM CASE. (FIG. 4.)

color lining, but at edges it will be covered by the binding ribbon, if it shows through. Then bind all the edges with ribbon, turning corners neatly; this will have to be done by hand, as the bark is too stiff to sew through with the machine. Tack the four sides together at corners, top and bottom, and then tack to bottom piece at the corners. Lay on cover, and tack at one side only. Then make four tiny bows of the binding ribbon and fasten one at each corner of cover, placing a loop in center of front edge, to lift cover. The glove and jewel boxes are made exactly the same, measurements for glove box being nine inches long by four and a half wide; and jewel box from three to four inches square, as desired. For readers who do not live where Birch trees grow, boxes of these proportions are made in the same way, minus the lining, and can be made of glass. One has to go to a glazier for this, and have him cut it exactly the right size. After binding edges, cut cardboard the exact size of the inside of bottom of box and full in some satin and tuck it; this makes it prettier than to have the



DRAWNWORK HEART SOFA PILLOW COVER.

Sent in by Miss Bettie R. Hardy.

plain glass bottom, and for the jewel case it is a necessity, as jewels should lie in something soft. Boxes and hanging canoe-shaped baskets for vines were made of the stiff bark. To make the

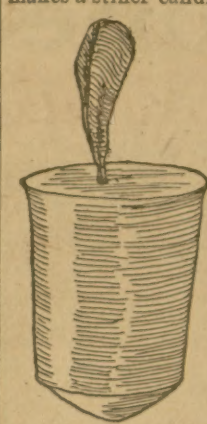
canoe-shaped basket, fold a piece of bark to together and cut the ends and sides canoe shape. Then sew the ends over and over with coarse linen thread. These can be lined with tea lead which will make them water tight. Fig. 3 shows finished basket.

Another use for the stiff paper is a brush-broom case. Cut two pieces exactly alike in the form of shields, sew together at each side from the top about half way down, to fit the broom it is to hold. At the center of the back piece fasten ends of ribbon and tie in a loop for hanging. See illustration, Fig. 4.

I am sure the eight following instructions for making the fragrant bayberry candles will be more than welcome to our readers who live where bayberries grow. See Fig. 5.

Gather the bayberries in the late fall, when they look as though flour had been sprinkled over them. Put in a kettle of boiling water; as the wax melts it floats. Skim, and continue to do so until all the wax is removed. This will be a dirty green in color, but by remelting and

refining it becomes a good shade of green. It makes a stiffer candle than tallow and burns slowly. When extinguished there is an agreeable odor to the smoke coming from the wick. If one has candle moulds that is, of course, the easier way to make the candle, and they are smooth and perfect when finished. If one can not get moulds, "dips" have to be made. The wicks are made by twisting soft twine tightly one way then doubling twine, and slipping the loop over a small round stick; the ends will twist together, forming a firm, double twisted cord. The stick over which the loop is slipped should be three or four feet long, so that several wicks may be strung upon it, and the ends of the stick laid



A THREAD WAXER. (FIG. 6.)

across the backs of two chairs. When wax is melted, pour into a large kettle or tub, and dip the wicks in, holding the ends of stick evenly in the hands while dipping. Place on rack or chair backs and dip another stick similarly fitted with wicks. If one is doing a large quantity, by the time the last stick is dipped the first will be cool and ready for another dipping. The temperature should be of about summer heat, for they must not dry too fast, or they will be brittle and crack. Dip until they have reached the size you wish the candles. Then, when thoroughly cold, cut the wick over stick, and lay on a flat surface—trim end of candle smoothly across, with a sharp knife, and then roll in tissue paper, each one separately, and keep in a cool, dark place, until needed.

The candles burn slowly giving a good light, and when snuffed out the smoke gives a very pleasant odor. If one can not find wax enough to make many candles, use it instead for thimble-shaped thread waxers. Pour the melted wax into a large thimble, first oiling the thimble—before the wax is hard, insert a tiny loop of ribbon in center. When it is hard the wax will slip out of the thimble and the loop will be firmly imbedded in the wax. See illustration Fig. 6. An almost indispensable article for the work basket is a broken needle holder. Particularly is this so where there are children, for with one of these little articles fastened to the work basket one immediately, upon breaking a needle, puts all the pieces into it and then knows there is no danger to be feared from them. Get a number of small bottles such as homeopathic doctors use for pills; tie over the end of each, in place of cork, a piece of silk or ribbon; fasten securely by winding thread around the neck of bottle. Trim the edges close to thread so it will look neat. Then tie baby ribbon around neck of bottle, of color to match for the glass-top, and long enough to form a loop with bow and ends. This is for tying it to the work basket. Illustration Fig. 7 shows one of these. These bottles cost little, and a dozen or so can be arranged in a short time and combined with a wax thimble and a small pincushion for the work basket, all decorated with colors to match, makes a gift that any housewife would be delighted to receive. It is easy to make several things of one kind, for all the materials are at hand,



FOR BROKEN NEEDLES. (FIG. 7.)

and when distributed among friends at a distance it is not known that you have remembered others in the same way; even if it were, it is of no consequence, for useful things are so acceptable that the recipient simply thanks her lucky stars that she got just the things she did.

For the children to give to their grandpas and grandmas, aunts and uncles who wore glasses, there were a dozen or more eyeglass polishers.

These were all made of soft chamois skin cut into pieces the shape of a single eyeglass, but one fourth inch larger all around. She placed the pieces together in pairs, and buttoned each pair together, half way around, with embroidery silk, leaving the other half open to allow the slipping in of the glass, to polish it. See Fig. 8.

Then my friend bought twenty-five baggage tags, they being made of just the right weight of stocks for bookmarks. She cut off the end of the tag where the hole and string are, and that left a piece of heavy manilla paper (or light cardboard), four inches by two and a half inches. On this she made, with pen and ink, what resembled a sign board, cutting out the post on both sides and bottom, leaving top. Then she printed different quotations on them, and sorted them in packages of five each (with different quotations, of course), and put a small elastic band around each package. The cut-out post went one side of a book page, and the rest of the card the other side, and left the pointed part sticking up above book. For quotations she used:

"When he's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man
Do but read?"

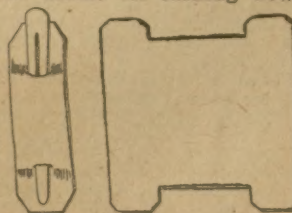
"A book's a book, although
There's nothing in it." —Byron.

"I can read anything which
I call a book." —Lamb.

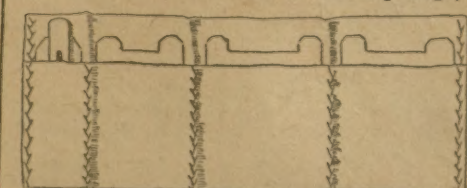
"It is better to read a novel
Than to mump." —Stevenson.

These bookmarks were for the family and relatives—very convenient things to have around, so there will be no excuse for turning down corners in books, such a common habit with children. Of course sheets of thin cardboard could be used for this purpose, but it should be tough and pliable, otherwise the "post" would soon break off. See Fig. 9.

She had received a present the Christmas before, which was so convenient that she concluded to make up a few for friends, taking care first to find out that they already had none. This was a ribbon case, holding cards wound with baby ribbon, and a tape needle, for running ribbon into the children's dresses and her own underwear. For four of these cases she bought one yard of flowered ribbon seven inches wide and cut it into four lengths. Each length she folded up, the lower edge to within three fourths of an inch of the top edge, to

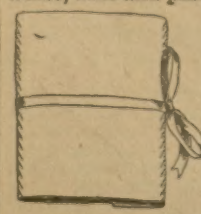


NEEDLE AND CARD READY. (FIG. 10.)



FOR BABY'S DRESSES. (FIG. 11.)

form pockets. She turned in and basted both ends, and then feather-stitched them with silk to harmonize, then feather-stitched between the pockets, of which there were four. At one end was the needle pocket one inch wide, and the rest of the case was divided equally into three. See illustration Fig. 11. Three cards were cut in same shape as in illustration Fig. 10 of right size to fit loosely into pockets, when wound with ribbon—she bought a tape needle for each case, and three pieces of baby ribbon, white, blue and pink. She divided each piece of ribbon into fourths, making two and a half yards in each. These she bound on the cards, and slipped one of each color into each case. Then she got one yard of ribbon a little wider than baby ribbon, of shade to match case, and cut it into four lengths. One length was attached to each case, at the back, in center, and then the case was folded and a smart little bow tied to keep it shut. See Fig. 12. This is a very convenient article to have on hand. It is a good present to send by mail, as it slips easily into an ordinary envelope. It can be made of plain ribbon, if desired, or a piece of silk cut in the right proportions.



CASE CLOSED. (FIG. 12.)

Sofa Pillow Cover

This heart-shaped sofa pillow cover would surely be welcomed by any one, as it is unusually dainty and effective, besides being useful and ornamental.

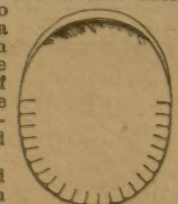
A piece of lawn twelve inches square will be required. Cut it heart shaped, and then beginning on the left hand side, leave one half inch, draw threads out for three fourths of an inch, leave one half inch and so on. After completing one side, begin and draw cross threads, this will leave half inch squares and three quarter inch spaces.

Threads are now run in each way, crossing at right angles and knotting the drawn threads in groups, then spider webs are worked in the centers of each square, as shown in our illustration.

After the center is complete finish with a hemstitched lawn ruffle and slip on over a pillow covered with pink, blue or yellow as fancy dictates.



BAYBERRY CANDLE. (FIG. 5.)



FOR THE GLASS-TOP. (FIG. 8.)

Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

Copyright, Wm. J. Benners, 1907.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shiffettry and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother out of trouble. Charlie's eyes flash. It is Squire Peter who sells him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moved to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie interferes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He holds the mainsail and the Betsy stands off from the shore.

CHAPTER II.

A WAIF FROM THE OCEAN.

"I WON'T do, Charlie," protested Job, as he glanced at the door of the house where Mrs. Seagrain still stood. "I won't do."

"What won't?" asked Charlie.

"I won't do for me to go off in this manner," replied Job, shaking his head ruefully.

"If I were you, governor, I would go off, and never come back again," added the young man.

"What! leave her?"

"Leave her forever and ever."

"She'll follow me to the ends of the earth."

"If it were my case, she'd have to do a good deal of traveling before she would find me."

"What can I do?" asked Job, with a blank stare at his companion.

"Be a man."

"It's no kind of use," sighed Job.

"You are not such a chicken anywhere else as you are in the house, governor. You are bold enough and tough enough out in the storm. One wouldn't suppose to see you pulling the bow-oar of a life-boat, in a hurricane, that you were afraid of any woman that ever walked the earth."

"But she's my wife."

"No matter if she is. There's no love lost between you. The fact of it is, governor, I have got tired of seeing this thing. I did not mean to meddle with your concerns, but my blood got a boiling so when I saw that woman turn upon you, that I could not help taking a hand in the game."

"It will be all the worse for me when she gets me alone," groaned Job.

"Come, come, governor, I'm ashamed of you," said Charlie, indignantly. "I wouldn't let any man maul me as she does you, much less a woman."

"I wouldn't let a man," pleaded Job. "But Betsy Ann's my wife."

"No matter for that; she doesn't respect you, and that's the reason she knocks you about so. If I were you, I'd teach her to respect me."

"What can I do?"

"Ain't I a man?"

"No! You are only a weak old woman when you are in the house. You must stop drinking in the first place. Then, when she hits you, hit back again. When she orders you to do this, that, and the other, which she ought to do herself, don't you do it. If she shows fight, square off, and let her see that you have a will of your own. You can cure her in twenty-four hours, if you set about it in good earnest."

"But she is my wife," pleaded Job.

"She is your tyrant, and you haven't spunk to turn your hand in her presence. You lead a dog's life at home."

"That's so," whined Job.

"It's all your own fault. Stop drinking and be your own master. Then you will amount to something."

Charlie gave the helm to Job, and went forward to hoist the foresail, for the wind was rather light. The old man was deep in thought. He was considering what his companion had said to him, and he felt that there was a great deal of truth in his remarks. It had been proved that day, if never before, that Betsy Ann was a female bully. There was no fight in her when Charlie stood ready for battle in the house.

"I'll do it," exclaimed he, as he stamped his right foot heavily on the deck of the schooner.

"I won't and I will!" he almost shouted, as the young man came aft again.

"You won't and you will," repeated Charlie, wondering what had come across Job's peaceful mind. "Those two words don't agree very well."

"Yes, they do; they agree fast-rate. I won't and I will," repeated Job, stamping on the deck again.

"What do you mean, governor?"

"I won't drink any more rum, and I will be my own master," replied the old man, with a cheerful smile, as though he had already accomplished his wife's and his own reformation.

"Stick to your text, and you will be a happier man," added Charlie, who had but little hope, however, of good results, for Job had promised him, promised everybody, that he would not drink another drop; and then had been tipsy within twenty-four hours.

"Oh! I will stick to it this time," protested Job. "You don't believe I will, Charlie, but you shall see. I'm all right, just as sure as you live. I understand it fast-rate now."

"I hope you do, governor."

"Oh! I do. You see. I didn't understand it before. I know I've promised and promised, but I only promised not to drink any more. Now I won't and I will! that'll do the business just as sure as you live."

The young man did not clearly understand the philosophy of the oysterman's argument. He failed to see what connection the *won't* had with the *will*, and he asked for further information.

"I'll tell you all about it, Charlie," replied Job, with a cheerful smile. "You are my boy, and I love you better than I do Betsy Ann, if she is my wife; and I'm rather glad you ain't got none of our blood in your veins. Blood's everything, Charlie."

"If it is, I hope you will stir a little gunpowder into yours," laughed the young man.

"Powder, shot, and shell, Charlie," roared Job, who certainly looked like a new man.

There is a world of hope in a good resolution, and, when made in earnest, it often brings as much rejoicing as the actual conquering of the bad habit. Certainly Job was

in a happier frame of mind than he had enjoyed for years, and his joy could come only of his good resolution, for he had been drunk only the day before, and the household battle was yet to be fought.

"Where are we going, Charlie?" asked Job, as he looked about him.

"Down by the Head and Horns," replied Charlie. "I found a new bed of oysters down there, which will be a small fortune to you, if we can work it a few nights without being seen."

"Sho!" exclaimed Job, his eyes beaming with delight at this welcome intelligence.

"When did you find it?"

"About three weeks ago."

"And you didn't say a word about it, Charlie?"

"I didn't want to turn such big, fat oysters into rum."

"I won't turn one of them into rum, Charlie," said Job, as he gybed the schooner, and stood off to the eastward.

"All right," added the young man, as he let off the sheets. "We must go about six miles and a half on this tack; and when you get in the range between Green's point and the western Horn, head her west-southwest; then when you get Leek's Point and Phyre Island light in line, you will be right over the bed."

"I could go there in the darkest night," replied Job. "Now set down, Charlie; I want to talk with you. You are my boy, and I love you better than I do Betsy Ann, if she is my wife. I've a great mind to go back and give her the first lesson tonight."

"Tomorrow or next day will do just as well," laughed Charlie.

"Perhaps it'll do better. If I go off for a day or two, she will have a rod in pickle for me; and then I shall have a fair chance at her. I'm somebody now, boy."

"I hope so, but the battle isn't fought yet."

"The *won't* and the *will* go together, Charlie. I've promised not to drink any more forty times, but then you see I go into the house, and Betsy Ann gives me some. I get discouraged right off, and feel so mean I don't care what becomes of me. Then I take a drink, and can't stop till I get drunk. Now, when Betsy Ann pitches into me with her tongue or her fist, I'm going to stand my ground; I'm going to be master in that house after this; and I won't stand no nonsense from her. Then I shall feel that I am somebody, Charlie. I feel so now, for that matter. Then I shan't get discouraged. If I can only take care of Betsy Ann, I can let rum alone. I know. When I look at it, I'm astonished. As you said just now, Charlie, I can handle a life-boat in a gale of wind. If a man don't mind me, I knock him over, and I have done it, too. I won't stand it no longer."

"Don't do it, governor," added Charlie.

They were cutting through the smooth waters of Great Bay which is bounded on one side by a narrow strip of sand, often rising into hummocks, formed by the lashing of the furious breakers on the stormy coast. There are occasional inlets in this strip of land, which admit the passage of small vessels to the bay, on the northern shore of which are frequent villages. The most important of these openings is Phyre Island Inlet, on the eastern bank of which is a first-class light-house. It is one of the most dangerous localities for navigation on the coast, and the timbers of many noble ships lie buried in the sands on the treacherous coast. Thousands of lives have been sacrificed in the night and the storm, and now the fringe of sand for a hundred miles is provided with life-boat stations and huts of refuge for shipwrecked seamen.

Across Great Bay, nearly opposite the light-house, and about six miles from it, is a village, which I shall take the liberty to call Oslip on the outskirts of which stood the poor house of Job Seagrain. It was a mile from the village, on the estuary of a creek, into which flowed a brook from the higher lands. The house was a story and a half high, but it was now sadly out of repair, for times were always hard with its owner of late years. Job had not always been what he was, when introduced to the reader; and the appearance of his house was but a type of himself. Before he was married he had saved a considerable sum of money, with which he bought twenty acres of land on the creek, above the marshes, and built his house. He planted a garden, and laid down the keel of the best schooner of its size in those waters, which when completed realized all the hopes of her owner. In one of his visits to a neighboring village he saw Betsy Ann Brown, and fell in love with her, though she was three inches taller than he. She called him her "little man" then. Job was prosperous at that time, and with farming, fishing, and oystering was making his fortune in a small way; so Betsy Ann was willing to marry him. He took her to his new house on the creek, and for three or four years they were tolerably happy together, though the temper of his wife began to develop itself shortly after the marriage.

Job was a patient, peaceful, good-natured man, and submitted gently to the tyranny of Betsy Ann. He bore everything rather than quarrel. He obeyed all her commands, and listened patiently to her reproaches and reproaches, however undeserved they were. But life soon became a load to him. They had one child, a boy, who lived to be only two years old, and it's death seemed to break Job down. He was a domestic man by nature, but his home life was a sad failure. About a year after the death of the child, Betsy Ann, for the first time, raised her hand against him. It was only a slap on the face, but it went to his soul. He wept over it, not so much at the blow as at the wreck of his domestic life. He could not endure this treatment, and he left the house. It was the middle of September. He embarked in the schooner, and stood across Great Bay. He was utterly miserable, and was tempted to throw himself into the sea, and bury his grief in an ocean grave. He was determined to go home no more, and without caring where he went, he mechanically steered his schooner through the tortuous channels among the shoals of sand till he was between Phyre Island and the long strip of land which divides the bay from the ocean. Here, in the bight of the bay, only a quarter of a mile from the breakers that rolled in from the broad Atlantic, he anchored the Betsy Ann. It was dark then, and he cooked his supper

at the cabin stove though his appetite hardly justified the labor.

His reflections were sad and bitter. He laid down in his berth, but not to sleep. He could think only of the cruelty of Betsy Ann. He could not live with her, and he had about made up his mind to take the schooner to New York, sell her, and ship on a foreign voyage. This desperate resolve seemed to afford him some comfort, and at midnight he went to sleep. In a couple of hours he was awakened by the howlings of a tempest, more fierce than he could remember in his past experience. He could hear the roar of heavy breakers on the sand, and the rattling of the rain on the deck above him. It was a fearful storm, and he rose from his bed to assure himself that the Betsy Ann was in a safe position. Putting on his heavy pea-jacket, he went on deck to find that the schooner was dragging her anchor. Bending in his heavy anchor, he paid out all the cable on board, and then she held fast.

He had hardly secured the vessel before the dull boom of a gun across the sands startled him. It was a terrible sound in the gloom and the storm, for it indicated disaster and death. Some ship, driven by the hurricane upon the treacherous shoals, was going to pieces there, and her hapless crew were perishing in the mad caldron of the beaten waters. Job's heart was tender, and he trembled for those who at that moment were struggling with the fierce waves. He drew up his tender, and pulled to the shore in it. The beach was white with the breaking billows, that wasted their fury on the hard sand, trampled upon by the storms of ages.

Job gazed out on the mad ocean, but no ship could be seen. Not another gun was heard, and he doubted not that the vessel had gone to pieces. He was all alone, and could do nothing. It was not even possible to launch a life-boat, if there had been a crew to man it, in such an awful sea. Job's heart ached for those who were lost, for he could not believe that a single life would be preserved. He watched and watched on the shore, till at last he saw some object in the breakers not far from him. It was a whale boat, but it seemed to be empty. It whirled around on the foam-crested billows, and then capsized. Presently it righted, and a savage wave bore it far up on the sands. Job seized the bow of the boat, and dragged it farther up from the water, so that the fierce billows could not carry it back. He was drenched to the skin in the act, but he saved the boat.

While he was at work, using all his strength and skill, he was startled by the sharp cry of a child. His heart leaped, and jumping into the whale boat, he found lashed to the grating in the stern-sheets, the child, which by a miracle had been borne safely to the shore. Job untied the knots in the cord, which had evidently been made by a sailor, and bore the little waif from the ocean to a place of greater safety. It was plain to Job that several people from the ship had embarked in this whale boat, and that some old sailor had lashed the little one to the grating, to prevent it from being washed out by waves. But no boat could live in such a tempestuous sea, and this one had probably been upset several times, till its exhausted crew could no longer cling to her. The child was in its night clothes, wrapped up in a large shawl, as though it had been hastily taken from its bed in the emergency of the hour.

Job placed the child in the tender, and paddling out to the Betsy Ann, conveyed his charge to the cabin. The little thing was wet, and shivered with the cold. He made a fire in the stove, and heated the little cabin so hot that the sweat rolled off his face as he removed the wet garments from the child, and with his coarse towel wiped it perfectly dry. Then the little one smiled upon him, and Job was happy. He had a small can of milk in the locker, which he had put on board for a cruise he had intended to make the next day in search of oysters. With this, and some "hard tack" he fed his little guest, who ate heartily of the fare provided for him.

"Do you feel good now, my little man?" said Job, when he had done all he could for the child.

"Mamma!" replied he.

"Poor little fellow, I'm afraid you'll never see your mamma again, if she was in the ship," added Job sadly. "What's your name, little man?"

"I want mamma."

Job took the little child into his arms, and rocked it gently, as he had his own, and it soon dropped asleep. Job laid it in his berth, and covered it carefully with such clothing as the cabin afforded. He watched over its slumbers till daylight, and then leaving it for a time, he went on shore.

The storm had entirely subsided, though the breakers still dashed madly on the sands. The beach was covered with fragments of the broken ship, and here and there was the cold corpse of some unfortunate seaman who had perished in the waves; but there was not a living soul from the wreck to tell the story of the disaster. Not even the name of the ship was known then, though it was afterwards ascertained to be the Albatross, Captain Penguin, from Liverpool to New York. Job walked as far as the lighthouse, where he learned that a man had come ashore on a broken spar, but he had been injured on the head, and was delirious, so that he could give no account of the ship or her passengers. This man appeared to be the only person saved except the child, and Job hastened back to the schooner to look after his charge. The little one was still asleep and he did not disturb him.

The waif from the ocean seemed to be about the age of his own lost little son, and he hoped the child would gladden the heart of Betsy Ann. But, of course, someone would claim the waif. He had told the people at the lighthouse all about the matter. The night clothes owned by the little one indicated that it did not belong to any emigrant, or other poor person, but to someone in good circumstances. On the night gown were the letters C. V., and this seemed to be the only clue to the identity of the child, though Job observed a long scar as if the mark of a cut on the temple of the waif.

The child still slept, and Job, forgetting the desperate resolve of the previous night, got up his anchor and sailed for home. He carried the child into the house, and perhaps it saved him from a torrent of reproaches which Betsy Ann had in store for him; for his wife was astonished at the sight and the story of the little one, and she bottled up her wrath for another occasion. Strange as it may seem, she was fond of children and perhaps if her own had been spared, or she had been blessed with others, it might have modified her temper. The

little stranger from the wreck was a beautiful boy, and Mrs. Seagrain was soon very much attached to him. She dressed him in the clothes of her own child, and for two or three years after this event Job enjoyed comparative peace in his house. No one claimed the child, no one even inquired after it, and Job concluded that his parents had perished in the terrible storm.

The little one could talk, but not very plainly. He gave his first name as Charlie, but he either did not know or could not utter his surname. He grew into a stout boy, but unhappily as soon as he laid aside his childish ways and became rather troublesome, Mrs. Seagrain lost her interest in him. He went to school in Oslip, and his teachers regarded him as a fine scholar. He was fond of reading, and spent much of his time in study. He was a youth of spirit and energy, and Job used to take him out frequently in the Betsy Ann. When he was fourteen he left school, and then worked with his foster-father till he could sail the schooner as well as the old man, and was a pilot for any waters within fifty miles of Phyre Island.

When Charlie ceased to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceased to be a loving woman, and poor Job was persecuted worse than ever. He could not run away to sea now, because he would not leave the boy, though Charlie soon proved that he was abundantly able to take care of himself. But he sought oblivion for his sorrow in the tippler's cup. The more his wife abused him, the more rum he drank, and it was plain enough to all that knew them that she was the cause of both his misery and his intemperance. The money he had saved was all spent, his courage was all gone, and he had not pluck enough even to earn his daily bread. If Charlie had not exerted himself, the family would have been pinched for food and clothing; but the boy was tired of working to pay the rum bills of his foster-father, and wanted to go out into the world and earn his own bread. But Job loved the boy, and could not bear to think of losing him. Squire Peter Shiffettry's demonstration had startled all of them, and Charlie was ready to avert the financial disaster which threatened them.

The Betsy Ann moved slowly to the eastward, while Job considered the new hope that had suddenly dawned upon him, and Charlie was dreaming of a full cargo of large, fat oysters, which would wipe out Squire Peter's bill of sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents.

CHAPTER III.

THE TREASURE OF THE SEA.

"Here we are," said Charlie, when the Betsy Ann had made about six miles to the eastward, and was about two miles from either shore. "We are just in the range of Green's Point and the Western Horn. Down with your helm, governor."

"Down it is, Charlie," replied Job, who was so elated at the prospect of a brilliant victory in his domestic sphere, that he did not at first hee, the words of his companion.

The young man hauled in the main sheet, and then went forward to attend to the others. The schooner was now braced up, and was headed a little east of south. Charlie sighted the two points, which indicated the range very carefully.

"We are too far to the eastward, governor," said he. "Luff a little."

"Luff it is," replied the helmsman. "I was busy thinking when you spoke, Charlie. I was thinking how she will stare when I hit my back up. I know just how it's all coming about."

"So do I, if the back bone don't drop out of you," laughed Charlie.

"Don't you be skeert about that, boy. When I make up my mind to do a thing, I do it, don't I?"

"Sometimes you do."

"Did you ever know me to fail?" asked Job, in a tone which indicated that his feelings were wounded.

"Forty-nine times, governor," replied Charlie, chuckling.

"No, boy; never!"

"Haven't you made up your mind forty-nine times to let liquor alone?"

"I can't say that I have really made up my mind to do so before today. I never got hold of that thing right until now. The fact on't is, Charlie, Betsy Ann and the liquor went together," pleaded Job. "When I'm free from one, I shall get free from t'other."

"Now, you are in range, governor; keep her away a little, and run for the Western Horn."

"Ain't it just as I say, Charlie?" continued Job, as he righted the helm, and kept his eye on the Western Horn.

"I suppose it is, governor."

"Lettin' liquor alone, don't I always do what I say I will?"

"Always; you are as true as steel to your purpose," answered Charlie. "I have great hopes of you this time."

"I won't break down this time, no how."

Job had certainly fortified himself in the most thorough manner to meet "the foe without a foe within," and he seemed to revel in the prospect of the battle with Betsy Ann. He wondered that he had never thought of "striking a blow for freedom" before. It was an easy solution of the problem of life, and he was determined that his wife should hereafter respect him, if she did not love him.

"We are almost there, governor," said Charlie, breaking in again upon the old man's reverie. "When you have Leek's Point in range with the light, luff her up quick."

"All right, boy, but if you put me anywhere near an oyster bed, I can find it," added Job.

"It's about low water now, and there's a shoal right in the middle of the channel. I don't believe there is any oysters down here."

"I know there's a big heap of them," replied Charlie.

"It must be a new bed, then."

"Of course, it is. Now, steady, governor; we are right over it," said Charlie, as he went forward to let go the schooner. "Luff up."

Job brought the schooner up into the wind, and Charlie threw over the anchor and hauled down the jib. The rakes and other implements were brought up from the hold, but Job was still a skeptic in regard to the results of the expedition. He was not quite willing to believe that oysters could be found in any spot unknown to himself. It was his pride rather than his hope which rebelled. He did not like to have a boy tell him anything in his line of business which he did not know. Charlie was the first to get his grappling rake overboard. This implement was one that Job

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

WELL, here we are at Thanksgiving time once more, and you can bet I'm thankful for many things. First I'm thankful for the tens of thousands of lovely letters that have been sent me and the help you have extended to the sick and suffering. If all the noble unselfish Christlike deeds of love that have been done by the members of the C. L. O. C. since its inception were recorded, there would indeed be a golden volume of tens of thousands of pages. I have a record of but few of these deeds, but above in the Book of Life they are all recorded, not one is missing.

You only have to pay for admittance to the League once, and not every year. At the same time you ought to keep your subscriptions paid up if you wish to be recognized as bona-fide members of the C. L. O. C. You can't take much interest in this League if you are too mean to dig up fifteen cents a year for its official organ. The man who would walk six miles to a neighbor's to borrow COMFORT when it can be bought for a trifle over a cent a month is the meanest human that encumbers the Almighty's footstool. The man who buttons his shirt collar to a wart on his neck to save the expense of a collar button is the soul of generosity compared to the COMFORT borrowers. The wart man at least owns his wart and bothers no one, while the COMFORT borrowers, nine cases out of ten, don't return the papers after they borrow them, so they are appropriators, not borrowers. Don't be mean and make yourself a nuisance for fifteen cents a year. Some people will waste ten dollars' worth of time and wear out a dollar's worth of shoe leather to save fifteen little red copper pennies. Keep your subs paid up, and let me ask you who make a practice of renewing your subs around Christmas and the New Year to do it now instead of then. That is a little thing to ask, but you little know how much it helps to lighten the labors of the boys and girls at this end of the line. Not only that but you can get better attention now and mistakes are less liable to occur. We can do so much to add to one another's comfort and happiness by simple little thoughtful acts of kindness if we only try.

Many write me indignant letters thus: "I subscribed for COMFORT on Sept 25th last and also sent five cents extra for membership in the C. L. O. C. and badge and certificate, and I find on examining the October issue that my letter is not in print. Please forward me an immediate explanation, and print my letter in your next issue or return me my money."

Yours hastily, Nervy Brassface, Gallville, Sass Co., State of Idiocy. Membership in this League does not entitle you to have your letters printed. I get more letters in one day than I could print in five or ten years. This page is written for the amusement and entertainment of all COMFORT's family, and not to exploit the vanity of individual letter writers. I want to say to the individuals who write epistles such as the one above, that I'll be glad to forward their letters to the publisher and he will print them at advertising rates, but I wouldn't advise "Nervy" to make his letter too long as COMFORT's advertising rates are treble those of Harper's, double those of Munsey's and other high-priced magazines. In short they are five dollars a line of seven words, or \$70 an inch. Get that through your noddles and be mighty glad that the rate is as high as it is, for you get the benefit of it. If it were not for that \$5 rate, you'd have to pay fifty cents a year for this magazine.

I'll be also thankful if you'll cease sending subscriptions to our secretary in Brooklyn, N. Y. She doesn't publish COMFORT, neither do I. Those who know my private address, please don't send subscriptions to my residence or you'll get them back. The only paper published in my chicken coop is a fly paper of the Catch 'em alive on kind, and the only circulation it has is when Billy the Goat sits on it, and then starts to circulate with it attached to his Southern exposure. COMFORT, Augusta, Maine is where COMFORT is published. The New York office is for advertisers only.

Put your name, age, and address on a separate slip of paper if you want it to go in the letter list. As a rule only one in a hundred will do this, though I've been telling you about it for ten long years. We have printed correspondence lists containing thousands of names which can be obtained free by all League members who send stamped addressed envelopes for same to Augusta, Maine.

Let me ask all of you who contemplate giving Christmas presents, that you can't do better than give a volume of Uncle Charlie's Poems. Hustle around and get seven one year subs to COMFORT. This is the subbing season and you'll find it easy work and you'll earn a fifty cent book, magnificently bound in silk cloth, with an inscription as well as my autograph inside. If you want your premium shipped to anyone else I'll mail it, and put the sender's name in it. Time is short now, so get a wiggle and make your best girl (or boy) happy at Christmas. I want to thank all those who remembered my birthday and sent me greetings on that day. God bless you for your kindness one and all. I especially wish to thank our old friend "Prunes" Chas. D. Fredericks of Chicago Park, Colfax, California for a magnificent fifty-two pound box of Bartlett pears. The box took seven days to travel from orchard to appetite, and the generous express company only charged \$3.75 to bring it across the continent. Weren't they kind? Expressage was prepaid by "Prunes" so I was saved from bankruptcy. The pears were each wrapped in paper, and only seven showed any signs of decay. These facts may prove interesting to fruit growers, and another fact is still more interesting. "Prunes" informs me that those who had orchards in his section cleared a thousand dollars an acre on their pears. Sorry we have not a million

acres apiece in pears. After demolishing the pears, Billy the Goat ate the box with intense relish.

Now hop up into my lap, and we'll get action on some of the letters.

A little Arkansaswyer has a message of importance to deliver.

HONEY, ARK. August 12, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Hello here comes a cousin from Arkansas, a jolly old cousin, too. One who delights in reading COMFORT paper, and also the cousins' page. Well, as all cousins describe themselves I will do the same. I have blue eyes, light hair. I am five feet two inches tall, I weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, age sixteen. I have three sisters, one brother. Say cousins, do you ever go out boat wridding. I like it fine.

Say cousins where did you all spend the "fourth"? I went to a grand barbecue near the town of Seginaw. I live on a farm and like it fine. I like to go out driving.

Cousins you all ought to be out here in September, there is a large sinning convention the first Sunday in the month. If you cousins will come, I will insure you all a jolly old time; I would like to hear from some of the cousins.

DESSIE NEIGHBOURS (No. 19,793).

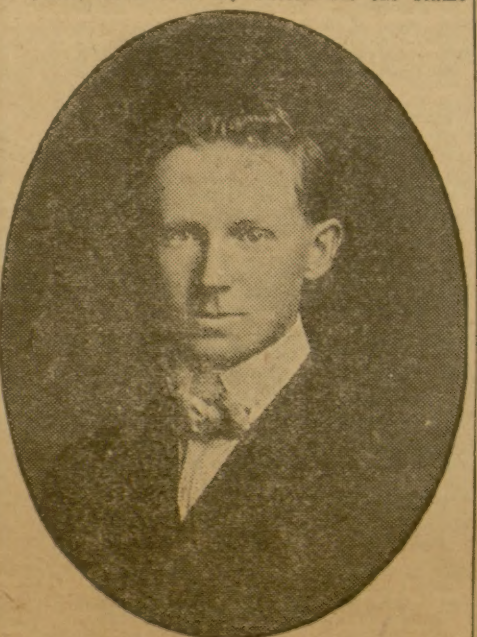
Dessie, you live in a sweet place. I suppose you're one of the original bees that took honey into the Ark now located at your place. I judge this from your address, Honey, Ark. I'm erested too in your boating exploits, but am at a loss to know what boat "wriding" is. I have been boat riding, I have rowed a boat, but boat "wriding" is beyond me. You've got me in a boat now Dessie, and I'm likely to remain there until you put me wise to this "wriding" business. I took my mother-in-law out boat riding once, and somehow all by accident of course she fell overboard, and as she was sinking she said, "throw a rope," and in the excitement I threw a brick instead. I went home about four hours later, laughing happily at the thought that mother-in-law was a mermaid at the bottom of the sea. But when I opened the door on my return home, to my utter astonishment, Ma-in-law jumped out from behind the door and soaked me on the cocoa nut with the identical brick that I threw at her as she disappeared beneath the waves. When I recovered consciousness, Ma-in-law, with the sweetest smile in the world, showed me a case of medals she had won as the champion swimmer of New York when she was a girl. Moral: Don't try to drown Ma-in-law when she is a champion swimmer.

And now Dessie I reach the most important part of your letter—the part in which you refer to the "sinning convention." When I read this part I almost collapsed. I've heard of a convention of sinners—any church meeting is that all right, but a sinning convention I have never attended, and I cannot believe the police of your country (if you have such things) would permit an affair of this sort. And of all days in the week you select the Sabbath for the especial purpose of convening to commit sin. Dessie, I'm lost for words to express my horror and abhorrence of such institutions as sinning conventions, and I beg and beseech you not to attend any of these wicked affairs. It is enough to sin by your lonesomes, but for a bunch of sinners to get together on Sunday and start in to the sinning business by the wholesale is simply awful. And oh, Dessie you promise all who attend a good time! Toby throw water on me, I'm going to faint.

Our next letter is all to the good, a jolly bright, clever epistle.

ARBYLE, MINN., July 21, 1907.

MY MOST BELOVED UNCLE CHARLIE: I've been a member of the League for a couple of years, have worn my button till the blame



COUSIN WALTER T. SIDMAN, Cambra, Pa.

thing got sun burnt, have read the letters of the cousins and your replies till my sides shook, and have otherwise made myself generally useful, but in spite of that I have not as yet succeeded in getting a letter of mine printed, and maybe the reason for this is that I have not written to you before.

I'm only six feet two inches tall, have a bushy head of hair, my eyes boast of more brilliant, contrasting, artistic colors than can be seen in one of the modern females' hats, and my age is somewhere between ten and twenty years, don't know the exact number, my face is such that one look at it is enough for any decent, self-respecting man and my nose is of that delicate Roman style they don't make nowadays. I am chiefly noted for what I don't know.

This is a country of wheat fields and mustard, of pretty school marm and monstrous bull frogs, of wailing winds and old crows and a mixture of wind, rain, snow, bugs and females. This country, too, is chiefly noted for what it might be.

We raise wheat, wild mustard, Teddy bears, pretty females, bull toads, and oh! what a number of potato bugs. We feed them on Paris Green and a half pound of green makes a square meal for a bug. They seem to thrive on it and some of them are even fatter than Sec'y Taft. They are all full blooded scrubs and surely among them there is no race suicide. Though centuries may flow silently by, empires may rise and fall and crumble to dust; plague and famine may destroy the human race; their race shall not perish from the earth. And when I tire of raising these things, I must then raise Hades for a while. I'm a master of that art.

Uncle, I must tell you what I can do. I can't sew millinery, like some of the cousins, but I can eat, drink, and make goo-goo optics at the females. I'm not entirely an aborigine, and wear clothes except when I'm swimming. When I don't, I can also write poetry. I mean I could as I've quit for good. Once I wrote an exalted, immortal epic for my class in literature. It was about an experience I had one day when I was out in the woods behind our barn to seek my fortune. I saw a brass monkey hopping along the path and in spite of my frantic and heart-breaking appeals to it to stop and get acquainted it still kept on. Well, the poem ended like this:

And the monkey, never stopping,
Still is hopping, still is hopping,
And on she hops, and on she goes,
Right before my Roman nose.

I made it a mixture of lambic and a newly invented meter called Froggater and thought it would pass, but my teacher called me the darnedest fool that ever disgraced the face of the earth and I quit writing poetry for good.

I almost forgot to tell you about the skeeters and the females we raise here, especially the skeeters. I think that's the scientific name for them; over here we call them the "Holy Horror." And, by all that's terrible, they are rippers.

And as to the females—young ladies, they call them in the cultured world, but civilization hasn't reached these parts yet, they are peaches. If any of the cousins have a taste for matrimony, here is their chance. Well, as sight is getting dim, my ink sticky, and my paper scarce I will close, and answer to the roll call No. 3,065.

JOHN KIERZEK John you are a bright boy, and wield the pen with marked ability. I fear however that you are a little hard on your adopted state, and if this letter of yours doesn't raise a storm of protest amongst the Minnesotans, I'm a bad guesser. You say you are chiefly noted for what you don't know—shake John, as I also am chiefly noted for what I ought to know.

You also say your country is noted for what is noted for what is isn't. You raise Teddy bears, we raise ba—Teddies. As for bugs, I want to tell you that we have bugs down this way that discount anything you're got, and as for being fatter than Taft, they could carry Taft in their pant's pocket without knowing he was there. You couldn't raise these bugs around this vicinity unless you got a steel chain and a derrick, and then it's glass eyes to wooden legs the chain would snap. The trouble with the bugs in this section is that they waste no time on such scrub diet as potatoes—no Siree. These gentlemen are cannibals of the worst description. One of them the other night after using me for a sixteen course table d'hote, grabbed me by the neck and threw me out of bed. Next day I went to the drug store and got a gallon bottle of carbolic, with a view of putting Mr. Bug out of business. Mr. Bug heard me coming and snatched the bottle from my hands, drank the contents with a chuckle of delight, and then knocked me senseless with the empty bottle. The Governor had to call out the state militia and a battery of six-inch guns before Mr. Bug was finally put out of business, and made to behave. Now that's what I call a real live bug, the sort that makes Minnesota's insects look like the fractional part of thirteen cents. I'm glad you can loaf John. Any man that can loaf must be well bred. I'm sorry the brass monkey ran away from you. You should have tied a flour sack over that Roman nose, and then maybe he'd have quit hopping. Let's hop so.

A dear little Virginian will entertain us next.

BEDFORD CITY, VA., August 1, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Uncle, I lost my pin that you sent me and it liked to have killed me. But I was coming along the road last Monday, and was just wishing I could find it, and looked down and there was that blessed League button. Oh, Uncle Charlie, you ought to have heard me hallow! I never was so glad of anything in my life.

There is a road about half a mile from here and about one hundred yards along that road it is nothing but rocks, it looks like a walk, it is so pretty, and shady, and near that is the Indian Wash Pan, where the Indians used to wash. It is a deep hole in a rock and water runs over it. It is a great poplar tree, where the water comes from out under its roots and goes rippling over that huge rock. The rock is as flat on top as a stove, and in the same woods are great bluffs, and you can go on top of these high rocks and look down at the water running just at the foot of the rocks, it is simply grand, with the flowers blooming around. And in the field just the other side of the bluff, is a haunted house. It is a great brick house with ten or twelve rooms and cellars, and so many closets. My two sisters and I and a number of our friends went over there one Sunday, and our friends are real superstitious so my two sisters and I just liked to have scared them to death. It is the loveliest place about here. Did I tell you that I had three Uncle Charlies, Charlie Brown, Uncle Charlie Watson and Uncle Charlie Noel Douglas. The latter I would love to be with now. I remain your true niece.

JOSEPHINE BROWN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have a fine red pony, he is one of the finest horses you want to see. He is not hard to keep up. For breakfast we give him one year of corn and two forks of hay. For dinner, two years of corn, three forks of hay. For supper, three years of corn and four forks of hay. Now you know that must be high feeding.

On July 14 they had "flying horse" in Luling. I did not fly with them, but I got my pony and flew up and down the road. My pony has never

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

I congratulate you on recovering your League badge, and would have given a mint of money to have been there when you found it and seen the bliss and excitement dancing in your winsome beautiful orbs. But oh, Josephine dear, you say I should have heard you "hallow." No, dearie, not for a million gold masumas, would I like to hear you hallow. I've heard myself hallow several times, and honestly the noise is most distressing. I remember taking a dozen young ladies for a walk in the woods once, and we lost our way, and stayed lost for twelve hours, until we were found and brought home famishing with hunger. We were all as hollow as the inside of a drum, and you should have heard us hallow. We sat around the boarding house table for half an hour waiting for our dinner to be brought in, and I never shall forget the music I heard on that occasion. We each had a square yard of vacuum where our meals are usually stored. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum, and as it could not fill our empty meal receptacles with grub, it filled them with music,—and such music you never heard. You could have heard us hallow then. I took a sip of ice water, and soon there was a racket in my equatorial regions that sounded like a phonograph trying to run backwards. I did a musical solo for a while that would have brought seventeen encores if it had been a stag instead of a hen party. Then the girls all took a sip of ice water, and I had the extreme infelicity of hearing them hallow, and I never want to hear it again, and I don't think that anyone,—lady or gent—is heard to advantage, when they're hallow. The first course we had at that dinner was beans. We were so hungry that we swallowed them whole, without mastication. When I got mine down, it sounded like bullets dropping on a tin roof. You could have heard me hallow then all right, all right. Next we had a spring chicken, and my chicken got playing football with the beans, and there was more music. No, Josie, I shall be glad to hear you hallow or holla, but never do I want to hear you "hallow." I shall be very glad to have you come and see me Josie, and will promise you one big glorious time, and plenty of good things to eat, so that there will be no danger of my hearing you, or you hearing me, hallow.

A little Arkansaswyer cousin says it's her turn next.

RAVENEN SPRINGS, ARK., August 29, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I live in a small town. It has about three hundred inhabitants, two churches, four dry goods and grocery stores, one hardware store, one drug store, one hotel and an ice cream parlor and three springs. One is called the eye spring, the water out of it will cure sore eyes. One is called the Bailey spring, a man by the name of Bailey found it. The other is called the Lower spring. A little way from this spring you will come to the Ravenen. It is a big hole in the side of a high rock. Still farther on is the needles eye, it is between two rocks. There is a rock about sixty feet high standing out from the others, it is called the lone rock. I am sixteen, weigh one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, and am five feet in height, have blue eyes, and auburn hair. How many of the cousins like to read? I would like to hear from all the cousins. I will close for fear I will make my first letter too long. Your niece,

DORA GRIFFITH (No. 11,375).

Dora, you have written a very creditable letter for a little girl, and you have even spelled "inhabitants" correctly. Most of the cousins fill their towns and villages with "inhabant's," and though I've consulted all the ethnological experts in the U. S., not one knows what an "inhabant" is. All I know is, that he's a bad man with a glass eye, and if I ever get next to him, I'll make his face look like a mush melon with the mumps. I'm glad to note that you have not a single saloon in your town. Bully for you! Toby says you have a drug store, and that a Maine drug store is worse than four jag mills combined, and he guesses it's the same in Ark. Talking of Ark, do you know what Noah said when he heard the rain rattling down on the roof of his floating animal depot? You don't know? Well he said: "Ark!" This joke (?) has just been imported from London, hence the absence of the "h" in hark!

Now Dora about those springs that cure sore eyes. I'm glad to say that I have an excellent pair of head lights, and don't need any eye lotion just now, but what I want to add is this: I've got half a dozen needles that have got sore eyes, and they want to know what you'd charge to board them while they take treatment at the springs for their sore eyes. A needle needs a good eye, or it can't do business. I've a couple of needles that have such poor eyes, that they have to wear spectacles. Now Dora dear, you put me wise to this, and tell me what time in the day the needles could go down to the springs and bathe their sore eyes, as they are anxious to know, and so am I. Also tell me what clothes they should wear when they go in bathing. I'm sorry you have a lone rock at your place, Dora. Can't you get some of the other rocks to pay the lone rock a visit? I don't like to think of anything in this world as being lonesome. Lend me a dollar, and then I'll have a "loan" rock. Dora, you say you'll close for fear of making your letter "two" long. My dear, you can not make one letter "two" long. You might make one letter one long, but never two long. Maybe you meant too long,—but that means a very different thing. Now, look out for my family of sore-eyed needles, they'll be right along.

A cousin from Louisiana wants to tell us about his pony.

ST. CHARLES PARISH, LA., August 25, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I have a fine red pony, he is one of the finest horses you want to see. He is not hard to keep up. For breakfast we give him one year of corn and two forks of hay. For dinner, two years of corn, three forks of hay. For supper, three years of corn and four forks of hay. Now you know that must be high feeding.

On July 14 they had "flying horse" in Luling. I did not fly with them, but I got my pony and flew up and down the road. My pony has never

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least three months before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, car COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

In looking over my numerous letters from the COMFORT readers I find so many asking about the late flood, I thought I would answer all through our valuable corner. The flood of 1907 holds the record for the most destructive one that ever visited the Ohio valley, but unlike the one of 1884 was the result of an unusually large precipitation of rain, beginning in the early part of January. Daily reports of the government indicated heavy rains along the Ohio river, and swollen streams began pouring volumes of water into the river, making it rise slowly but steadily, until flood signals of warning were issued by the government. The Yellow Peril in the Ohio valley had begun its demon work, the rain continued to fall until January 16th, when the river had reached a height of fifty-one feet and kept on rising at the rate of an inch an hour. Work of moving merchandise to places of apparent safety began among the merchants along the water front, residents were also equally busy getting their household effects into safe quarters.

The water rose continually while the despairing inhabitants anxiously and eagerly waited, longing and praying for the water to begin to fall, but inch by inch, foot by foot, that dirty murky stream broadened its domain and crowded out the poor river denizens in "Shanty Town" as well as our big business firms.

The railroads also had to desert their terminals, and use what had heretofore been only way-stations. Every day crowds besieged Forecaster Smith, but he could offer little consolation. The thermometer dropped but fortunately the bitter cold wave which swept over the city was of only short duration. It put a slight check on the rising waters, but greatly increased the suffering of the flood-stricken people. The flood of misery, cold, hunger and woe could be only partially relieved by the heroic work of our city relief corp, who were untiring in their efforts to distribute food, clothing and fuel to the needy. So the days passed, and not until Monday, January 21st, did this swollen stubborn stream show any sign of relenting. On this day the government records indicated sixty-five feet one inch. Then came an almost unnoticeable slight decline followed by a very slow but steadily receding of the river to its customary bounds. This most demon-like flood was over, but in a single night thousands of our people were made homeless and many of them are still suffering from its effect. Hundreds of the flood refugees were cared for in the schoolhouses, churches, public buildings, and some even in freight cars and tents. However, it is with pride that I tell you when the relief fund was started the amounts subscribed soon reached up into thousands. Soup-houses were established and free meals were given and served to all who came. Hundreds of pounds of food were given away and refugees helped to start anew again in life.

I want to say a few words to Mrs. Laura K. H. Milledgeville, Ga. I am a childless wife and will be forty-six years of age next December. I have been married eighteen years and have lived a happy and contented life, still it has always been a great grief to me to think no little ones have blessed our union. I have always tried to live an unselfish life and have devoted myself to charity, doing whatsoever my hands found to do.

Mrs. JOSEPHINE LINDEN, 4 East Clifton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR SISTERS:

As my last letter appeared perhaps you would all be interested in hearing how I made a combination bookcase and writing desk. Get or make a box two and one half feet high, eighteen inches deep and three feet wide. Nail strong pieces on the sides which will raise the box about four inches from the floor. About in the middle of the box place a shelf. For the desk you will need another box of the same length and width and eighteen inches high. Place this on top of your first box, three inches back from the edge. This gives room to fasten the hinges which hold the leaf in place, the same as on ready-made desks. On either side of this leaf one can tack strips of cloth folded several times and sewed on the machine. This will help support it and keep it from sagging when in use. The divisions and places in the desk can be made to suit the needs of the owner. A small box can be placed in the middle by tacking securely to the top. On either side arrange shelves, one of which can be divided into little compartments three or four inches in width. After this is done your desk is ready to be planned off, if need be, rubbed down with sand-paper and painted. Then hang a curtain across the front below the leaf and you will have a very pretty and useful article.

Another convenient thing which I manufactured is a cupboard for pots and pans. For this I took a tall box and placed shelves at convenient distances in the upper half. In the lower half I placed books of various sizes upon which to hang my pans, spiders and other cooking utensils. This cupboard I also painted and covered the front with a burlap curtain.

These little home-made conveniences make one's work easier, and I believe in having a place for everything and everything in its place, and though we all may not be in a position to buy everything we want, if we are handy and willing any such articles can be easily made and finished and look nice too. I have tried to make these directions plain, but if any of you fail to understand them, just write me and I will gladly give further particulars.

Maud Hanly. Thank you very much for the hickory nuts.

Crina Richard. My husband's name is Albert and so is his father's. If your father is any kindred we do not know it. Please write me again and tell me all about yourself, parents and your home country.

I have received so many letters I have not found stamps enough in my box to answer all.

I enjoy all the letters, however, and will write you each one. Hoping to be remembered in the future from the COMFORT, I remain, a COMFORT sister.

Mrs. MYRTLE RICKARD, Huntsville, Ark.

DEAR SISTERS:

As Christmas is near at hand I thought I would write and tell you how you could make a few home-made presents.

Letter Rack

Select two smooth and strong wooden butter plates such as grocers generally use; cut one down for a pocket, leaving the other round or oblong; place the edges together and glue a strip of strong muslin over them. Give the whole two coats of black paint and paint small flowers so as to form a graceful spray over the surface of the round plate, over the cut shape letter in gold paint "Letters." Form a bow of long and short ends from ribbon to match the flowers to hang it up by. For the sisters handy with a needle instead of the paint brush this rack may be made from linen or any goods desired, only line the goods with some heavy cloth so as not to have it bend over when hanging on the wall, and embroider the flowers.

Shaving Paper Holder

Cut two pieces of cardboard eight by ten inches. Embroider on one for the top cover a cobweb, outlining it first with a lead pencil then going over them with long silk stitches. Bits of willow twigs around this make it more natural. Line the under sides of the covers with



AN ODD PATCHWORK DESIGN.

By Mrs. B. Anderson To be developed of solid colors, according to taste, and applied on white background.

silesia, place a quantity of shaving paper between the covers and join the whole at one corner with a ribbon bow. Make two spiders of putty, paint the bodies black and their legs of fine brass wire. Place them in suitable positions in the web.

Sewing Conveniences

Make the pin cushion, needlebook and scissors' case out of such silk, satin or cashmere as you may have. Make the emery pouch over the form of an acorn, cut the nut out and glue the natural top on after first filling the space inside with emery. Fasten to each article a strong narrow ribbon of different lengths and join at the top with a large bow or rosette and sew a large safety pin on the underside to pin to the dress of the wearer.

Pen-wiper

This is a tiny Turks fez, and is made of red plush or velvet. Cut a round piece for the crown, then a slanted broad band to fit it the desired depth, sew to crown, make a lining of red silk to line crown and band and sew neatly together, make a tassel of coarse black silk and sew to top in center of crown. Chamol is used as the pen-wiper. Cut to form a coarse tassel and sew inside the fez.

Handkerchief Pocket

To be worn with a party dress to keep handkerchief or dancing order. This was made from goods like the dress. Fold goods so it will be six inches across the top or eight and one half inches on the largest or slanting side, use heavy goods to interline it, then silk for the real lining, turn edges in and over stitch them together. Cut a small slit in the upper right hand corner and insert a small pocket for the dancing order, trimming it with soft lace, also all around the edge of the pocket and place a large bow of ribbon on the lower corner. Paint or embroider a spray of small flowers and accompany the gift with a fancy pin.

Seaweed Souvenirs

A pretty card is one that has seaweed gummed upon it carefully. The edges of the card may be irregularly painted to represent a ragged edge and place the name of the place across one corner. A more elegant gift is to place two or three of these cards together by punching two holes through all the cards about one inch from the edge and tie them with small bows of ribbon. I made one and entitled it "Souvenir from Saltspray," and on the blank back the verse:

"Now these poor weeds tossed by tumultuous storms,

While the rude waves broke over their trembling forms,

Secured at last from every wave and wind,

A safe repose from every danger find."

The pretty mosses of the woods can be pressed and used in the same way, also birch bark cut in strips as perhaps some of the sisters live where this is plentiful. If the bark is thin place holes in the four corners and tie them down the same as the seaweed souvenirs.

I fear these gifts will be a little late for Christmas, but are suitable for presents at any time of the year.

MISS CARRIE VAN WIE, 111 Collins St. San Francisco, California.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am sending a little poem for this corner, in which I have tried to tell you something of our pleasant home life.

How to Entertain on a North Dakota Farm

Dear Sisters, I live in Dakota.

On a farm, on the banks of the Heart,
This river is bordered with timber,
The abode of the rabbit and lark.

We live in a tiny log-cabin,
My husband, babies and I,
And our lives are as free as the robins'
That sing in the tree tops near-by.

The crocus now blooms on the hillside,
But soon the wild roses will come,
And unite with the sweet-scented violet,
To brighten our dear little home.

We live twenty miles from the city,
Where some of our loved ones now dwell,
And often, when getting our mail and supplies
We make a short visit as well.

We thus combine duty with pleasure,
And in this great secret we find,
That life is much better and brighter,
Than when burdened with work all the time.

So as soon as the summer is with us,
We know that the dear ones will come,
And make, on the banks of the river,
A pleasure resort of our home.

if not I am sure some COMFORT sister will know of such a young woman.

MISS LULU PARKER, Rockford, E. D., 9, Ill., U. S. A.

Read the notice in another part of this paper and learn how you can get a fine copy of any of Mrs. Evans Wilson's stories in book form absolutely free to you.

DEAR READERS:

I want to thank one and all for the many kind letters which I have received since my letter in the COMFORT was printed. I shall answer all questions soon as possible. Let me again sing of the charms of this state. Here God's handwork seems to have received recognition. Few states I believe can compare with the fair, old state of Washington. Nothing could be more entrancing to the lover of nature than the beautiful Olympia in the balmy months of spring when everything is a mass of bloom, radiant, glorious color everywhere you may look. The orchards bursting into clouds of pink and white are something to gladden the heart of everyone who comes here. We have rain, but no storms, no wind storms, and not enough thunder and lightning in a season to make one good old-fashioned crash such as we get in the Eastern states.

"No terror chills the timid heart
Created by the lightning's flash,
No fear provokes the nervous start
Excited by the thunder's crash."

The timid would appreciate this, and all lovers of nature would enjoy this part of the country.

Lumbering is one of the chief occupations, but to me it seems terrible for man to ruthlessly murder the beautiful, stately trees, for how many years will have to pass before others grow up to take their place. Our climate is fine and we have splendid schools and churches. Wages are good for both men and women, and there is plenty of work, so we have no idle people in Olympia. Now, boys, advise you to save money for the "rainy day." Marry the girl of your choice, come to the beautiful golden West where strong hearts and sturdy labor never fail to carve a home and fortune, though it may be small. I was born in Mississippi, and lived there in my early girlhood, and lived in several other southern states, so I was really a "woman without a country" until I came here, but now I think this golden region of the setting sun is dearer and better than any place no matter how far you may travel. As I said in my former letter I am alone so much I greatly enjoy letters and should be pleased to hear from all of you at any time.

For my motto, I have Pope's—Universal Prayer.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

Mrs. M. E. OADES, 422 Third Ave., Olympia, Wash.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Mrs. Ashdown's letter in the March number has drawn me out of my shell. We are, though unknown, almost neighbors, living but a few miles apart. I would say to her that while we are told that "children are a comfort and a care" very often while they are small they seem to be more of the latter, but when she lives to be my age she will doubtless realize more fully the first part of the saying. I have raised three children and during subsequent years of illness I can not imagine what my life would have been without them and their father. The sister says she is irritable. Take comfort. We are told that when we see a fault ourselves it is half conquered. Has she ever analyzed her own bodily feelings at such times? I believe in justice to all the world and surely we are a part of it, so let us be just to ourselves. I know that feel like the sister and have learned to analyze my bodily feelings to see if I can do my mental ones any justice and generally find that I am overtired or perhaps have only a wee bit of a headache or less still some such trifling thing, maybe, as some hairs pulling. It is surprising what a small thing will sometimes put our nerves on edge. If we can not find any reason for our irritable feeling, the best remedy that I find is change of occupation and choose something that takes our thoughts completely from ourselves and our cares if possible. I know that it is hard to do this with three small children; but often a very few moments will suffice. And try and bear in mind how infinitely worse things could be with us and how many blessings we have. Yours in sympathy.

Mrs. H. A. LOWDEN, Lynbrook, L. I.

Don't fail to promptly renew your subscription to COMFORT while the present low 15 cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time, but if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and extend your subscription for TWO YEARS from the time of its expiration.

DEAR READERS:

There is much truth in COMFORT being the key to happiness in over a million and a quarter homes. It is COMFORT not in name alone, but you will find comfort throughout its pages.

As I'm a new sister I wish to tell you something of my life and my life's career. My father died when I was six weeks old, and mother when I was four years old, therefore I'm capable of sympathizing with parentless children, not because of being ill treated, but because of that melancholy feeling so easily aroused within an orphan's breast. It may seem queer to people who have never lost a parent, however we understand it, but generally orphan children are the most sensitive children on earth; they seem to feel responsible for every unpleasant feeling that comes up, therefore they should be dealt with very tenderly, or this disposition may grow with the child.

So great is my love for the old people who cared for me, I have a great desire to see their dear names appear in the columns of COMFORT. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Samuel Fillingim are their names, and as they have educated and cared for me so tenderly I trust that my love and care may always be a comfort to them.

I was born one mile from Brundidge, Ala., and continued to live there 'till my mother's death, then most of my childhood and girlhood days were spent just outside the Pike line in Coffee Co. At the age of fifteen Uncle Robert, as I called him, moved to Geneva, Ala. I was in school there a year, and studied very hard, that was my last term of school, and the last day I was so deeply touched at the thought of it being my last school-day (my uncle had told me I could not go any more), the teacher had to excuse me for I could not recite. I tried hard to conceal my feelings, but it seemed the harder I tried the deeper I was affected, for I was anxious to make a teacher; however my uncle preferred that I make a music teacher, which I did.

I already had a splendid knowledge of music and after moving back to my old home I made music a specialty, having had one course in the Seminary at Kinsey, Houston Co., Ala., after that year my uncle (so called) moved to Montgomery, Ala., where of course my advantages of obtaining a musical education were better than ever before, having studied for several years, I began that responsible duty, teaching and taught five years, part of the time acting as governess which I enjoyed better than having a class as my salary was the same. I have been married six years and have two dear little baby boys, Forrest Adolph and Robert Lynn, to me they are much comfort besides I have COMFORT sent to them both, the oldest is three years of age, the younger eighteen months. I'm going to teach them to love COMFORT.

We live one mile from Henderson, Ala. a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

DEAR EDITOR:
I should like very much to correspond with a young French woman who is studying English, she to write in French and I in English. I should prefer someone who lives in France, or at least abroad, so that we may exchange ideas to our mutual improvement. I wonder if COMFORT magazine goes so far, or

Mrs. WM. J. MACKIN, Mandan, N. Dak.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

had a saddle on his back since I knew him but once, when my cousin put a saddle on him one night. I am going to close my letter. Hoping to see this in print and hoping to hear from you all. I am your loving nephew,
SAMUEL CASIMIRE, JR. (No. 19,064.)

Now, about that pony Sam, I'm awfully interested in him. I'm glad he's not hard to keep up, but it seems to me that a pony's not much use if you have to keep him up. I hope you don't have to build a brick fence under him to keep him up. A horse or pony that can't keep himself up isn't much use to anybody. I'm afraid your horse must be weak in the legs, or have some spinal trouble, or he wouldn't need keeping up. I had a poor old horse once, and he was so thin, that I had to tie a knot in his tail to keep him from falling through his collar. One day I forgot the knot, and he slipped through his collar and broke his neck. Now, about your pony's diet. You certainly feed him well. To give a horse five "years" of corn in one day, shows you have more generosity than discretion. I suppose you raise at least one thousand bushels of corn a year, and so it doesn't take a very few moments figuring to arrive at the startling fact that your pony eats five thousand bushels of corn per day. If your pony does that, he's not a pony at all, he's a darned hog. In addition to corn, you hand him hay on a fork three times a day. I don't wonder he's hard to keep up. I should think a horse with that load in his hide would have to lie down and stay down. I should like to see you feeding your horse with a fork. You might as well give him a knife and fork, and let him feed himself, and be done with it. I can hardly believe that story of you and your horse flying up and down the road. I don't believe that a pony that has to be kept up, could ever fly. It's an open question as to whether he could even walk. If it's true that you fill him with five "year" of corn every day, I'm open to bet you a doughnut to a pants' button, that he can't even sit up in an invalid's chair, let alone walk or fly. I suppose the flying horse in Luling was a merry-go-round. Well, Sam, your horse is going to have a merry-go-round now, and all the people of the U. S. will be watching you handling him five years of corn on a fork.

A lady from Southern Illinois wants to say some say.

BOGOTA, ILL., August 26, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I hope you and all the cousins are well. We are all tolerable well except mamma. I am sixteen years of age, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, have dark hair, dark gray eyes and a light complexion. Oh, I'm a dandy as you will know when I tell you that I am known as a runt to the members of our family and intimate friends. I have two sisters. Both are younger than myself. Uncle Charlie, you don't think I'm a runt do you?

I notice that some of my cousins (of the fair sex) want you to marry. Of course it would be nice for us to have you marry and have an aunt, but I tell you right now I don't much approve of it, because you see if you were married you would think only of pleasing your wife while your host of beautiful nieces and noble nephews would be neglected. Just think! poor things! what would they do with no one to entertain them? I live away down here in Southern Ill., but I formerly lived in the "Sunny South," in the grand "Lone Star State," was born and reared there to the age of four years, but it would not be difficult for me to decide which state I would rather live in.

Uncle, I know we "country jacks" enjoy a better time than the "city rubbernecks." Now I know this is so because I was once a "city rubberneck" myself. And now if any of my cousins are city chaps don't let them get puffed up against us country folks, because we haven't such fine tastes and good manners. We have just as true and noble hearts, and we feel sorry for you because you can't enjoy the free country air as we do. Dear cousins, I hope we all try to please God as well as we try to entertain the members of our League, for though sick or well we can be a "cheering light." And don't say, "Oh, if I only had opportunity I would do," but take hold of the opportunity you have got. I am a member of the Baptist church, and teacher of a class in the Baptist Sunday school, a class of boys and girls about my age. I have offered a reward for good attendance among both the boys and girls, also for good lessons. I will now close, but first sending kisses to all, though more to uncle than anyone else.

Cousins write to me.
Your loving niece and cousin,
LILLIAN SMALLWOOD (No. 19,949).

Lillian, I thank you for your kind inquiry as to my health. I have inflammatory congestion of the mustache, and rheumatism of the eyebrows. I have also a chronic congestion of ideas in the feet, and circumlocution of the pericardial extremities combined with conjunctivitis of the overshoes. Then three mud scows and two tug boats have had a head-on collision in my alimentary canal, with fatal results. I have also got paralysis of the pocket-book, and an acute stringency of the monetary circulation, in the financial circles of the earning capacity. At the same time, I will guarantee to knock the breakfast food out of anyone who dares to call you a "runt." You say you want to have me "marry" and have an aunt. Lillian, why do you want me to change my sex? Next, you'll be wanting to make Cousin Marion into a man. Don't you think it's best to have me Uncle Charlie, instead of trying to have me "Mary"? Of course Mary is a very nice girl, but I'm quite content to remain a boy. If you were to have me "Mary," I'd have to dress up in hip pads, and corsets, get a pompadour wig full of rats, powder my expression, manipulate curling tongs, work a switch, break my neck and dislocate my arms trying to button a shirt-waist up the back, wear a skirt that had a billion microbes on the bottom, and tripped me up every time I walked. I don't think I'd make a success as "Mary," and as for being married, several very important things would have to happen, before I could achieve that wholly desirable and ideally delightful condition. I've made a good many attempts in that line, but all have been disastrous failures. I have told you so often of my experiences in this line, that I fear you are weary of the subject. Just as you say, Lillian, I'd rather be the sweetheart, and prospective husband of every unmarried feminine in the COMFORT family, than be the sole property of one. Besides, it wouldn't be right to ask a lady to live in a chicken coop, with Billy the Goat, Toby and Maria. You have expressed many noble sentiments in your letter, Lillian. I, too, prefer country to city life, but as all the State Penitentiaries and prisons are usually in the cities, I have to live in the cities, where I can be taken good care of. I'd like to have my own choice as far as a residence is concerned, but the police insist on selecting my abode, and I have to stay

where they put me. I am delighted to know, Lillian, that you are a Sunday-school teacher, but you seem to belong to a very strange sect. I've looked all through the encyclopedia, and can't find the denomination you mention, though thousands besides yourself write me they belong to this "Babstist" church. I've heard of a Baptist church, but never of a Babstist. This Babstist church puzzles me. Lillian, as you're a teacher in this particular church, will you kindly tell me all about it, as there are no records of any such church existing in America. I enjoyed the kisses, Lillian, immensely. They were the kind I like, a yard long and a foot wide, regular teeth twisters and gum busters. Yum, yum, yum!

Our shut-in letter this month, is one that will touch all hearts.

Last November, you gave me a notice in COMFORT as follows: "John Gordon, the young American boy with the broken back in the House of Industry, Perth, Ontario, Canada makes the dandiest slippers and shawls. Write for his price list. God loves a man who is trying to do something for himself." I received thirty letters as the result of this appeal, and sold all the work I had on hand. But wonder of wonders, I received an offer of a home in Omaha, Neb. When I got here my big-hearted benefactors, finding that the room that they had provided for me was too small for my bed, actually gave me their parlor! Think of that!

Unfortunately, my body is dead from the waist down, and I have no control of myself. Angels could not put up with the odor of my neglected wounds, let alone these good people. Hospitals do not provide for such cases as mine, and I must perish by the slow process of supuration. (Decomposition). I can only stay here on one condition. I must build a little cabin with room for myself and attendant. This could be constructed for a comparatively small sum, but I can not provide it, as I've nothing even to pay for my washing. I've only one hope. It is you and the COMFORT family. Uncle Charlie, I know I shall not appeal to you in vain. Through you, I have been enabled to escape from a poorhouse in a foreign country. I have spent every available dollar in getting out pamphlets and circulars about my work, but no one heeds them. Do what you can for me. God bless you.

In misfortune, gratefully yours,
JOHN GORDON, 2419 South 24th St., Omaha, Neb.

I do not think I ever read a more heart-rending or pitiful letter than the one above. I have known the details of his sad case for two or three years, and it makes me choke all up, when I think what this poor sufferer has endured and is still enduring. It is against the law of God and man to take our own lives, and yet the present day civilization makes no provision for such cases as John Gordon. The hospitals do not take chronic cases, and poorhouses, God knows are bad enough for those who can move about, let alone those who are dead from the waist down. Never blame a man for struggling to keep out of a poorhouse, any more than you blame him for trying to keep out of Hell.

Society should lavish its most loving and tender care on heroic suffering martyrs like John Gordon. But nine tenths of the world is struggling madly for a crust, and the other tenth is trying to suffocate itself in diamonds, drown itself in champagne, or break its neck in automobile accidents and other forms of mad extravagance. We have some noble exceptions, but when millions are given by philanthropists, they go into libraries or colleges. Very little goes to alleviate human suffering. Civilization is in its infancy, and so we must suffer on, until we become a little more like God intended us to be on this earth, with hearts full of love and pity for all humanity. The money lavished on one fool social function in Newport or New York, would provide for twenty cases like John Gordon for twenty years. Well, it's no use moralizing. The world is growing better every day, but that fact is mighty little comfort to a man who wants help right now.

John Gordon does not lie idle. He makes beautiful slippers, shawls, ladies' and infants' wear. Write for his free pamphlet, "A Broken Back." If you can afford it, also send fifty cents for his book, "My Story Told in News Clippings." There are six million readers of COMFORT, and I am sure among this number, John Gordon will find some noble, warm-hearted friends. Don't worry this poor soul with empty letters. Put in your envelopes a note of praise and thanks for the big-hearted souls who offered this lone suffering soul a home. How many of you would have done that? I never heard of a more magnificent more beautiful act of charity and love than this.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid re-

turns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

R. S. Hainey (49), 252 Nettie St., Dallas, Tex. Terrible sufferer from intestinal obstruction. Has been unable to lie down for eight years, cannot afford an operation. Went to Kansas City, but surgeons ask \$200 to operate. Is refined, and well educated. Write him please, he is an ex-telegraph operator. Can we do anything for him, outside of sympathy and advice? Mrs. Daisy Bump, Box 54, Brethren, Mich. Wants reading matter and pieces for quilts. Miss Marguerite Miner, Box 29, Ohiopyle, Fayette Co., Pa. Would like letters, postals, or any small remembrance. Mrs. Leroy E. Cowles, Box 36, West Derby, Vt. Has baby socks for twenty-five and thirty-five cents. Ladies' collars and satchel bags. Is sick. Sarah Good (66), Brock, Neb. Has not stood on feet for ten years. Remember her please. Rebecca Pennington (26), South Portsmouth, Ky. Would like cheery letters. Don't send postals, as she cannot reciprocate. Wm. T. Harrah, Backus, W. Va. His back is broken remember. It is a year, since I asked you to do anything for him. Mr. E. P. Plaster, Shuff, Va. Would like reading matter. Has been an invalid for years. George H. Cunningham, Morrison, R. D., 4, Tenn. Crippled with rheumatism for years. Get history of his life, twelve cents. Lee Wilson, Millerville, Ala. Blind, and body is ossified. Cannot read, and would like phonograph, or any assistance. James Gilliam, Treadway, Tenn. Has not walked a step in many years. His son, his only support, has been sick for over a year. They are in great need. Most distressing case. Open your hearts here. Mae Browne, Clinton, Ark. Has a chance to buy an abandoned farm of two hundred acres, near a R. R. town, for a nominal sum. Wants someone with capital to undertake the business end of the enterprise. She is sick, helpless, but clever, educated and resourceful. Write her about it. Cranks and selfish butts, save your postage. J. D. MacLennan, Guilford, Fla. Crippled. Wants reading matter. Isaac Price, Lenoir, R. D., 2, N. C. Helpless for thirty years. Depends on the charity for subsistence. Nellie Nichols has sent me a strong plea for him. Clothing, bedding, reading and substantial aid needed. Eddie Potts (24), McCreary, Ala. Crippled with rheumatism for twelve years. Would like wheel chair. Writes dandy letters.

That is a big list, and ought to bring big results. God knows, I hope it will. While you are eating your Thanksgiving dinner, give one thought to these shut-ins. Thanksgiving will be but a mockery to them without your aid, and start in right away to get seven subs for Uncle Charlie's Poems. It's an ideal Christmas gift so get busy and win it.

Uncle Charlie

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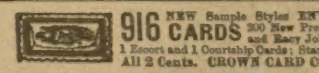
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The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and come back to his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me in forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dares not yield.

Gene finds his mother waiting and she tries to comfort him. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excalibur, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misstep and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misery. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Eugene Warfield's horse. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be the mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard, he not only is the head of the Trust, but has great political influence. Gene admits he has grown weary of ruling a man. He tells of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dream of power and ambition. Ambition is the thing that lifts man above the level of the brute. Victoria is covetous of power. Corcoran visits Warfield. If he defies him he will crush him; if he becomes his friend he shall grow great by his power. Does Corcoran take him for a dastard—he can do his worst. Corcoran admires his grit, yet go against him and he will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the highest in the land. He gives him his choice. Warfield yields. Judge Blodgett listens to Warfield's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to grasp the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. Will she be his wife?

Mrs. Warfield receives a letter from Gene. There is something about it which worries her. Mrs. Rosslyn asks for the priest and bids Theta go to walk. She has much to say to him. As Theta stands alone old memories stir within him. She is Gene's sister! The figure of a woman is near him. Her hands clutch at her breast and in agony she cries, "My God! He is married!" and she falls in a faint. A long sickness follows, and when she recovers she finds her mother sleeping in the churchyard. Gene hopes for a home of his own and pictures to his wife, Victoria, wishes for an apartment house where all is done by trained servants. Can they afford it? He has no income outside of his official salary. He will not touch a penny that does not rightfully belong to him. They return to Washington, and visit the house Victoria determines shall be their home. Gene stops in the library and fails to notice a picture. A room with softly tinted walls—a woman whose fingers fashion white garments, crooning a low soft melody. After a time the prattle of a child fills the room and a boy climbs on his knee, and he feels the clinging of baby arms. Again the woman croons and the cradle rocks and a baby girl looks up at Gene. Victoria rouses him from his reverie—he hasn't seen half the rooms. He fails to find a nursery.

Four months later Victoria is surprised by a call from Corcoran. He searches for his ideal and finds it too late. Victoria begs of him not to play with her—he knows what fire is when beyond control. Gene enters unannounced and yet with a repugnance toward Corcoran. Victoria leaves them to discuss business. The months that follow are trying ones. There is borne the cry of a child—a little boy—and Gene looks down with wonder and delight at that old, old mystery—birth. In the following months Gene tries to arrive at a better understanding with his wife. Gene enters the nursery to find the baby screaming and the nurse in tears. Mrs. Warfield insists upon giving laudanum to the baby—the nurse refuses without the doctor's order and she discharges her, and from that hour the baby droops.

Congress closes and the Warfields spend the summer at a fashionable watering place. Corcoran is there, and Gene is unmindful of the whispered insinuations concerning his wife. He gives his time to his boy, and the little hands pluck down the altar, where Warfield places his idol, Ambition. They return to Washington, and again Victoria is disturbed by the wailing of the baby orders laudanum. The nurse, by order of Mr. Warfield, refuses to administer it. Victoria attempts to give it to the little one who gasps "mamma, mamma!" She lifts her hand to strike when Gene wards off the blow, and reading the label on the bottle he dashes it to the floor. Victoria strikes her husband and the blood trickles down. He pillows his child on his breast and sits down before his desk. He opens and reads a letter from his mother. She can never call him great so long as she hears of his supporting such bills as pass the House of Representatives. He knows his mother is right—he is a damnable scoundrel. John is spoiling Theta. She may lose the dear girl. The young doctor comes often. Let us know about the baby. The child stirs and wails "mamma, mamma!"

The debate of the Harvester Trust Bill arrives, and the battle between ambition and conscience ends with victory for the latter. With the defeat of the bill goes Corcoran's hopes of a lifetime. He will ruin Warfield if he sends his son to the penitentiary. Victoria pleads, "Would you not spare him, Michael, for my sake?" Corcoran's wife dies. Gene goes home. The baby grows worse. Victoria refuses to stay with her child. It dies, and Gene pleads to let the little one in death unite them. She is unworthy. Gene discovers a note written by Corcoran, and Victoria admits her love for him. Gene thrusts the note into the heart of the fire and taking off the wedding ring tells Victoria she is free.

Gene returns to New Hampshire. He sees footprints in the snow and meets Theta. Is there no chance for a reconciliation with his wife? Has he done right in setting her free? "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." When love is dead would she have him drag out a miserable existence? Theta suggests they go home. They come to the old stepping-stones. Before she can protest he crushes her lips with a kiss.

Corcoran entertains a prince of the blood at the banquet. Outside, Victoria, deserted by Corcoran looks on the scene; she is alone, abandoned, and nothing remains but the river. A Sister of Mercy befriends him. Corcoran rises to drink to his health, and the glass drops from his nerveless hand. His power for evil is ended. Theta shakes off Warfield's arms. He has no right, and yet she knows she loves him. He cannot let her go until she forgives, she is a daughter to his mother and a man may kiss his sister. Her refusal strikes him like a blow. Gene meets his mother and Uncle John. Mrs. Warfield wonders at Theta's coolness.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNCLE JOHN AS A PHILOSOPHER.

UNCLE John had finished doing the chores, having declined Gene's offer of assistance on the ground that all the cows had weaned their calves and therefore would object to him as a milker. As a matter of record Uncle John was not quite himself. There was something in his actions of a troublesome nature, something so unusual for him, that the family were puzzled.

After completing her evening work, Theta had gone for a walk and had gone alone. Gene

busied himself writing or reading up some cases which were soon to come to trial. Mrs. Warfield weened any and distressed, but kept her opinions to herself. The breach between Theta and Gene was visibly widening. The roses were fading from Theta's cheeks and Gene had become silent and morose.

Uncle John had discussed the matter with the cows this evening with more earnestness than usual. He was convinced it was his duty to do something. This conviction had been growing for some time. The atmosphere of the home was becoming intolerable and he had decided something was going to happen—just what, he was not quite certain. It was not, however, until he had adjusted his slippers and come out on the porch that he finally determined to have a talk with Gene.

Uncle John was not a diplomat. He took his counsel from the rocks and the trees. When he arrived at a conviction he usually felt secure in his reasoning. Seating himself in his favorite willow chair and getting his old clay pipe in violent eruption he opened the conversation with more energy than he had intended.

"Gene, yere an ass—and a stupid ass at that! If I were yere father and had the authority I'd sentence yere to sprout potatoes for ninety days for being a blockhead. Yere made a fool of yere self and now yere trying to make a fool of the whole family. By hooky, book learning has been the ruination of many a good farm-hand. Even the cows won't stand for ye. The old brindle that kicked yere pail over last week never did such a thing before. Say, Gene, what's the matter with ye? Have ye got the 'pip'?"

"What's that uncle?"

"I don't know. Mother says that's what all chickens when they won't eat and lose their feathers and finally die."

"And you think I have the symptoms?"

"I don't know what ye've got. But I could give a mighty good guess," and he blew clouds of smoke up through the arbor leaves.

"Has it occurred to ye, my boy, that this house has become a sort of a morgue? All we need is a little crepe around our arms and the whole family would be in mourning."

"I have noticed that the birds have done most of the singing lately," replied Gene, with a feeble attempt at a smile. "But, uncle, you know I have been very busy."

"Yep, so have I. But I can be busy and hearty at the same time. What's the use in preparing food if no one will eat it. Where's Theta?"

"Really I don't know. I am not her keeper, you know."

"Peers like yere never going to be either. Consarn it, if I was ten years younger I'd marry her myself just to punish ye for being a fool."

"Well, uncle, you have my best wishes. Theta will make the man, fortunate enough to win her, a mighty happy fellow!"

"I ain't going to win her Gene, and, by hooky, ye ain't either unless ye change yere methods. Now see here, ye have been home about a year and ye have built up a big law practice and most people think ye are smart. I said most folks think ye are smart but ye ain't Gene, yere a pusillanimous idiot. Ye have gotten so mixed up in yere theories and beliefs and unbeliefs and notions and crazy ideas that the whole blessed family have got symptoms of the 'pip' and no remedy in the house either, Gene! I am disgusted with ye, I—I—"

"Don't choke, uncle. Take your time. I am not going away."

"I don't mean to hurt yere feelings, Gene, but this thing is in my system and I am going to get it out. I have told ye, ye are a fool and, by gum, I am going to prove it to ye."

"The block over which ye and Theta have been folks have their religion and not trouble them religion?"

"Nothing, uncle, nothing."

"Well, I am glad ye have got where ye will admit it. Neither do I, ye my boy, I have been solving some of those things ye call sikeological facts. I don't know how to spell that word, and I don't know exactly what it means, but I know as much about religion as ye do, and I know more because I know enough to let other folks have their religion and not trouble them about it."

"That's the trouble with ye, my boy. Ye tell Theta it's a shame to believe what she believes and ye try to make other people believe it. What are ye trying to do? Ye don't believe anything and ye are trying to make Theta and yere mother believe that. What makes me most mad is that I taught it to ye. But ye ain't consistent, Gene. Ye says the preachers and the priests don't know what they are preachin' and that they are trying to cram first century beliefs into twentieth century minds. We won't argue on that because the people themselves are setting that question, but what ye got to offer if they give up their old beliefs?"

"If the twentieth century proves the old beliefs are wrong the people will give them up. Ye are livin' in America my boy, not in China. No one has given ye a special dispensation to go around and collect old religious beliefs and throw them away. Folks want a religion and they are going to have it. There are a great many kinds, some old and some new. Everybody can take a choice, though religion is most always inherited. Now ye see, let me teach ye something. Ye talk to me about conscience. Do ye know what conscience is?"

"Conscience is one's sense of right and duty. It is born in the mind of every human being. Some listen to its guidance, more than others."

"Nicely said, my boy, but ye are spelled down. Take yere seat again. Conscience is a seed. If yere father and mother had been Catholics ye would have been a Catholic also. If they had been Protestants—and yere mother is—ye should have been a Methodist too, instead of a black sheep like myself."

"Conscience is a seed, just like an acorn. Ye can graft the tree and get other fruit. The Catholic is right and their conscience approves and the Protestant is right and their conscience approves and the followers of Confucius are right and the Jews are right and ye are right because I taught ye that God is in the sunshine and the flowers and the baby's smile and Theta's innocence and yere mother's love. I taught ye that, Gene. I grafted on these new ideas when yere mother wasn't looking and ye have made a pretty mess of it."

There was silence for a time while Uncle John tried to obscure the moon with the clouds from his pipe.

"It hasn't been given to one mind to know it all, Gene. Individuality is necessary. Ye want to teach yere neighbor to think as ye do and someone else wants to teach ye to think as they do. Ye can't do it. It's not accordin' to nature. The individual mind must be preserved. Do ye know that's what causes most broken friendships? At the beginning of the acquaintance both are courteous and respect each other's beliefs. They allow their friend the same freedom of action and belief they wish for themselves. But when we get intimate we want our friends to believe as we do and we try to make 'em. Ye tried to make Theta give up her freedom of thought and she has had all the best of it. Now ye are morbid and cross because she didn't do what ye refused to do yere self."

"If ye ain't tired Gene, I want to talk to ye a little more. I want to get the whole thing off my mind. Ye are either going to marry

Theta or ye are going to the insane asylum. I don't know which, but unless ye change yere tactics everything favors the asylum."

"Thank you, uncle, you are real entertaining this evening and the air is fine. Besides I am not sure but what I am learning something."

"I don't suppose I can teach ye much, Gene. Ye have been to Congress and ye know how ye got there. My principal ideas come from the stumps out in yonder fields, but human nature is human nature and I have read some books on science. I have borrowed a few ideas and mixed them up with some of my own. Ye have got a lot of energy, Gene, but ye have used it to a poor purpose. I saw this problem in a magazine last week: 'Wind up an eight day clock and ye have got energy enough to run the clock for eight days. Put that spring in a dish and pour acid on it and the acid will eat up the spring. What becomes of the energy in the spring?'"

"Well, what was the answer?"

"There ain't no answer. What becomes of the human soul? Ye ain't got no answer for that problem and I ain't got no answer for mine. Ye answer mine and I'll answer yere."

"Suppose you throw the acid on the ground, uncle?"

"I ain't talking about acid. I'm talking about the energy that was in the spring!"

"And, uncle, suppose I light a match, what becomes of the energy—that's in the wood?"

"Now, Gene, play fair. I am asking questions tonight. Ye have been running things long enough. Ye are the one that's trying to marry Theta and now I am going to run things for awhile. If I fail, then the whole lot of us will probably be taken before the insanity commission."

"Do you think, uncle, there is any use to try and change existing conditions? Theta is determined. I believe she almost hates me."

"Theta don't hate ye. She hates yere actions. I am not posing as a matchmaker, but I cannot do worse than ye have done. Ye still love the girl, don't ye, Gene?"

The slight rustle of leaves at the further end of the porch was not noticed. The pale face with anxious eyes, the slender form, the quick breaths which became quicker when Theta heard the question asked, the question that caused her to halt and listen, against her will.

Gene arose and turning half way round faced the east. The moon had risen and its cold splendor reflected squarely upon his haggard features. It was the first time Theta had noticed. She told herself it did not matter. She had, for months, assumed an indifference that was not noticed and she spoke no more of love, they walked no more together.

His great success as a lawyer was of little interest to her. The old love was dying, she told herself. The ashes were kept carefully raked over the few remaining coals. Soon the last spark of fire, the last particle of energy of the old love would go out. Then she would be happy again. She had told herself all this and much more. It had seemed real to her.

It was becoming a fixed belief. As how often we deceive ourselves. She stood there in the moonlight as one transfixed. The old love-light was again in her eyes. How breathlessly she waited for the answer. How her arms ached to stretch out toward that haggard face just a few feet away.

"Still love her, uncle? Still love her! I love that which was she. Theta is no more. But I love the memory. It is here in my heart, that which I have always loved. It no longer shines in the eyes of her whom I meet daily. It is dead. We do not love flesh, uncle, we love spirit and the spirit has changed. The spirit I once loved has gone. It was starved. Theta starved it unto death, because she believed it was her duty. What you have said tonight is mostly truth. I have let my impulses and my imagination rule me. My judgment has held sway only in my calmer moments. I have been impulsive, impassioned and selfish. You have told me I know nothing of love. I have not loved Theta because I wanted to, I have not done all the foolish things of my life because I wished to do foolish things—I have done them because I did not understand. That is why those we call criminals go to jail; that is why those who lose their reason go to asylums. They don't understand. If I could again see the light shining in Theta's eyes, the light for me—I could love her and her religion too. But uncle—"

He turned away to hide a tear—"that light has gone."

He stopped.

Was reason already leaving him. Did he see through the leaves a pale face, with the old love shining from those big tired eyes? For a moment he imagined he did. Then turning abruptly he faced his uncle. "That light has gone out."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRIAL.

The trial had been in progress all the week. Warfield expected to deliver his charge to the jury at the evening session. He was tired and almost indifferent to the spirit which breakfast which Margaret had prepared for him.

"I am so glad the trial will be completed today, Gene," said his old mother as she sliced an orange and urged him to eat it. "You have grown so thin, my boy, and so—so—unlike yourself."

"And then, as if inspired by a sudden thought, 'Theta is going down to the choir rehearsal this evening. She is so much interested in your success with the case. Only last night she remarked how tired you looked and how much she hoped you would save the poor fellow from the gallows. Please do eat a little, Gene. I am so much the trial that is taking your strength. I fear you do not understand. Forgive your mother, Gene, I would not give you pain—but you told Uncle John the love between you and Theta is dead, but 'tis not, my boy, you know it is not, and Theta loves you Gene, Theta loves you!'"

"When the Creator divined woman, mother, He first made love and then wove woman around it. Your love is as pure as the winter's snow, but, mother dear, Theta does not love me. I can't blame her. Mine is a restless nature; I have been impulsive, quick to condemn and anxious to change. Uncle John understands me. I think, better than you. Through a mother's affection you can see no fault. I am your boy, and mother, I crave no greater honor. But Theta is right. She is pure, sincere and true. I do love her, mother, as I have never loved her before. She must not know—she has forgotten and sometime, one more worthy than I, one as good and true as herself will come to claim her. Let us not hasten the day. The penalty I must pay is but just. Theta loves purity, honor and manliness. I have sinned; deeply. It is an humble confession to make to you, but who better to be my confessor? It is life, mother. You can not know, because you have lived simply and trustfully. You can not see my faults because you are my mother. God bless you,—this blessing can not be denied me."

"But Theta can see that which is not clear to your eyes. To be loved we must be lovable; and in her sight I am no longer lovable. I have laughed at the forms of her religion and have scorned the faiths of her fathers. Those faiths

and forms are nothing to me, but I have been unjust. I have recognized too late that element of human nature so strong in her life. Should anyone try to take away your belief in the Methodist doctrine I would resent it, I am not sure but what I should resent such action by anyone else against Theta's religion. The rocks are the creation of ages, mother, and so with beliefs. They must not be destroyed in a day. And yet I can not believe in dogma. To say I do would be to add the crime of hypocrisy to my other indiscretions. It is too great a problem, mother, for one mind."

"God will forgive, my boy. God is good. You believe Theta has ceased to love you, but a mother's instinct is seldom wrong. I pray the cloud will some day pass giving to me the daughter worthy of my son."

"You will win the verdict today Gene, because you are pleading for a human life. Remember the law of God says 'Thou shalt not kill.' It is the law of man which created capital punishment." And with an affectionate embrace Mrs. Warfield sent her son to the Court House in the distant village to plead against the doctrine of Israel "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

The trial had been in progress five days. All the witnesses had been called and the district attorney felt sure of a verdict of guilt in the first degree. Even the defendant had admitted he stabbed at something, but what, his whiskey-soaked brain could not define.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To be a member of the Club means that you have the privilege of writing me confidentially, any and every time you want, about anything that troubles you in your personal appearance, and I'll tell you my way to overcome it. So many people write me about just such things that I can't reply through the mails, but I'll answer in these columns. Sign your letter with your full name, of course, but also tell me what initial or nom de plume to use in answering you, and you will find the answer under these initials. Of course all of this advice is intended to be given free for the good of all COMFORT subscribers, so in asking any questions you only have to be sure that your subscription is paid in advance; if it has expired or is about to expire you had better enclose 15 cents to the Publisher for a renewal to COMFORT when you write—then you will not miss any of the Beauty Talks.

Talk on Care of the Hair

LUXURIANT, shining hair is a woman's crown of beauty. No woman with beautiful hair is ever unattractive. Pretty hair can redeem a whole host of faults. With little curling, waving tendrils straying across your temples, a glistening mass of hair done up in little puffs on the crown of the head, an ugly woman can be transformed into a charming one! Beautiful hair is a good index as to the state of your general health, as gloss and beauty come only when its possessor is strong and well. To prove what a difference fluffy well-kept hair makes in a woman's appearance, you have only to recall your last shampoo, when your hair hung straight and wet, when all your fluffy, coaxing curls stood out in sixty different directions and were not coaxed at all, in fact, were quite the reverse. Do you remember? Well, be truthful and confess you were very, very glad your best fellow or your "Lord and Master" were not there to see. Of course if you are one of those fortunate mortals with naturally waving, curly hair, the above will have no meaning for you. Happy woman! I envy you, for you see I am one of the "many" who look back to their last shampoo with many heart-burnings.

However, as it does no good to lament the inevitable, I will devote my energies to telling you how to make your so-called crown of glory become one in reality.

Everyone knows that the hair comes out more in the fall of the year than at any other time. This is perfectly natural, as all through nature we have autumnal decay. So you must not be worried if your hair comes out more than ever before. But if it falls from your head in showers, if your scalp is covered with fine dandruff, or if you have an itching of the scalp, you must take heed or else when Easter day comes, you may have the hat, but you surely won't have the hair! If it is possible at this crucial period, get some one of your family or some close friend to massage your head until the scalp is pink and glowing. This should be done every day for ten or fifteen minutes. After the massage is over, you should use some simple scalp lotion, which must be rubbed into the roots of the hair with your finger-tips or you can use a medicine dropper if you prefer. It is not so liable to get on the strands of hair if you use the latter. If you rub the scalp making the scalp move, and are careful not to give the hair too much friction, an amateur can use this scalp massage and get wonderful benefit from the treatment, as it stimulates the blood in the scalp. If your scalp can not easily be moved with your finger-tips, it shows that you are in great need of scalp massage, as there should always be a soft layer of tissue from which the hair follicle draws its nutriment. Each hair is provided with one or two oil glands, which draw the natural oil from the scalp. No other dressing for the hair is necessary when your scalp is in a perfectly healthy condition.

When you are troubled with excessive dryness of the hair although the scalp seems apparently healthy, the following shampoo rubbed into the scalp once each day will make your hair glossy and beautiful to behold.

For dry hair, rub into the scalp a little bland oil, or the oil of benne. Be careful to rub this into the scalp, not through the hair. In buying any one of the above oils from your druggist, be very sure that it is sweet not rancid, as rancid oils have been known not only to act as irritants, but to cause diseases of the scalp. In addition to this oil treatment, you would do well to use the following hair tonic, which I can thoroughly recommend:

Resorcin, one sixth of a drachm, castor oil, one half drachm, spirit of wine, five ounces, balsam of Peru, eight grains. Shake the bottle well and apply every other day.

A lotion for oily hair is as follows: One half pint of alcohol, one half pint of water, thirty grains of quinine. This should be applied every other night and rubbed well into the scalp.

If the ends of your hair are very dry, dip the tips of your fingers into olive oil and smooth the hair with your hands. One of the old Italian Queens, who was noted for her glossy, raven locks owed the wonderful luster to the use of olive oil applied in this way. Surely a simple and easy way to acquire beauty and one that every woman can follow, no matter how busy she is.

The question of a good shampoo is something that occupies many feminine minds, and rightly. There are many excellent ones, among which is the egg shampoo. I should not advise this shampoo for women with light hair, as I think it slightly darkens the hair. Dark hair has a decided tendency to harden the face and make it appear older than it really is, and so it is well for dark-haired women to use shampoos that will lighten her "glory crown" without injurious effects. A little borax or washing soda dropped into your shampoo water will give a lighter effect to the hair and yet is perfectly safe to use. To know how to shampoo is quite an art but one that most women know nothing of. In the above borax shampoo, after the serious business of washing the hair is over with, you should rinse it in several waters, using hot water in the beginning and slowly tapering off to cold. Dry thoroughly with soft, warm towels. Turkish towels should never be used for this purpose, as they are too rough and have a tendency to break the hair. If it is at all possible, dry in the sun until every bit of moisture has disappeared. The sun gives the hair a natural sheen that can be obtained in no other way. The hair must have a good, free play of air through the strands, or it will be dry and dull looking. It isn't everybody who knows how to dry hair, but it will pay you to learn how, as when well dried, it certainly shines and waves enough to repay you for your hard work. If you wish to know if your hair is really dry or only "playing possum" take it in your hand and squeeze it tightly. If it flies out, when released, with

every separate and individual hair refusing to have anything whatever to do with its companions, you can know that the work is done, but if it sticks and clings to the hand, it means more labor for the little woman. After you have successfully shampooed your hair, the scalp should be massaged with the tips of your fingers until the whole scalp is in a glow. If you do this you will not be troubled with thin, dull hair, falling hair or any of the hair ills that the scalp is heir to.

Salt is a good tonic for the hair and a most satisfactory dry tonic shampoo may be made of it. Take salt of a coarse quality and sift it so that no lumps remain. Then mix in powdered orris root, two ounces to a pound of salt. Sift it all again in order to mix well and then sift thoroughly into the hair and scalp. Do not let this remain on the scalp but brush out with a stiff bristle brush.

For my girls who live near salt water and go in bathing frequently, here is something for hair that has been rendered streaky from too much salt bathing. A julep made of camphor will usually counteract this tendency and render the hair easy to do up. Use camphor (gum) half a dram; Rectified spirits, ten drops; Roll or Triturate until reduced to powder, then add gradually with continued Triturations, distilled water, one pint. Lastly, strain through blotting paper.

You should shampoo or wash your hair as often as it is necessary to keep it clean and in a healthy condition. This may mean once a month or twice a week. Under all circumstances, whether the scalp be dry or oily, it can not be kept too clean. Dandruff generally comes from neglect. If your scalp is washed frequently and kept perfectly clean, dandruff does not so readily accumulate, although a small amount of it is natural. For women who are troubled with unusually oily hair, I should certainly advise a weekly shampoo. This is also well if your head is crowded with dandruff.

Each evening before going to bed it is well to remove the soil of the day from your hair by simply wiping the strands with a soft towel.

A good dry shampoo for your hair is powdered cornmeal. Take a tablespoonful of the powder and scatter through the hair. Let it fly all through the hair and lie upon the scalp. Now take a soft brush and brush until all the cornmeal is out. It will not do to repeat this too often, as it does not cleanse the hair as thoroughly as soap and water.

Hair Rules

Do not dye your hair. Don't curl your hair with a red-hot iron, unless it is your manner of amusing yourself. Don't use the hair brush as if it were a carpet sweeper. If you do, you won't have any hair to brush after a month or two. Don't use fine combs. They are things of horror and should be thrown away. A fine comb irritates the scalp and causes dandruff, and is also a fine hair splitter.

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Don't be ashamed of gray hair. There is nothing lovelier than gray hair and you should be proud to have it.

Don't curl your hair the day it is washed, as you take all the life out of it and leave it dull and lusterless.

Don't forget your hair needs attention and heaps and heaps of it.

Don't forget to wash your hair brush frequently.

Don't use other people's brushes and combs. This is a big don't! You are liable to catch some scalp disease.

This is quite a list of Don'ts but every one should be observed by the seeker after beautiful hair. There are many more but the girl with common sense will know what they are.

Do you like scented hair? You think it is delightful! Well, I agree with you, and one of the nice things about it is, it is so easy to do. To give the hair a delicate scent, take a little of the oil of jasmine and pour it in your hand. If you live in the country and have jasmine in your yard, you can make your own oil. If you are one of those who live in the cities and smaller towns, I'm afraid you will have to go to the nearest druggist. Be careful not to use too much jasmine, as the scent will be too heavy. Try six drops in your palm, brush a perfectly clean hair brush over your palm, then brush your hair lightly but well until every hair has been touched by the sweet scented brush. You will find it gives your hair a most delightful odor. Scenting the hair is supposed to be a very difficult thing to do, but truth to tell, it is really very simple. Make or buy half an ounce of oil of jasmine. Pour a little in your hand and rub it lightly over a brush or comb, and go over your hair. That's all there is to it and isn't it simple? But first you must see to it that your hair is perfectly clean. Dirty hair cannot be scented. It must be absolutely clean if you want the scent to cling to it. I think you will like jasmine oil better than geranium. Geranium has always seemed to me to be a little too heavy a scent. Lavender and bergamot are very good but they must be used delicately. Your hair will hold the scent almost a full week if you do not wet it and if it does not get too musty.

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For those who have gray hair and yet do not know how to treat it, here is a little advice. To keep gray hair clean and free from dust, try filling the hair with good rice powder at night. Brush it out thoroughly in the morning and you will find all the dust comes with it. This cannot be used for dark hair, as it shows. The

following is what I consider an excellent shampoo for gray hair. Cut up a piece of shaving soap, one inch of it will do. Pour over this a pint of hot water. This will form a jelly. Dampen your hair and use this, adding one teaspoonful of the very best ammonia, rinse your hair carefully and in the last rinsing water, put a very little indigo, barely enough to tinge the water, as too much gives a very ugly and unbecoming effect. This is the very best possible treatment, where the hair is inclined to be yellow.

Be sure and subscribe or renew this month. There is no paper in the country publishing so many choice serials as you now read in COMFORT and only 15 cents for another year.

Do not singe your hair as it is very injurious to the hair, popular opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding. If your hair is inclined to split, the ends should be clipped but never singed.

Heavy hats prevent the circulation of the blood and cause the hair to fall out.

A few last words. Be careful of your hair. Keep it clean and glossy and wavy, and see that it is dressed to suit your type of face. If you do this, you can not fail to be attractive.

And Now for the Questions

I have received so many letters from my girls (and I love to hear from you, my dears), that it is impossible to answer them all individually, as it would fill up the entire magazine. By reading the articles each month and the Question and Answer columns, you will find answers to many of your questions and this will save you the trouble of writing and the delay in waiting for your answer to appear.

I will now answer some of the questions. All those who have asked questions regarding the removal of superfluous hair, promoting the growth of eyelashes and brows, how to plump and whiten arms, hands and neck, and remove liver-spots, moles, tan, freckles, also the reduction of fleshy hips and waist, will find all information thereon in the October number, in which, also, full particulars were given as to the treatment of black heads and pimples. Questions regarding hair are answered in this number of COMFORT and need no further answer unless the question asked is one of an unusual character.

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Interested Reader.—Scars can not be removed unless you go to a Dermatologist, and that is not only very expensive but the results are not always satisfactory. See reply to G. A. J. in October number.

G. A. S.—Regarding thick waist, see my reply to "Ugly Girl" in October issue. This exercise will have to be practiced for at least ten minutes each day for several weeks to obtain the result you desire.

H. U.—Are the spots you mention liver-spots, moles or freckles? I can not give you advice on this subject without having more definite information.

M. A. U.—In order to lose flesh you should be careful what you eat, although it is often said that you can't produce the mountains of fat. Abstain from taking liquids, especially at meals. This of course does not apply to people who have kidney trouble or rheumatism, as these cases require large quantities of fluid. Avoid all kinds of soup. As far as possible take only dry food. Juicy fruits and vegetables must not be eaten. Take a dose of Castor oil every morning, and keep moving all the time. I sleep only six or seven hours. In the morning, before you are dressed, try the "rolling cure" for obesity. Lay down on the floor and roll over and over until you are thoroughly tired out. It would be well also to hang up a rubber air-filled bag in your room, and then several times during the day, try lifting the bag over your head for about ten minutes, when you will be in a thorough perspiration. Beware of the advertised Obesity Cures, as they are generally unscientific and sometimes positively dangerous.

Blue Eyes, Illinois.—No, my dear, I do not answer letters personally, they must all be answered through the columns of this paper, unless the circumstances are very unusual.

Topsey.—Here is a simple treatment for closing large and open pores. Take an egg, break off a piece of the shell at the small end of the egg, making the hole about the size of a dime. Let about a teaspoonful of the white run into your palm and dampen your entire face with it. Put it on as you begin to dress in the morning, and as soon as you are ready for the day wash the white of egg off carefully and buff on a little powder. The white of egg is apt to make your face somewhat shiny. My Beauty Bags will whiten and soften your skin, but if you must use soap, be sure to get pure Castile and rinse your face thoroughly in cool water after bathing; if soap is allowed to remain on the skin, it makes it red, rough and shiny.

S. H. O., Tacoma.—I am afraid there is nothing that will make thin lips any fuller, but what difference does that make, if they are rosy and smiling and show perfectly white teeth?

Hazel Eyes.—Of course married women are admitted to our Pretty Girls' Club, and remember, my dear, that nowadays you don't need to pass your girlhood ever. One of "my girls" is a Grandma, but as she very happily remarks, "Grandma is as young as her daughters in this day and age." Bravo for Grandma who is on the right road and knows that she doesn't need to grow old. One of my Beauty Bags and when you have been engaged in particularly soiling housework, put a little powdered borax in your bathing water. After you finish scrubbing your face, massage with a little of the Pretty Girls' Club Cream, wipe off what cream has not been absorbed by the hungry pores, buff on a little powder and lo and behold you are as good as new.

Best development was talked of thoroughly in the Question and Answer column in the October issue, and all of you who are interested in this subject are referred to that number of COMFORT. My "thin girls" were also fully answered in the same number, as I told you you could gain flesh on a milk diet, gaining from three to six pounds of flesh each week, according to the individual.

Pansy.—To promote the growth of the short hair around your face, try rubbing in each night a little common yellow vaseline. Be careful not to get any on the strands of hair. The vaseline must be rubbed in thoroughly in order to get results.

G. C. B.—The dark rings under your eyes indicate a very sluggish circulation, or liver or stomach trouble. Take my "hot water cure" and get out in the air as much as possible. Cold baths each morning, with two or three handfuls of common salt dissolved in the water, are also very fine for stimulating the circulation.

Birdie.—The hot water should be taken half an hour before meals in order to obtain satisfactory results. Do not take it with your meals. It is better to take two glassfuls. Any ordinary sized glass will do.

Mrs. Laura E. B.—You should never have used camphor on your breast, as its tendency is to dry and shrivel up the flesh. See Question and Answer column in October issue regarding bust development. You can drink one glassful of water before each meal until you are accustomed to it, and then I want you to begin on two glassfuls each time, as this brings quicker results, and that is what we want.

"Schoolma'am".—Steaming the face over a basin of hot water is not injurious if you only do it occasionally. Be very careful after steaming your face to wash, first tepid water, then cold water over your face to close the pores.

Very Anxious.—I refer you to my article in this number on Hair. If you do not wish to use the Tonic recommended, or for some reason can not obtain it, I advise you to rub vaseline into the scalp three times a week. There is nothing better for falling hair, dry hair or to increase the growth, than the ordinary yellow vaseline. It must be rubbed thoroughly into the scalp. Massage until the hair is pink and glowing. If you are careful, your hair will not become oily for a number of days.

Brunette, Blakely, Geo.—You don't want to have white nails, as they are not pretty. A healthy nail should have a faint pink glow and the half moon should show at the base of the nails.

Lizette.—For those horrid wrinkles around the eyes, massage lightly with a good skin food. Begin by rubbing the eyelid from the nose outward half an inch beyond the end of the eye, then returning below the eye toward the nose. This will eventually cause the crow's feet to disappear. Remember and massage very delicately. For other wrinkles, massage across the line, not with it.

E.—To remove the two lines between your eyes, massage across the lines with a good face cream, remembering that vigorous massage reduces and light massage develops.

Brown Eyes.—For the lines around your mouth, massage up and outward. See reply to G. C. B.

Agnes.—Indeed no. Black tea is very bad for nerves and complexion and gives the stomach work to do, whereas the hot water cleanses the system, clears the skin and rests the stomach. Certainly you can reduce in flesh, although you are almost the right weight. See my reply to M. A. W. I could not really advise a dye. Write me and enclose a stamped addressed envelope and I will try to give you the information.

Know-nothing.—Massage your face with good face cream, massaging across lines and being careful to massage the cheeks upward and outward. Wash cold water on your face several times a day as this keeps the skin firm and prevents its wrinkling.

M. O. W., Ohio.—To reduce a large neck, try vigorous massage. Rub the flesh hard and pick it up between the thumb and first finger, pinching the flesh gently.

A Pretty Sweetheart.—For dark rings under the eyes, see my reply to G. C. B.

S. O. A.—Nearly every person has more or less split ends to their hair. Wash your hair in rainwater and rub in a little olive oil on the scalp once a week. Do not "rough" your hair as that causes split ends. Keep the split ends cut off as well as you can, and be careful in combing and brushing not to snarl the hair or break it.

R. E. G.—To keep your hands from chapping, rub olive oil on them at night before going to bed. This will keep them free from all roughness.

P. G. C.—You could use a little lemon juice in your hot water, if absolutely necessary, but I would much rather you didn't.

Subscriber.—See my reply to G. C. B. I do not know of anything that will turn gray hair back to its original color. You could dye it but I do not advise that.

Perdita.—Use the Pretty Girls' Club Skin food to keep your face from wrinkling and drying.

E. L. H.—There is no method of making straight hair curly unless you resort to irons or kink curlers. I am sorry but "such is life."

Cleburne Girl.—Getting your scalp in a healthy condition might gradually restore your hair to its original color. Read my article in this number of COMFORT on care of the hair.

E. Abbott.—To make your brown hair a little lighter in color, pour the contents of a fifteen-cent bottle of Peroxide of Hydrogen over your rinsing water after a shampoo. This will not bleach it but merely lighten it slightly. If you want to get rid of your wrinkles, massage with a good face cream.

P. C. W.—See reply to E. Abbott. Massage vigorously underneath the eyes. This will reduce the flesh but will in all probability cause wrinkles.

Straight Hair.—Your hair will fall prettily in loose waves, if you put it up every night on hairpins, twisting it in and out the hairpin, and then bending the end of the hairpin so that twist of hair can not come out.

Rose Bud, Woodville, Oregon.—You can ask as many questions as you want each month and I will be glad to tell you anything you wish to know.

Blue-eyed Minnie.—You should take the hot water until your complexion is clear and free from blemish, and then if you wish, discontinue. No, the hot water will not make you fleshy. For the obstinate short hairs at the nape of the neck, I should advise putting them up in kid curlers every night, rolling away from the neck toward the top of the head, when doing them up. In the morning run a comb through the wavy mane and wash with invisible hairpins. My Beauty Bags do not cause hair to grow on the face. They are a "really truly beautifier" with no string attached.

Clara N.—In massaging the neck you should rub across with the palms of your hands. Use plenty of skin food. There is no harm in using a good powder, quite the reverse, as it protects the skin from dust and cold. For enlarged pores see reply to Topsey. Your other questions are answered in this issue of COMFORT.

Blue Belle.—You would better drink hot water at night instead of cold. This does not prohibit you from taking ordinary drinking water when you are thirsty.

B. M. H.—The only thing you can do for the short white hairs growing next the scalp is to try and get your scalp in a healthy condition. If you are unable to wet your hair on account of your neuralgia, try a dry shampoo every two weeks, being careful to brush all the powder out, so none is left on the scalp. You should also massage your scalp every day for ten minutes, thus stimulating the circulation. This grayness is probably caused by the severe pains in your head.

Sweet Sixteen.—I do not advise dyes for the hair. Red hair is very fashionable now and I hope you will be a sensible girl and let dyes alone. Regarding enlarged pores, see my reply to "Topsey."

Belle McK.—I am very sorry but I do not think anything would restore your hair to its original color under the circumstances you mention. You might try massage every night to stimulate the circulation and also use the salt shampoo mentioned in my article this month.

Diantha.—You probably have some female trouble and need an examination by a competent doctor. I wish you would try the milk diet as it would give you good healthy blood, sound flesh and a rosy clear skin. You can gain from two to six pounds a week on a milk diet. It's heaps better than olive oil.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge, Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl to go with him. The boys mistake him for a fly cop, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble he'll go with her. Ralph turns to Madge; it is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bludery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "I think dey's kep' me good more dan anything else." Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley sole heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. He marries and exacts an oath that Shirley will pay well for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a snabbly dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanwix is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the girl's hand. Madge struggles in one minute Alice will be beyond human aid.

Shirley Everton is seriously disturbed. The marriage certificate bears the name of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton. It is the old, old story. The girl's station in life is humble—she can neither read nor write. His social position is higher. He marries and exacts an oath that she keep his identity a secret, and that she be known as Mrs. Mason. Within two years he makes "a marriage of convenience" with Alida Fenton, the daughter of a banker, and neither wife is aware of the existence of the other. After the birth of Madge he deserts his first wife and causes a notice of his death to appear. Shirley Everton goes out to find his half sister. Dave Lane, believing him to be a masquerade points out Alice Straight. As Shirley grasps Madge, Dave Lane deals him a blow, and Madge seizes the shears severs Alice's hair, and she is saved. Shirley sees the resemblance to his father in Madge and explains why he prevents her going to Alice. Ralph Straight appears and demands an explanation from the millionaire. Madge knows where she hears the name of Everton. In her mother's last sickness she calls, "Everton, Everton, Shirley Everton!" There is mystery, and Everton laughs uneasily.

He is visited by Richard Harold. For one million dollars he agrees to bring proof of Madge Mason's death. She is beguiled by a scheming woman, and under pretense, as a favored guest to a dinner, enters her carriage. A peculiar odor overpowers Madge, and she becomes unconscious.

CHAPTER IX.

"A DEMON IN HUMAN FORM."

GREAT city has a thousand perils for a boy; on every side are pitfalls yawning to engulf him—moral pitfalls from which he can not emerge unscathed or unstained.

Eternal vigilance is the price of purity, of self-respect, of happiness.

If this be true of a boy, how much truer is it of a girl, especially of a young, friendless, and—most dangerous of all—beautiful girl.

Thousands of human vampires, a startlingly large class of the community, are constantly on the watch for victims.

These people seem to have stifled every high and noble instinct, to have forgotten their own childhood and youth, to have lost all recollection of the sacred time when they knelt in prayer at a mother's knee.

All else is swallowed up in the greed for gain. It was into the hands of such wretches that Madge Mason had fallen.

The woman who had lured her into the coupe bent over her as she sunk back unconscious.

There was no look of pity upon her features; a cruel smile wreathed her lips.

"Not bad looking," she murmured as she bent over the insensible girl and scanned her features closely.

"Not bad looking at all. Indeed, if she were handsomely dressed she might be called a beauty."

The president of the mythical Heart and Hand Society, this admission somewhat reluctantly, and gazed almost jealously into her victim's face.

"Yes," she continued, "she is a pretty girl enough, though coarse and illiterate, but it is not her beauty that attracts Dick Harold to her. What is it, then? I'd give my best diamond ring to know. Well, perhaps I shall be able to learn without paying such a high price for the information. I can't believe the yarn he has told me."

And she sunk back, buried in thought, allowing Madge's head to rest upon the shoulder of the rich brocade velvet garment she wore.

The shades of evening had fallen when the carriage paused before a handsome brown stone dwelling in the upper part of the city, not far from one of the entrances to Central Park.

The coachman dismounted from his box, threw open the door of the coupe, and lifting the unconscious girl in his arms, bore her up the steps that led to the door of the mansion, which was instantly opened to admit him, someone having evidently been watching for him.

As the woman dismounted from the carriage she glanced nervously about her, and started as she saw a boy of perhaps thirteen or fourteen standing on the curbstone curiously watching the movements of the coachman.

The next moment, however, she gave a half-sigh of relief as she said:

"Oh, it's you, is it, Johnny Brownlow?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fairleigh," replied the lad, turning a pair of honest yet shrewd brown eyes upon his interlocutor's face.

"Well, have you decided to accept my offer?"

"You mean to wait on the door, run errands, and such like?"

"Yes."

"No, ma'am. Pap's got me a place in the foundry where he works."

"I should think you'd rather work for me, Johnny, than in a dirty foundry. Here you'd have very easy work and a handsome livery."

"I'd rather be a poor man's son, ma'am, and be liked to have my poor papa and mother dead."

And the boy's eyes filled with tears.

His statement was evidently a recent one.

"Just as you please," said Mrs. Fairleigh, somewhat impatiently. "Perhaps you know of some other good, honest boy that I could get."

"I don't think of anybody now, ma'am, but I could inquire."

And the lady was about to ascend the steps of the mansion.

But the boy said:

"Mrs. Fairleigh, can I speak with you a minute?"

"Speak with me—what about, I want to know?"

"About—about that young lady."

"What young lady?"

And Mrs. Fairleigh turned sharply.

"The one that was just carried into your house?"

The woman grasped the lad's arm.

"What about her—what about her, I say?" she hissed.

"I don't mean no offense, ma'am," said the startled boy, "but I thought I knew her."

"You thought you knew her?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How could you possibly know my niece?"

"Your niece, ma'am?"

"Certainly; she is my invalid niece, who has just come to the city to spend a few weeks with me."

"And hasn't she ever been here before?"

"Never."

"Then I must have been mistaken."

"Of course you were, Johnny."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Good night."

And the lad turned away.

But Mrs. Fairleigh detained him.

"You say my niece looks like someone you know?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Who—who is the young lady?"

"She isn't exactly a lady, ma'am, but she's an awful nice girl."

"Indeed? And she lives in this city?"

"She used to sell papers down on Park Row the same time I did, but now she works in a bindery."

"I am surprised that you dare compare my niece with such a person," said Mrs. Fairleigh, whose face had grown a shade paler.

"I didn't mean no harm, ma'am," returned the boy. "But," he maintained stoutly, "nobody needn't be ashamed of the girl I'm tellin' you about, and if she had a chance she'd be a lady, too."

"Humph! What is her name?"

"Madge Mason."

Mrs. Fairleigh turned abruptly.

"Good night," she said shortly, as she entered the house and closed the door.

"Good night, ma'am," responded the boy, continuing his walk.

good-humored smile; "I ain't goin' to hurt yer."

"But who are you?"

"I'm Sophy."

"Who's Sophy?"

"Me. When Mrs. Fairleigh comes she'll answer all yer question."

"Who is—?" began Madge, but at this moment the door opened and the mistress of the mansion entered.

Her face was divested of the pleasant expression it had worn when our heroine's eyes had last rested upon it.

"Well, girl," she said, harshly, "you've come to your senses, have you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Madge meekly, awed by the splendor of her costume and the haughtiness of her manner. "Did I faint?"

"Yes, you did."

"I'm very sorry to have given you so much trouble."

"You have given me a good deal of trouble and seem likely to give me a good deal more," said Mrs. Fairleigh, who was in such a bad humor that she could not restrain some expression of it.

"I'm very sorry, ma'am," repeated Madge.

"I'll go now, if you please."

And she moved toward the door.

But Mrs. Fairleigh placed herself in her way.

"I don't please as it happens," she said.

Even now, Madge did not understand the situation.

"I—I hope I've done nothing wrong," she faltered.

"Didn't say you had," returned the woman, "but you can't leave my house just yet."

"Why can't I?" demanded Madge, the color rising to her face.

Her suspicions were beginning to be aroused.

"Because I say you can't."

Mrs. Fairleigh then turned to the negress, saying:

"Sophy, leave the room."

The woman obeyed without a word.

"This is a free country, I guess," said Madge, her natural independence beginning to assert itself; "and you can't keep me a prisoner here if I haven't done anything wrong."

"Can't I?" said Mrs. Fairleigh with a disagreeable sneering laugh.

"No, you can't. Was there any truth in that story you told me about the dinner?"

"Not the least," admitted the woman composedly.

"You lied to me?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to get you here."

"And I didn't faint?"

"You did not."

"I was drugged?"

"You were chloroformed."

"Why did you dare do this? Who and what are you?" burst from Madge's lips, while the pupils of her large eyes dilated in mingled fear and indignation.

Mrs. Fairleigh laughed.

"One question at a time, if you please," she said.

"Well, then, who are you?"

"I am known as Mrs. Fairleigh, and I suppose that name will do for you."

"Any name will do for me. What are you?"

"I'll answer that question frankly: I am what the world calls an adventuress."

Madge's eyes opened in bewilderment.

"An adventuress?"

"Yes. You don't know what that word means? Experience will enlighten you."

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"Well, if I didn't know better I'd bet a dollar that was Madge Mason," he mused as he walked away. "I've heard of people havin' doubles, and I guess that girl must be hers."

Mrs. Fairleigh's reflections were of a less pleasant description.

"Confound it!" she muttered. "I never have anything to do with that Dick Harold that he doesn't bring me bad luck. This is the last scheme of his that I'll ever go into. I was a fool to let him persuade me into this. A likely thing it is, now, that this low girl, this bundle of rags, is the heiress to a fortune, and that I shall ever get anything to compensate me for all the risk I am taking. I've half a mind to throw her out into the street now before she comes to her senses."

Mrs. Fairleigh was interrupted by the entrance of the coachman.

"Where is the girl?" she asked sharply.

"Up in the red room, ma'am."

"Is Sophy with her?"

"Yes, and she told me to ask you to come up."

"Why?"

"The girl is coming to, ma'am."

"Very good, I will go up at once."

And she hastily ascended the massive oak staircase that led to the floor above.

CHAPTER X.

MADGE A PRISONER.

Probably everyone of our readers can recall the sensation with which he or she has at some time, when away from home, awakened in a strange room, and gazed around in bewilderment, wondering for a moment if it were not all a dream.

Therefore the feelings of Madge Mason, when she recovered her consciousness and found herself in Mrs. Fairleigh's "red room," may be easily imagined.

And it is no wonder that the time-worn, yet most natural query, arose to her lips:

"Where am I?"

The apartment was the most magnificent she had ever seen. It was furnished entirely in damask; heavy silken hangings were suspended from the high ceilings; a velvet carpet of a rich, dark red covered the floor.

Bric-a-brac was scattered about in a profusion that savored more of vulgarity than of good taste, but this fact was lost upon Madge, who thought everything perfect.

"Where am I?" she repeated as she raised herself on her elbow and looked around her. "I must be asleep. I'll give myself a good pinch and see if it'll wake me up."

And she actually did.

"No, I'm awake," she added half aloud; "It's all real. Ah! I remember now! Der lady—no, the lady—that's the way I must say it—the dinner—I must have fainted away. Well, what have I struck, anyhow? I mean, where can I be?"

Poor Madge had a hard time with her English, but she was doing her "level best," as she expressed it, to improve her methods of speech, and was succeeding well.

She arose from the couch and gazed curiously about her.

The next moment she uttered a startled cry.

For a tall, neatly dressed negress had emerged from behind a screen and stood confronting her.

"Who are you?" she panted.

"Don't get skivered," said the woman, with a

"No, I don't exactly."

"I do, from bitter experience. An adventuress is a woman whose heart is steeled against all the world, a woman without pity, without remorse, a woman who, since all the world is against her is against all the world."

"And you are such a woman as that?" questioned Madge wonderingly.

"I am."

"Well," said the plain, matter-of-fact girl, "you must have had pretty hard luck to bring you to that way of thinking."

"I have."

"But you've got an awful handsome house and lots of money."

"Fairleigh laughed again—such a hard, bitter laugh that Madge almost shuddered as she listened to it.

"Do you know how I got this house?" she said. "Some years ago I married a man many years my junior—a young fellow whose wealth was his only attraction in my eyes. I got him to will me the greater part of his property. A few weeks after the will was made he committed suicide—the best thing he could have done, perhaps. His relatives tried to break the will. They succeeded in robbing me of all but this house and an income of a few hundred a year. Since then I have lived—Heaven only knows how! by my wits, I suppose—they are sharp ones. I have retained the house, and kept it up somehow or other, and am looked upon by my neighbors as a wealthy and somewhat philanthropic widow. There! since you feel inquisitive about my affairs you may be thankful that you have found me in a comparatively good mood. You know as much about me now as anyone else in the world."

"But the Hand and Heart Society?" queried Madge earnestly.

"Oh, that has no existence except in my vivid imagination," laughed Mrs. Fairleigh. "I invented the name on the spur of the moment."

"And it was all a trick?"

"Exactly."

"Just to get me here?"

"Just for that purpose."

The innocent, guileless girl, and the cold heartless woman of the world stood confronting each other in silence for a few moments.

Mrs. Fairleigh's lips wore the same hard, cynical smile that they had throughout the interview.

Madge's eyes flashed with indignation, her cheeks glowed, and her voice trembled in ringing tones:

"Why was I brought here? I'd like to know that right now."

"You shall know it right now!" said Mrs. Fairleigh. "In the first place, you were brought here against my wishes."

"You brought me," interposed Madge.

"Yes; but I did it against my will. I have a presentiment that you will bring me no good luck."

"You'd better believe I won't if you keep me here much longer," said our heroine, energetically. "Well, if you didn't want me here what did you bring me for?"

"To oblige another. I was persuaded into it."

"Who by?"

"By a young man—one who loves you!"

"A man who loves me!" exclaimed Madge, scornfully. "And this is the way he shows it, is it?"

"It's his way. He means no harm to you."

"Well, it's a mighty poor way, and you can tell him I don't want to have anything to do with him. And now I'll just say good night."

And Madge moved toward the door.

Mrs. Fairleigh gave her an energetic and unexpected push. She reeled and nearly fell. When she recovered her equilibrium she was alone, and a prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. FAIRLEIGH PLOTS.

The door was locked and Mrs. Fairleigh had disappeared.

But Madge heard the mocking laugh in the hall outside.

Shaking the door with all her strength, she cried:

"Let me out, let me out! You'll pay dearly for it if you keep me here much longer."

There was no response, but the "swish" of Mrs. Fairleigh's heavy silk gown told the prisoner that she was descending the stairs.

Madge was too philosophical to unnecessarily waste any time or energy.

She seated herself, musing:

"Well, they've got the dead wood on me this time, as Johnny Brownlow used to say. What am I going to do about it, anyhow?"

She reflected a few moments.

"That big, strong door is too much for me, that's sure," she reflected. "But maybe I can get out through a window."

Rising, she pushed aside the damask hangings in all parts of the room, but behind them were only bare, unbroken walls.

"Not a window in the place!" she exclaimed.

"Well, who planned this house, anyhow? Madge, you're in a fix, but I guess you're smart enough to get out of it somehow or other; it's a pretty cold day when you get left."

A heavy footstep outside the door interrupted her soliloquy at this point.

The next moment the door opened and a rather flashily dressed young fellow entered.

It was Richard Harold.

A new scheme had occurred to the young adventuress; he would play his employer false and turn the knowledge he had gained solely to his own advantage.

It was his intention to force Madge into a marriage with him.

Should he succeed he would be master of the situation, the heiress would be his wife, and he would be the possessor of the Everton millions.

It was a bold scheme, but the reckless young scoundrel had strong hopes that it would be a success.

When he entered Madge's room, therefore, it was with a face flushed with the anticipation of triumph.

A smile irradiated his features as he approached the girl, saying:

"I'm delighted to meet you, Miss Mason."



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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MOST small poultry keepers have private customers for their winter poultry, and will find that in most cases it is quite easy to get a much higher price for table birds if properly killed and dressed. In the early days when I first started to seriously work up a business, I had a card printed which read as follows:

**FARM-RAISED POULTRY,
SPECIALLY FATTENED, DRY PICKED AND
DRESSED READY FOR THE OVEN.**

This card I got the bakery and the Woman's Exchange in our nearest town to display, giving them a small commission for all orders. The first season there were only fourteen, but ten of them became regular customers for eggs, pot-cheese, butter, fruit, honey, and such surplus of farm things as we could spare from our own table.

I have in the past given full directions for fattening, so it only remains to go into the details of killing and dressing.

Twenty-four hours before killing, birds are removed to individual coops, a foot and a half square, with wire netting sides, floor of slats half an inch apart, and legs two feet high. The open flooring and elevated position allow the droppings to fall through, and out of the bird's reach. For twelve hours they have milk before them all the time, but no food; last twelve hours, nothing but water, to insure the crop being empty.

Killing and Dressing

The most humane and best way of slaughtering the poor things is to have a string with a noose at one end, suspended from a beam in some outhouse. Instruct the operator to stand with his back to the bird, take the body under his left arm, breast uppermost, the head in his left hand. Open the beak by pressing at the sides between thumb and fingers, and, with a French killing knife, stab up into the extreme back of the roof of the mouth. Give a quick turn to the left, and withdraw the knife. Leave the bird suspended for a few minutes before taking the feet from the noose.

Plucking must be done at once. Commence with the long wing and tail feathers; then from the shanks down the inside of the thigh, and over the breast to the neck. Take only a few feathers at a time; grasp as closely to the skin as possible, and pull quickly toward the head. At first it may be difficult to remove the feathers without tearing the skin, but a little assurance and some practice will render it quite easy. After the feathers, all the pinfeathers or quills have to be extracted. Then hang the bird up to become quite cold before drawing; but don't delay more than two hours.

Cut off the head with a sharp knife, leaving about three inches of the neck, split the skin at the back lengthwise, push back, and cut out the neck bone close to the body. With the point of the knife, sever the membrane which holds the windpipe to the breast, cut off the shanks, make a straight cut from the end of the breastbone, being careful to sever the skinny flesh only. Continue to cut in a circle around the vent, and the bird can be drawn without any unseemly exposure or soiling of the flesh.

Birds Should be Drawn at Once

Place a peeled onion or piece of charcoal in the body, and hang up in a cold cellar for twenty-four hours. Following the above method of drawing leaves the bird unmarred; and the neck skin, being folded under the back after the stuffing has been put in, holds it firmly in place for roasting and carving. The few stitches necessary, from the breastbone down, do not show when the bird is trussed. The gizzard and liver must be carefully severed from the remaining parts, to avoid breaking the gall-bag which is a small sack lying between the two parts of the liver. Hold the gizzard with the narrow, smooth line that runs on one side, uppermost. Lay the edge of the knife on the line, and make a small, shallow cut, which will reveal a gray-colored inner bag, that is to be removed intact; hence the necessity for the cut being shallow.

It has not yet become the general market custom in this country to draw and truss birds at once, but private customers will quickly appreciate the improvement in flavor that immediate attention to cleanliness makes, and before long, I firmly believe, the present custom of keeping and shipping undrawn birds will be condemned by the health authorities. When birds are going to customers, instead of being sent in a sprawling condition, they are trussed as for roasting, leaving a piece of charcoal inside to insure perfect sweetness.

Ducks are treated in the same way, except that we give them quantities of water cress and green celery during the fattening process. The former we have a quantity of, both wild and under cultivation; and the latter is sown broadcast, just to cut green for this purpose.

Feathers for Pillows

Ducks' feathers are worth eighteen cents a pound; White Wyandottes, from fourteen to sixteen cents a pound. In both cases, only the soft, body feathers are meant. If you desire to keep them for home use, make cheese-cloth bags about a foot and a half square; half fill with duck, goose or chicken feathers. Have ready a tub of warm suds; to every four quarts add one teaspoonful of the following mixture: Two ounces of ammonia, a teaspoonful of saltpeter, and a quart of rainwater, thoroughly amalgamated. Wash the bag of feathers by sluicing up and down in the tub for about half an hour. Squeeze the water out as nearly as possible without wringing; then hang in the full sun, shaking the bag and reversing the ends by which it hangs, until the contents are quite dry. It may take two or three days. If so, take them into the house as

soon as the sun goes down, repeat the washing, and hang during mid-sun hours for perhaps a week, by which time the feathers will be fit for pillows.

Fattening Turkeys

Of all farm animals, none pays better for the extra flesh that can be put on than the turkey, because it sells for more per pound. A little different treatment is required than for chicks and fowls. Turkeys will not usually do well in close confinement, though some English feeders pen them for fattening. Those to be kept over for breeders should be separated, as well as those not yet old enough for market. The best and most vigorous should be selected for breeding stock, and not the late-hatched that are too small to sell. Feed the fattening birds three times daily (some feed four times) unless they have the run of grain-fields where they can play the part of scavengers. The first meal may well consist of cooked potatoes, turnips, beets, squash, pumpkins, sweet apples, or other vegetables, and a little beef scrap, the whole thickened with corn meal, or corn and oats ground, and bran. Milk is excellent for moistening this mess. Feed this as early in the morning as possible. A little pulverized charcoal two or three times a week is a helpful addition. The other meals of the day should consist of whole corn—old—varied with wheat and oats, and a little barley and buckwheat if convenient. If absolutely necessary to use new corn, begin moderately with it. Grit or gravel should be handy, and water or milk for drinking. Turkeys which are regularly and heavily fed will not be so active or inclined to roam like those lightly fed, and be more likely to come for their feed. About three weeks are required for fattening properly, so if one begins in late October, he should have his turkeys ready for the Thanksgiving market, as prices for choice turkeys are highest at that time. Medium-sized turkeys are most in demand, large sizes being desired by few.

Correspondence

C. H.—What strain of chickens is best for eggs, and what is best feed for hens? We have no corn here. We raise oats, wheat and barley, and all are expensive, the cheapest being \$1.50 per hundred pounds. Now I have a sandy and gravel yard just back of poultry-house. Would I need to feed them grit?

A.—The Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Leghorns or Minorcas should answer your purpose admirably. By combining the grains mentioned, about equally proportioned, you would have a very satisfactory ration. In addition, the birds should have plenty of green food, either fresh meat food or beef scrap, and should have grit, charcoal and pure water always by them.

F. B.—A cockerel heads fifteen hens. Two and one half sittings from same give two cockerels and one pullet. For the best results would you have any objection to mate such consanguinity?

A.—If the birds are strong, vigorous specimens, you would not hesitate to mate them. In all probability they are not all from the same female parent.

W. P. G.—What is best remedy for warts on a lot of half-grown chickens and turkeys? I have cauterized them and cured some, but it does not appear to have any effect on others.

A.—In all probability the warts are caused by chigoes, a flea common in the Southern states. The female chigoe burrows into the skin of its victim and the irritation resulting gives rise to a warty growth which finally closes over the insect. These warts sometimes break down and ulcerate. Bathe with diluted alcohol and after drying apply iodoform ointment, made by mixing one part of finely powdered iodoform with twenty parts of pure vaseline, an excellent remedy for roup affecting the eyes, particularly where there is a foul discharge from the nostrils. Work a little of this ointment into the nostrils with a feather tip, also apply a little to the under side of the eyelids. Keep the poultry quarters clean, use a good creolin disinfectant freely about the roosts and dropboards. See that the houses are well aired.

E. A. R.—I began a year ago last spring with pure-bred Brown Leghorns and White Wyandottes; of the latter raised two cockerels and two pullets; kept the best cockerel. One pullet began to lay at five months old; the other at seven; I bred from No. 1 only. Have now ten fine pullets and their mother. Should I breed all to the same cock next season? Of the Leghorns I raised twenty-four pullets, chose the six best and bred to a fine cockerel that I bought, and raised sixty-three fine, even-colored, all yellow-legged pullets, with combs that lay in two or three folds. Being far superior to the old stock, I wish to breed the best of the flock in point of laying. Should I use the same cock next season? It would be hard to find better Wyandotte or Leghorn cocks than I have.

(2) Will the pullets breed true if the cocks are allowed to run during the winter with the flock mixed? I have heard that they might not breed true; is it so? (3) For the past two months I have been feeding about two parts wheat, one part oats, one part sunflower seeds, five parts corn, and three parts cut green bone, with plenty of mangels and cabbage. Good quarters and plenty of light. All are healthy, yet they lay very poorly. I never before fed cut bone, sunflower seeds or wheat. Always before with scrub stock, and last winter with Wyandottes and Leghorns, I have had good success with corn two parts, oats one part, with plenty of green food and some beef scraps. This year I have tried to give better care, better quarters, better food, and am receiving less returns; they have pure water, oyster shells, grit, and are busy nearly all the time. The old hens have been through the moult a month, yet but one lays. They were two months moulting. How long should it take? They were kept in yards, with liberty outside one or two hours at evening, when they could be guarded, as wolves and foxes take them if they run in the woods. They always had plenty to eat, but no more than they would clean up.

A.—The fact that you raised but two pullets and two cockerels points to the stock not being so vigorous and strong as is best, and if you breed the pullets to their father (for that is what it will be) you run the grave risk of inbreeding any constitutional weakness. We would not take the risk, but would get a new male, an especially strong and vigorous one, to head the pen. The same applies to the Leghorns. You will get the best returns if you mate the cock to the hens that gave you such good pullets, and get an unrelated year-old cock to mate to the best of the pullets. (2) There is some ground for believing that fowl may never breed true again after having been served by a foreign male, and Darwin gives good evidence of it in his "Animals and Plants under Domestication," but the chance is very remote, and many take it constantly. Possibly some of the "franks" which crop out now and then may be caused by such inbreeding. (3) You are "too good" to them, and are feeding them a ration too rich in protein. Cut out the sunflower seeds, and make the birds work in the open air for all the grain food. There is no hard and fast time limit for the birds' moulting.

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The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add, with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Soc'y 278 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



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And this sends the hot, soapy water in the tub swirling over, and under, and round the clothes until all the dirt is washed out.

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There is nothing to pull and haul them about—nothing to beat nor pound them—nothing to wear nor tear them.

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And you can even wash rugs and carpets without tiring yourself.

The 1900 Gravity Washer washes so quickly—so easily—and so thoroughly that any ordinary wash will be on the line by nine o'clock wash-day morning.

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You won't be "steam soaked." For the steam is kept in the washer to help wash the clothes clean.

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Of course, the savings effected by a 1900 Gravity Washer—savings of time and strength and wear on clothes—are worth a lot to you.

And the 1900 Gravity Washer is the only washer that will effect such savings, because these savings are all due to the working parts of the washer, which make it wash quickly and easily, while the clothes are held still.

The working parts of the 1900 Gravity Washer cannot be imitated. Because they are patented. Therefore only the looks of my 1900 Gravity Washer can be imitated.

And of course looks won't wash clothes—any more than looks will save your time and strength and wear on your clothes.

I have sold tens and tens of thousands of my washers during the past few years.

Thousands upon thousands of pleased women users can tell you how my washers save.

But I don't ask you to take even the testimony of actual users of my washers.

I say "Prove a 1900 Gravity Washer for yourself and—at my expense."

I'll send a washer to any responsible party and prepay the freight.

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All you do is take the washer and use it a month. Do four weeks' washings with it.

And if you don't find the 1900 Gravity Washer all I claim—if it doesn't save exactly as I say—if it doesn't wash quicker, and easier, and cheaper, and more economically than you have ever washed before—don't keep the washer.

Just tell me you don't want it, and that will settle the matter.

I offer to leave the decision to you.

And the test shan't cost you a penny.

The month's use of the washer is—FREE.

If you want to keep my washer—if you are pleased and satisfied—if you see where my washer will save time and strength and clothes—and, in that way, save money enough to pay for itself in a few months—why, I'll let you pay for the washer as it saves for you.

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Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

called he, had been thoughtful both for the present and future wants of her child.

"Look, father," said Richard, taking them up and holding them to the light. "They are just like those sister Mildred used to wear. You know mother saved them, because they were the first; and you have them still in your private drawer."

Richard had touched a tender chord, and it vibrated at once, bringing to his father memories of a little soft, fat foot, which had once been encased in a slipper much like the one Richard held in his hand. The patter of that foot had ceased forever, and the soiled, worn shoe was now a sacred thing, even though the owner had grown up to beautiful womanhood ere her home was made desolate.

"Yes, Dick," he said, as he thought of all this. "It is like our dear Milly's, and what is a little mysterious, the baby is called Milly, too. It was written on a bit of paper, and pinned upon the dress."

"Then you will keep her, won't you? and Beechwood will not be so lonely," returned Richard, continuing after a pause, "Where is she, this little lady? I am anxious to pay her my respects."

"Down with Rachel, just where she ought to be," said the Judge; and Richard rejoined, "Down with all those negroes? Oh, father, how could you! Suppose it were your child, would you want it there?"

"The deuce take it—'tain't mine—there ain't a drop of Howell blood in its veins, the Lord knows, and, as for my lying awake, feeding sweetened milk to that Maine woman's brat, I won't do it, and that's the end of it. I won't. I say—but I knew 'twould be just like you to want to keep it. You have the most unaccountable taste, and always had."

"Father," and Richard's hand was laid upon the Judge's arm. "Father, if she is dead, and we will let her rest, but if she has lived I would have called no other woman my wife."

"And the moment you had called her so, I would have disinherited you, root and branch," was the Judge's savage answer. "I would have seen you, and her and your children starve before I would have raised my hand. The heir of Beechwood marry Hetty Kirby? Why her father was a blacksmith and her mother a factory girl—do you hear?"

Richard made no reply, and, striking another light, he went to his chamber, where varied and bitter thoughts kept him wakeful until the September sun shone upon the wall and told him it was morning. In the yard below he heard the sound of Rachel's voice, and was reminded of the child left there the pre-

vious night. He would see it for himself, he said, and, making a hasty toilet, he walked leisurely down the well-worn path which led to the cottage door. The twelve were all awake, and, as he drew near, a novel sight presented itself to his view. In the rude pine cradle, the baby lay, while over it the elder Van Brunts were bending, engaged in a hot discussion as to which should have "the little white nigger for their own." At the approach of Richard their noisy clamor ceased, and they fell back respectfully as he drew near the cradle. Richard Howell was exceedingly fond of children, and more than one of Rachel's dusky group had been upon his lap, hence it was, perhaps, that he parted so gently the silken rings of soft brown hair clustering around the baby's brow, smoothed the velvety cheek, and even kissed the parted lips. The touch awoke the child, who seemed intuitively to know that the face bending so near to its own was a friendly one, and, when Richard took it in his arms, it offered no resistance, but rather lovingly nestled its little head upon his shoulder, as he wrapped its blanket carefully about it and started for the house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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BE SURE TO BEGIN THIS STORY TODAY!

His Double Marriage

Or, The Death Bed Compact

By Ellis Campbell

CHAPTER I.

"MONEY, MONEY, IT'S MONEY I WANT."

MARRIED you for your money? Why not? Why should a woman like me marry a man like you if not for his money? And now that you prove to have none, who is the injured party? Tell me that, Mr. Geoffrey Berris."

Geoffrey Berris, an Englishman, nephew and heir of Sir William Markswell, during the course of his adventures in South Africa, meets and marries a beautiful adventuress. They return to England, but keep the marriage a strict secret. The match is not a happy one, as Geoffrey is really still in love with his old sweetheart, Leila Merriem, and his wife, Alicia, makes no secret of the fact that she married him solely for his money.

Sir William dies, and the couple hear that his fortune, worth two and a half million dollars, has been left to Leila Merriem, Geoffrey's old love, and that Geoffrey is cut off with the small income of fifteen hundred dollars per annum. The condition under which the money is left to Leila is that, in the event of her dying without marrying, the whole sum is to go to certain charities; but, if she marries, her husband may become her heir. Geoffrey sees in this the purpose of his uncle, Sir William, to indirectly leave him his property and at the same time make sure that he and Leila shall become man and wife. One day Geoffrey receives a letter from Leila who is dying. She wants to leave her fortune to her old lover, and she suggests—with death so near, there is no lack of modesty in her proposal—that he shall marry her. Geoffrey's wife picks up the letter.

"She's dying, Geoffrey. Did you read this—do you gather what it means? Don't stand there like that. Geoffrey—" the woman could scarcely speak, scarcely force the words from her lips, dry with sudden, mad excitement—"here is a chance! Dying! And she wants to marry you. How much money had he? Half a million, wasn't it? Half a million! And it's to be yours, after all? She is dying and she wants to marry you!"

"For mercy's sake, stop! Think what you're saying!" And Berris turned his white, working face. "You should not have seen that letter."

"Ah! But I have seen it," she retorted. She threw herself between him and the door, to which he was moving desperately. "Geoffrey, we must have money. You must take this chance. Don't you see that it offers you a chance? Not a soul knows we are married. Turn that to account for another day or two and the thing will be done. She wishes to marry you—a dying woman—the doctor's letter says so—and the money is yours and mine."

A double knock and a ring reverberated through the quiet house.

"A telegram!" cried Alicia, and her hand went to her throat. "Ah, perhaps to say it is all too late. Oh, if it is, if it is! I shall die of it—I shall curse her—"

Yes—a telegram! She tore it open.

"What is it?" he asked hoarsely.

She read aloud: "If you have received letter and can act upon it, there must be no delay. Start at once."

Dalloway, Physician, F. MORTHE, Solicitor."

"Geoffrey, you are going! Don't you understand? You must go through a form of marriage with her. Afterwards we can be married again publicly. Nobody will ever know. We must have the money. It is Fate itself sends it. You are going? You are going?" She shook his sleeve.

He turned on her roughly. "Are you asking me if I am going? She sends for me. Oh, yes, I'm going."

Alicia stood motionless where he left her, listening tensely. The agitation of this unexpected terrific crisis still held her strongly, her breath came hard. Would he go? She heard his light movement overhead. He descended and passed into the street.

Rushing to the window, she caught one glimpse of the handsome face, set as she had never seen it; then she dropped upon the couch and half laughed, half screamed hysterically.

"He has even forgotten to say good by," she cried aloud. "He has forgotten I exist! Will he do it? Oh, if I could be quite, quite sure! If he were only not the poor fool of honor that he is. The chance of it, the unheard of, incredible chance!"

CHAPTER II.

A RACE WITH DEATH.

The French bed, with its lace hangings thrown back had been drawn into the full light of the departing day. On one side stood Dr. Dalloway, his hand lightly on the wrist of the girl who lay there like Elaine, like the lady of Shalott, stainless and fair as any lily maid who has ever lain upon a bed of death and love.

Opposite the doctor sat Geoffrey Berris, his eyes never leaving the wonderful, silent face.

At the end of the bed an elderly gentleman stood, with pursed-up lips and occasional sad shakings of the head, or moved now and again on tiptoe to a table by the wide hearth, near which sat a woman in blue linen with white cap and apron, weeping silently.

"Is she dead?" asked Berris hoarsely, and he lifted his eyes, fierce with pain.

"No."

"Bring her back, doctor. Let her know I've come—that I came the instant I knew. Let her know that."

There was no disbelieving in the man's agony, yet the doctor kept his eyes on him coldly and searchingly; then he looked back to the face on the pillow. A pink hue, delicate as an apple blossom, still tinted the cheeks and lips, and thick, black lashes were exquisitely laid, and the hair, mixed brown and gold, gathered into a pearl net. The beauty of the form and the virginity of the face, that seemed to reflect some inward, unspeakable vision, made the girl lie there, not as one who dies, but like the enchanted princess who waits for the kiss to awaken her into Heaven this side of her grave.

"Speak to her again," Dalloway said to Berris. "It is the shock of your arrival. I let her hear you below. The news had to be broken to her. You see your step even was more than she could bear. But she is not dead. Speak to her."

"Leila!" Gently at first, as one might whisper to a sleeping child, and then the stab of his agony grew too acute to bear. Perhaps she would never know he came. They kissed and they parted. That was Geoffrey Berris' love story, parted for a crotchety old man's nonsensical interference: they kissed and parted. And now that he saw her again, Geoffrey knew that when the world no longer held her face, he might as well die out of it himself—might, and would.

"Leila!" His voice grew stronger; he slipped one arm under the slim body and lifted her against his breast. "Oh, my little girl, speak to me! I love you—kiss me, kiss me! Oh, my sweet child! Don't go. I'm here—Geoffrey. Don't you remember—under the lilac trees? Leila, do you hear—look at me; kiss me!"

A sob was wrenched from him—another and another. The men hearing it winced. Berris' face went down upon the still face against his shoulder. The woman by the fire rose anxiously.

"Is it wise, sir?" she said to the doctor. "Leave them alone, Mrs. Braithwaite. She is coming back."

The woman returned, still uneasily to her seat, and the doctor joined Mr. Morthé, the little bald-headed solicitor, in the embrasure of one of the beautiful, deep-silled windows. Berris suddenly spoke to them.

"She has opened her eyes," he said, in a strained voice.

"Ah!" And the doctor hurried to the bed. Berris slowly laid her down. She smiled from those blue eyes only; the sweet mouth still lay in gravity.

"Leave her to me a moment," said Dalloway. "Mrs. Braithwaite."



"WILL YOU GIVE ME THE NAME OF 'WIFE' TO BE BURIED IN?"

Berris rose dizzily, and Morthé came forward with a kindly touch and led him to the window. A moment or two later Dalloway laid a hand on his shoulder.

"She wants to speak to you. I will give you exactly ten minutes. When you hear me tap, please come out, first summoning Mrs. Braithwaite, who will be in the adjoining room. Morthé, we'll step outside."

Her eyelids fell abashed as he sank into the chair beside her pillow. He could not believe that she must die.

"It is really you?" she murmured.

His answer was inarticulate.

"How big you look," she said smiling.

"Leila, can you forgive me?"

"For what?"

"For ever leaving you."

"It wasn't your fault. I was stupid. I pretended I didn't care—Sir William made it worse—I did care, Geoffrey—"

"Surely she couldn't be going to die tonight, tomorrow, when she could speak, look, smile like this today."

"Oh, my darling," he said, "so did I."

"You did care, really? Why didn't you come back?"

"I didn't think that you—wanted me. And my little girl, my own little girl, I didn't know how I cared for you till it was too late."

"Too late?" The blue eyes searched his face.

"Till you were Sir William's heiress—I could not come near you then," he answered, and the blood beat in his ears. The room went black; the lie of it choked and blinded him. She sighed.

"How foolish it all was. I loved you and let you go. You loved me and stayed away; but you have come to me now. Geoffrey, for your own sake and for the money that should be yours, will you marry me? You know I only mean—I wrote to you. I can't possibly live. Will you give me the name of your wife to be buried in?"

He made no answer. He laid his head upon the pillow close to hers; her arm went round his neck; she turned a little and kissed his cheek.

"You are so brown—my beautiful Geoffrey. You see I can say what I like—now. Do you remember the lilac trees? But we mustn't talk about that now. Geoffrey, you wouldn't have come, dear, if you hadn't understood, would you?" Her fingers touched the locks loose about his forehead; she nestled her face to his.

He lifted his head to gaze on her. "You're not going to die, Leila."

"Oh, but I am," she answered, with a charming, wilful smile. "I must, you know, after bringing you here like this. Seriously, Geoffrey, darling, I can't live; I feel it. I know my heart is running down, but I'm glad it's

like this." She smiled sadly, bewitchingly.

"Do I look the same? Do you like my—hair? I am afraid I look like—O Geoffrey—" The blue eyes deepened, the tender lightness changed. She took his face between her hands.

"I love you beyond words, Geoffrey," she said. "I have been clasping the empty air till it—it was—death that came in mercy. I am almost glad I was never your wife. I might have had to die, in any case, and I could not have left you then—now—"

"There is no reason why you should not marry me, Geoffrey, that the money may be yours, is there?"

He could not tell her; he could not speak; the words were not there to come.

"Kiss me," she murmured. "Do you think me very bold? You did love me, Jeff?"

He lifted her and let her rest on his heart, his lips on hers. He thought only of her, of the anguish of it, the joy of it, that this was love, and in his hold—too late.

"To die—your wife!" There was passion and despair in the tone and in the clinging hands; then the sad look stole into the lovely eyes.

"Say so, she whispered adorably. "Say so, My whim, Jeff—my dying whim. Oh, Jeff, darling Jeff—" And while murmuring in sweet content, she seemed to fall asleep peacefully.

The sight of Berris' face kept Morthé and Dalloway a few moments silent. The three had gathered in a downstairs room, where a meal had been prepared that not any of them touched.

"It was a strange thing we should have come across your whereabouts as we did, Mr. Berris," said the doctor softly. "Strange and fortunate. You have been abroad lately. Yes? You have been abroad?"

"Yes," Berris sat at the table, his head on his hands.

"Miss Merriem has made quite clear to you her desire?"

"Yes."

"Sir William must, I fancy, have had some such notion of the money coming back into your hands by marriage, Mr. Berris," interposed the solicitor, gently. "No arrangement could be better. Only I am afraid no time must be lost."

He paused, thrown out by Geoffrey's unheeding attitude, and motioned to the doctor, who approached the man's bowed figure and laid a hand lightly on his shoulder.

"This has been a very great shock to you," he said; "but grief must wait if the girl upstairs is to die happy. Mr. Berris, you are willing to carry out her wishes? You are ready to marry her?"

"Yes," Berris said, and his head bowed.

"The ring slipped on her finger, the words were said, the vows taken, the thing done and then Geoffrey knew that the nurse, with tender voice and hands, and weeping, laid a fainting form upon his arms.

"Your wife," she said, "you must say 'good by.'"

He saw the blue eyes for a moment, Leila's loved, dear, blue eyes and the parted lips, and in them both the dumb, piteous, and passionate frantic fight to speak to him, to stay with him an instant; then the lids fell, and with the cry wrung out of his soul, the man's own spirit seemed to break from him to follow the spirit that he thought was gone!

A few hours later the stillness of the country and of night broadened peacefully over the house. Coming softly down from the upper floor, where Dalloway entered the downstairs room where he dined and sat in his few moments' repose.

Berris was there in the fretful dark, stretched along a couch, face downwards. He looked up at the doctor's entrance, raised himself to a sitting posture, and questioned dumbly.

"She is asleep," said Dalloway, with a note of triumph in his voice, "naturally and peacefully asleep." He set his candle down upon the center table. In the soft radiance his face showed pallor and deadly fatigue, but his eyes danced.

"You are worn out," said Berris in a lifeless voice. He rose. "I am going back upstairs. Can not you rest now?"

"Yes, I can. And do not go near her—your wife's—room now, Mr. Berris. This sleep is restoration. If she sleeps and wakes again, she will live."

"Live!" Berris stood rooted to his place.

"Yes, the miraculous has happened. Your coming. I think we can hope now. Her pulse is stronger. She may live."

Berris stared at him across the candle flame, and Dalloway saw the great beads of moisture start under his eyes and around his brows.

"Live?" he almost shrieked. "You think she will live?"

And she did live.

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CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE—AND AFTER.

"You have brought the license?" asked Mr. Morthé.

Berris moved his head, and produced it from his pocket, and with it, in its silver paper, a ring, over which his fingers closed.



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The DEATH-BED MARRIAGE

or, The Missing Bridegroom

By Ida M. Black

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CHAPTER I.

THE DEATH-BED MARRIAGE.

IT was a strange marriage—a strange scene. Picture to yourself a long, low roofed house, sheltered by palms and cocoas—the stealthy, subtle perfume of tropical flowers filling the air—the brilliancy of a tropical midnight illumining the landscape and silvering the waters of a slumbering sea. And the actors a dying man, stretched upon a couch of mats, his dimming eyes raised with that mute, appealing look with which frail humanity meets the great Destroyer; a young girl whose rich braids of hair fall around her neck in negligent profusion, whose dark eyes were heavy with unshed tears, whose face is pale with the suppressed passion unnatural to her age and sex. A majestically tall, handsome man, in the dress uniform of an American officer, stands beside her, and an aged priest bends nearer to catch the faltering words:

"Forever, 'till Death!"

Softly, and with a pitiful quiver in the full, musical voice the words were murmured above the pillow of the dying man. A shadow of a vague uneasiness crosses the brow of the gentleman, as the solemn oath, whispered in the limpid, musical language of Spain, reaches his ear, and he looks down with dim eyes upon the childish creature whose words had made his bride, with a glance that has more of pity than of pleasure in it—more of tenderness than of love.

"That is well—that is good!" said the dying man, breathing a sigh of relief as the young bride, slipping her cold hand from the clasp of her newly made husband, cast herself, sobbing and sorrowful, upon her father's breast. "Poor child! My darling little Inez! You will be good to her, senor? You will be kind to my little girl? I can die easy now. Promise me you will take her away, far away from her enemies and mine—for she has enemies!—enemies who will crush all the love and happiness out of her fair young life!" and a bitter look darkened the peace of the dying face, "hard, cruel, relentless enemies!"

Once more the voice faltered, and the slim, shapely hands wandered aimlessly through the thick masses of clustering, dark hair while the great solemn eyes, fast growing dim beneath the weighty finger of the Death Angel, were turned appealingly towards the stern, pallid face of the handsome officer.

Long and earnestly those strangely brilliant eyes scanned the noble young face.

"Will you take her far away from here?" he repeated. "Oh, for the sake of your dear mother, who must have loved you tenderly, promise me, senor, promise me! Another moment, and my life is spent. Promise me, while there is yet time, before these waters around me rise higher and higher in their blinding, deafening rush, promise me you will save and protect my darling, come what may, and you will gain a dying man's eternal blessing. For the love of Heaven, speak quickly!"

"You may trust me," said the officer briefly, "no one shall harm or wrong her. She is safe as—" the words came reluctantly—"as my wife!"

"Bless you—may God bless you and make your life all as bright and peaceful as you have made my dying hour. You are a true soldier, a noble gentleman. Inez, my little girl, love him always—forever 'till death! And now I give you this," and he drew with trembling hands, a sealed packet from beneath his pillow, "keep it strong—keep it safe—and in seven years open it for Inez. Then you will know—" A struggle for breath stopped his utterance. "Promise me—swear it to me!" he gasped in a convulsive whisper. "You will keep it seven years for your wife—for my little Inez?"

"I promise," said the soldier gravely, bending his head reverently—for he felt that it was in Death's presence that he spoke—"I swear it! You can trust me. I would deceive no man, wrong no woman. A soldier's word is the seal of the pledge between us!"

The old Spaniard struggled again for words, but none came. He turned to the girl who knelt beside his pillow, pointed to heaven, to her husband, then according to the custom of his country, he made the sign of the cross in silent benediction above her, and with a long, quivering breath, lay still forever!

CHAPTER II.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER.

The evening accommodation train thundered around the curve of rocks that sheltered the little village of Milton, and awoke its quiet station to a sudden sense of its business importance. Flags were waved, lanterns raised, signals shown, and the station master, two small boys and a terrier, presented themselves at the door ready to do anything and everything to serve the traveling public.

"Can you direct me to the house of Dr. Morosini?" inquired the only passenger, who alighted at the modest little station.

"To Dr. Morosini? And is it wantin' to see the doctor that ye be, sir?" asked the station master, with interest. "It's a long stretch to the sager doctor's, but Pat, my boy here, will show you the way. Run along with the gentleman, rat, and take the road down by the creek—d'ye mind?"

"Is the other gentleman as was a-following you a-comin' too, sir?" asked the little guide.

"What other gentleman? What did he look like?"

"He was tall, sir—tall and slim, with a cloak wrapped around his shoulders."

"The very fellow!" muttered the stranger.

"What in the name of heaven is he dogging me for? On the steamer, at the hotel, in the cars—confound his impudence! However, I am

no longer in Mexico, where every sombrero may hide an assassin, though this would be an ugly place to meet one without friendly intentions." The road lay along the margin of the creek. On one side the willows swayed over, untamed, they almost seemed to meet their snadows in the sluggish waters.

Could the unconscious man have seen the tall, slender form crouching in those shadows, and caught the malignant gleam of the flashing eyes that followed his every move, he would have realized that this quiet suburb might be equally dangerous.

The little guide tripped ahead, unconsciously his savior. How slight are threads that weave the web of our destinies! But for the boyish witness, the visitor's story would have terminated in a dark deed on the borders of Milton Creek.

"You are sure you know where Dr. Morosini lives, my boy?" he asked, finding the route somewhat tedious.

"Oh, yes, sir. We all know the Lodge, and we know the doctor, too."

"He has a wife, has he not?" asked the traveler, after a pause.

"A wife! Oh, yes, sir, and three young ladies—leastwise, the young ladies ain't his'n, but hers. There's the Lodge now, right ahead of us, and mother is a-waiting tea for me, so I suppose I may go home."

"Certainly, here is a shilling for your trouble, I am all right now," and as the graveled walks of the Lodge crunched under his heavy step, the dark eyes following him, turned away in the shadow with a look of baffled hate.

As he rang the doorbell, and was admitted into a wide, cheerful hall, he smilingly thought of the bluff Claude Morosini of other days serving under what he used to term "the petticoat flag."

"Hello! Bless my soul. Ross Delmore, by all that is wonderful!" cried a cheery voice, and the newcomer was grasped by both

years is legal womanhood, you'll find that you haven't a child to tackle. Inez is a woman—a noble little woman and you are a lucky dog to have the inside track, for if she were free she'd knock down hearts like ninepins. But I have kept her close, she has scarcely heard the crack of masculine boots for seven years. Fill up, Ross," and the doctor pushed a decanter of sparkling amber to his friend, "and let me hear how you won her. But first, here's to the health and happiness of the loveliest girl on the Atlantic slope! Here's to Claude Morosini's ward and Ross Delmore's wife!"

"Were you ever in love, Claude?" asked the major, as he placed his half-emptied glass on the table.

"In love? By George, that's a queer question to ask a married man!" said the doctor, laughing. "Of course, I am in love, quadruply in love, you may say: bounded north, south, east and west by it!"

"Ah, Claude, I mean a love that can't be quadrupled, that is a unit, the one light or one darkness of a lifetime?"

"Well, no!" said the doctor, dubiously, "but you are romantic."

"There's not much romance left in a life at forty," replied his friend, sadly, "but ten years ago, such a light rose on my path, and I loved, with all the faith and purity my mother's memory taught me was due to her sex, but I saw my idol crumble into dust at my feet, and upon its ruins I swore to abjure faith and trust, and love for woman forever!"

"Rash!" muttered the doctor.

"I went to Mexico," continued the major, "a reckless, embittered man, caring little if I lived or died. It was after your return home (you were sent off with a detachment of wounded, you know) that I got this scar, which left me for dead on the field. I was taken up by a good Samaritan, an old Spaniard, who dabbled in medicine. He had one daughter, a little, dark-eyed maiden, whom he



AND MAKING A SUDDEN SPRING, HE CAUGHT IN HIS VISE-LIKE GRASP, THE THROAT OF A MAN WHO WAS CLINGING TO THE VINES WITHOUT.

hands, and drawn beneath the light of the hall lamp.

"Let's have a look at you! Solid flesh and blood, with the old scar of Buena Vista as your witness. By the gods, I am glad to see you, old fellow," and Dr. Morosini, a stout, hearty man of fifty, shook his old comrade's hand again and again. "Come right in here," he continued, "opening a side door, leading into a small cozy apartment, 'and tell me from what cloud you dropped.'"

"I left the fort some weeks ago, I told you in my letter to expect me."

"Never got a line! Devil take the mails! There, I forgot myself, I am under solemn pledge to Mrs. Morosini not to swear."

"The petticoat flag at last!" said the major, for that was his rank, laughing heartily.

"Yes, 'twas the conquering banner, my boy. Widow—black-eyed widow! It was the reserve force that did it—three girls. Might have resisted the widow, but a widow with three girls was irresistible, particularly when their brave little mother had to fight poverty alone. But—gad, man, you haven't asked after her yet."

"After her?" repeated the major, his swarthy cheek showing a shade paler.

"Blushing like a girl of sixteen, by jove! A veteran blushing at the very mention of his wife! You could have knocked me down with a feather when I got that consignment seven years ago! 'With care, this side up—to be cut and polished according to directions.' And we have had her cut and polished—first water, Ross! What! Wait till you see her, you lucky dog."

"I'm afraid it's a bad business," he replied. "Did you think me a fool when I sent the girl to you?"

"No, but when I went down to the boat to meet Mrs. Ross Delmore, I was staggered. I confess, to find that black-browed baby of eleven."

"Poor child!" said the major, pityingly.

"Child!" echoed the doctor. "Eighteen

flowers that she believed would take my fancy, and, in the evening, when she believed me sleeping, I could hear her praying, in simple faith, for the life of the American stranger. Somehow the child softened me. Claude, and taught me that there was something still pure and good, and innocent, left on the earth; and as a child—only as a child, Claude—I learned to love my little nurse!"

"Humph!" grunted the doctor, dubiously.

"Our army advanced. Still unable to take any active part in the operations then pending, I could befriend in my turn, Don Jose and his daughter, for the old man had fallen very ill, his physician, who had abandoned all hope, said that his illness was due to some mental trouble that was killing him slowly but surely. I tried to relieve him, believing that his daughter's helpless condition was the cause of his uneasiness. I promised to befriend her. I expressed myself too warmly, perhaps, for the old man misunderstood me. 'Let me give her to you before I die!' he said eagerly. 'Ah, senor, if you but knew what a weight this takes off my mind! My poor little Inez! And she loves you, too! She will be safe now—safe from her enemies. Daughter mine!'—I was too bewildered for a moment, Claude, to interpose a word—you love this good American? You will be a fond, faithful, devoted wife, as your mother was to me?"

"By Jove, that was popping the question wrong side out! Confess it, Ross, why didn't you tell the Spaniard to go to thunder?"

"It wasn't a question of where the old Spaniard was to go," said the major, dryly, "his daughter was the rub. She looked up into my face, so innocently, so trustingly, that—well, it didn't make much difference to me then what became of my life, so I agreed—"

"To sacrifice yourself!" concluded his friend, archly.

"To save her," continued the major, gravely, "from the perils of her position by a marriage, which I now see was a rank injustice to her. Poor child! at her age to be bound for life to one that has nothing but the ashes of a dead love to give her."

"Or to put things in a nutshell, Ross, you have a wife, and you don't want one. But as you have done the right thing by Inez so far, I would be brave enough to do it to the end. Either take her to your home and heart, or else let the law set her free. This dead love is all nonsense, and Inez must be taken from her present anomalous position, even if Claude Morosini is to lose his old friend by the transaction."

"Gently, old friend, gently!" said the major, smiling. "Listen to me quietly. You are the fit person to state my proposal to your ward. It is this: if she with all of her advantages of youth, and hope and beauty, is content to abide by the contract made by her father's death bed seven years ago, if, knowing what I have told you, Claude, that my love is dead, she can come to the old man, old compared to her, and brighten the years that are left to him, he will welcome her, cherish her, care for her, as tenderly as a husband can! But if she shrinks from such a sacrifice, she shall be as free as the law can make her, and still dear to me as my childish friend of long ago. For the future she will be independent of everyone, for your ward is an heiress, the heiress of untold wealth!"

"An heiress?" ejaculated the doctor.

"I told you that her father was a speculator—a very chimerical one, I used to think when he whiled away the tedious hours of my illness by his golden dreams, all vague and indefinite, and somewhat mysterious. When he was dying, he handed me a sealed packet. What is the matter with that dog of yours, Morosini?"

"Fleas," suggested the doctor, briefly, his keen eyes glancing about the apartment. "He isn't equal to the active little devils," he continued, rising deliberately, as if seeking for a match for his pipe, "but I am!"

And making a sudden spring to the window, he caught in his vise-like grasp, the throat of a man who was clinging to the vines without—a tall slender man—who muttered a Spanish oath as the doctor's herculean grip drew him into the room, and there stood, sullenly and silently before his captors.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOME OF THE RECLUSE.

The great bell in the convent tower tolled the noonday Angelus, and a troupe of merry girls burst glad from study and classroom, and filled the high-valled garden with laughter and song.

The center and spirit of the lively little group was a slight, dark-haired little maiden, whose graceful form and delicate features were eclipsed by the more wonderful beauty of her dark, soft eyes. Her luxuriant hair was braided back from her low, broad brow in simple girlish fashion, and a quaint, old-fashioned brooch confining her dark dress at the throat was the only ornament that she wore. No, not the only one, for encircling one slender finger was a ring of dull, dead gold, curiously chased in foreign fashion, and bearing an inscription her dearest friend had never seen. It was her mother's wedding ring, she had told them truly; but there were two sets of initials carved within that mystic circle—two wifely vows registered by the Spanish inscription: "Forever 'till Death!"—for the good nuns had wisely kept their pupil's marriage a secret, dreading the gossip that it might cause in the school. And the major's dark-haired bride was the Inez Fernandez of the convent playground, the sprightliest and loveliest of the merry group gathered there.

Down one of the shaded arcades of this vestal enclosure paced a figure, regarding the happy band with strange intentness—a woman of perhaps thirty, clothed in long flowing robes of black, and closely veiled.

The "Recluse" as she was called, had dwelled alone in a little cottage, for two months, at the end of the school grounds, and was the object of much discussion to the pupils, among whom strange stories as to her mysterious ways had been circulated. So it was no wonder that a shudder passed over Inez' frame, as she felt a light hand upon her shoulder—heard a low, musical voice breathe her name—and, turning, saw the "Recluse" standing behind her.

"I wish to speak to you," said the "Recluse," in a low, sweet voice, "not here, not before everyone. Will you come to my cottage with me?"

"No!" prompted a little girl, jerking Inez' dress in alarm, "don't go, Inez, she has skulls and bones there!" she continued, in a terrified whisper, "and she eats baby-pie!"

"You do not fear me, surely?" continued the lady, throwing back her dark veil and display-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

"My Josephine."

"The Sweetest Girl I've Ever Seen."

WORDS BY EARL FITZHUGH.

MUSIC BY CHARLES N. DANIELS.

1. Oh! ma - ny girls are fair to see, but there is on - ly one for me; She's just as fair as
2. Oh! oth - er girls may be as fair, with laughing eyes and gold - en hair. But none of them can

Tempo di Marcia.

f

fair can be, and state - ly as a queen. She's al - ways beau - ti - ful and grand, her com - pa - ny's al - ways in de - mand, Be - sieged by lov - ers on
- ere com - pare, with love - ly Jos - e - phine. It makes no dif - fer - ence where you go, you'll find no oth - er girl I know, That half the wit and

cres. ff

ev - 'ry hand, my Jos - e - phine. She's not too proud, she's not the least bit gay, But al - ways prop - er so the peo - ple say: My love for
grace can show as Jos - e - phine. And when she goes out walk - ing on the street, To see this maid is cer - tain - ly a treat; All the

her grows more and more each day, My dain - ty lit - tle Jos - e - phine. . . . My Jos - e - phine, she is my queen, Oh! how I
world is kneel - ing at her feet, My dain - ty lit - tle Jos - e - phine. . . . My Jos - e - phine, she is my queen, Oh! how I

ff

CHORUS

Love my lit - tle Jos - e - phine. The sweet - est girl that I have ev - er seen, . She is a queen you know, . The belle of all the

1st time p 2nd ff

town. The boys all love her so, . this beau - ty of re - nown, She al - ways dress - es in the lat - est style; . She greets you with a pleas - ant

smile. . . . You'll find that girls are ver - y few and far be - tween, Like my dain - ty lit - tle Jos - e - phine. Oh! how I phine. . . .

f

The Death-Bed Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

ing a face of wondrous beauty, marred only by her deadly pallor. "You do not fear me, Inez Delmore?" she continued, in a meaning whisper, glancing at the ring on the young girl's finger, "for you should no longer be a child."

"No," said Inez, looking up fearlessly, "why should I fear a woman? I will go with you and hear what you have to say. Tell Sister Bernice that I am at Ivy Cottage," she said to the amazed group, as she left the garden and turned into the shaded path leading to the stranger's cottage.

"The wife of a brave man should also be brave," said the lady, as she let the veil fall again over her pale countenance. "But you are tender and young, walking blindfolded through unknown ways. I would be your friend, Inez, if you will let me," she said with sad humility. "You need friends, poor child."

"And I have friends, madam," said the girl, proudly, "the best and truest friends."

"You are right," said the lady, after a pause, during which they had reached the cottage, "but they are in peril, deadly peril! Child, your husband's life is hanging by a thread! You must save him!"

Inez' bright cheek paled suddenly; her voice quivered.

"Is my husband Major Delmore ill then?"

"Not ill; but in peril. You must warn him, Inez."

"Of what, madam?"

"To beware of the sealed packet which is your inheritance. It is more dangerous to its possessor than if it held a serpent's sting. It contains the secret that was fatal to your father's life."

"My father died in my arms, madam," said Inez.

"Yes," was the whispered reply, "but of poison—slow, deadly poison! And he knew it, and his dying breath tried to save you."

"Merciful heaven!" murmured Inez, burying her face in her hands. "My father, my poor father poisoned? Murdered?"

"Yes, murdered. They who seek the secret stop at nothing. They have been baffled for many years, but like sleuthhounds, they have kept the scent. They are again on the track, and I tell you they will stop at nothing—neither law, nor love, nor life."

"How do you know all this?" and Inez looked up with a white, fear-stricken face.

"For God's sake who are you?"

"I am one dead," was the thrilling reply, "dead to the world, to all its fears and hopes. Look here," and she opened a door leading into an adjacent apartment, the sight of which made even Inez' brave young heart grow, for a moment, chill with awe.

For the darkened room into which she looked was seemingly a death chamber. Tapers of yellow wax cast a ghastly light upon the sable hangings, the shrouded windows, the oratory, with its dread emblems of mortality, the coffin with its embroidered pall.

The "Recluse" smiled pityingly as the young girl turned away her head with a shudder.

"It is my sleeping-room," she said, "and that," pointing to the coffin, "my bed."

"This is horrible," said Inez, speaking her thoughts freely; "it is madness."

"Memento mori," murmured the "Recluse" solemnly, "memento mori. I have done with life; I am dead! I live only to see the wrongs righted, the broken heart made whole again. Child, do you love your husband? My poor prattler, you do not know what love is. You could give him up tomorrow, without a pang, without a regret."

"It has been seven years," said Inez softly, "seven years since I have seen Major Delmore. I only know that he has been kind to me, and that I, before God, am his forever 'till death. You have told me that he is in peril, tell me how I can save him, and you will see that his wife has a woman's spirit, and perhaps a woman's heart."

The "Recluse" grasped both of Inez' hands in hers, and looked steadily into her clear bright eyes.

"You will save him," she said dreamily, "from the past, as well as the present and future. Tomorrow—"

A knock at the door interrupted her.

"Is Inez here?"

Sister Bernice's gentle voice was heard at the threshold.

"Her guardian, Dr. Morosini has called for her."

"Doctor Morosini! Claude Morosini!"

The "Recluse" started violently.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If not a subscriber, or if your subscription is about to expire send 15 cents for thirteen months and read the next chapter, "Faithful Unto Death," the crest of Mount Darcy.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Little village of seventy-five inhabitants, and eleven miles from Troy, one of the richest cities in Southeast Alabama.

Our country is very fertile, the majority of produce being cotton and corn.

The very important thing I came near forgetting. I have been afflicted with tuberculosis all this year, for the past two months I have been trying the fresh air cure, sleeping out of doors, (on porch), eating raw eggs. I ate six eggs a day when I first began, now I take one or two each day. Have also had some medicine. Have improved wonderfully. I was seemingly so near dead, so despondent, and out of heart I can hardly realize what has happened.

One very pleasant thing I do remember and realize that is I'm most well only the very slightest symptoms remain and I believe I will be entirely cured. I'm fully capable of sympathizing with "shut-ins" and I do not believe one knows truly how to sympathize with another until they have had some experience, so it will make us better prepared to be "about our Master's business."

I have furnished thirteen homes besides our own, this year, with "COMFORT." With best wishes to COMFORT and its readers.

Mrs. W. T. DALTON, NEE HENRIE TILMAN, Goshen, R. D., 3, Ala.

DEAR EDITOR:

Here is a true and tried cough remedy. One ounce of slippery elm bark, one ounce whole flaxseed, one ounce black stick licorice, one pint New Orleans molasses. Break the slippery elm into small pieces, pound the licorice so it will be quite fine, put into one quart of cold water and put on to boil with the flaxseed; let boil until licorice is thoroughly dissolved, then strain through cheese cloth and put on to boil with molasses, boil until syrupy, when cool bottle. Dose from one teaspoonful to a tablespoonful.

When we parboil the goose for the Thanksgiving dinner, let us not forget to set the kettle away containing the liquor, and when it is cold

skim off the grease, melt and pour into a wide-mouthed bottle.

To make hen's off, take the fat from the fowls try it out and pour into bottles. Mutton suet is fixed the same way, only pour it into a cup or bowl, to harden, the latter is soothing for the little chapped hands and face, melt it a little before applying, pieces of it can be kept in a little shallow tin, which can be set on the stove, and heated when needed; after washing, the hands rub with the melted tallow and dry by the fire; it is an old-fashioned remedy but is just the thing, for chapped hands and faces, for old or young.

Teach the little ones early to bathe face, ears and neck, with cold water every morning. It will ward off colds, sore throat, and croup, and remember that the very best lung protectors are good warm stockings, shoes, and overshoes, two pairs of stockings are best, cotton, with woolen over.

Now for those chilblains. First the feet must be kept dry. Do not wear tight-fitting shoes. Where the chilblains are just beginning, camphorated vaseline is soothing; if that does not relieve and there is much pain, try an application made of two and one half grams of powdered burnt alum, one gram of iodide of potassium, one gram of laudanum, two and one half grams of cold cream, and one and one half grams of fresh lard. Mix the alum and the potassium, in a small china basin and then set the basin into another of boiling water. Beat in the lard, not letting the mixture melt, but only to become soft, put in the laudanum and finally the cold cream. Keep the places constantly covered with the salve. If the feet merely itch, a symptom likely to mean the appearance of chilblains, it would be well to rub the feet night and morning with equal parts of camphor and rosemary, and through the day dust over a powder made of three and one eighth ounces of talcum powder and two and one half drams of salicylate of bismuth. This will be useless in fully developed chilblains. Another cooling and soothing ointment is made of one half ounce of powdered galls and one and one half ounces of resin ointment. The powder should be slowly worked into the ointment.

A wonderful offer of "A Speckled Bird," "St. Elmo" and others of Mrs. Evans Wilson's stories in book form free, appears in another part of this paper. Look it up, then act.

David R. There are thirty-three kinds of dyspepsia. I think the best way to do is to find out what agrees with ones stomach and eat accordingly. "What is one's stomach's mood, is another man's poison." A great many people can live upon fruits and vegetables, while to others they are very injurious. Some can take milk, which to some is rank poison. A diet of very rare beefsteak, with no other drink but hot water, agrees nicely with some. One professional man takes nothing but hot soup three times a day, nothing cold or solid. One thing should be borne in mind eat very slowly, and masticate the food thoroughly. Very hot water taken with or without a little salt, is good in many cases, but not all. Recently I heard of a dear invalid, troubled with insomnia, who purchased a fir balsam pillow, soon after she had an attack of cardiac asthma, due (so the physician thought) to the odor of the balsam. There you are. I have always supposed (so the physician thought) to the odor of the fir balsam, to be perfectly harmless. We must study our own systems and organizations, and act accordingly.

Newcombe. To you and others that are writing me I will say, Wake up! Do not wait until the casket stands in the parlor, and you hear the clergyman say something about "an inscrutable providence that has seen fit to remove this dear sister from the bosom of her family," referring to the dear little woman, with whom you stood before a man of God, and vowed, to love, honor, and cherish. Cherish! What does it mean? Look it up.

Mrs. Ella Cosgrove has made three thirteen-pound cheeses from the recipe recently in our dear COMFORT. Let us know sister how they keep.

Mrs. F. Anderson. As you see COMFORT has no "Missing Relative" column now, if you advertised for your brother two years ago, through the paper and did not hear anything from him, try again, write to the advertising department COMFORT. The paper has such an immense circulation, much more extensive than two years ago, you might reach him in that way. Had you inclosed stamped directed envelope I would have answered you. I am pleased that you enjoy COMFORT, you are not alone. There are several million of us, enjoying the same dear paper.

Please girls be careful about asking for patterns and promising to return them all. I give you an extract from a letter received by me from one of my girls. "I received so many patterns, that were of no earthly use to me (yours among the number) with a request to send them back. They are here and will have to remain here, as I can not afford to pay the postage on them, it takes the last cent I have in the world to send back yours." Perhaps this will explain to some of you who sent this poor dear patterns why you did not receive them back. It also is a warning not to promise to return all favors and answer all letters from our millions of COMFORT readers, and to realize that hundreds may answer the appeal, or request.

Beatrice. I shall answer you at length next month, but I will say this much right now, how about *The Man*? He does not have to hide his head in shame. He goes through the world with head erect, why should not you?

Mrs. C. V. W. Card received. Thank you. I am not able to return the compliment. The work is beautifully done.

Mrs. D. C. Ribbon received. I shall use it for some of my shut-in work. Here is a Thanksgiving dinner? Roast chickens, mashed potatoes, mashed turnips, old-fashioned good brown gravy, cabbage salad, cranberry jelly, bread, butter, pumpkin, and mince pies, pickles, coffee, nuts and raisins. To the housewife who expects company, on that day, let me advise them to put the house in order Monday, bake the mince pie and cakes Tuesday, dress the chickens, stuff, and get them all ready to go into the oven, and get stirring up the flour in a bowl for the pumpkins, make the cranberry jelly, and pour into two moulds (one for each end of the table), chop or shred the cabbage, and put in a cool place, make the dressing for it, look over and select the table linen, peel the potatoes and put them in cold water, with a dash of salt, all this on Wednesday. Thursday morning, get the chickens into the oven early, and have a low fire, that they may cook slowly, and evenly, there will be nothing to cook on top of the stove but the potatoes, so that can be kept clean and neat, and not at red hot heat, set the table, put cabbage into a glass dish, and pour over it the dressing, the jelly into two fancy dishes, pickles, bread and butter, all on your very neatest, daintiest dishes, if possible have a flower or fruit piece in the center of the table, be it ever so simple, where one is alone in this work, it is best to save all the steps, and strength possible, and if only the dear old home folks are to be present, the pie can be cut and one piece of each, together with a small piece of cheese and arranged on small tea plates, crack the nuts, and put them, and the raisins in glass dishes, the dessert can be placed in the pantry or on a side table, put a knife, fork and teaspoon, napkins, and glass at each place, warm up the turnips, season and stand on back part of stove, boil and mash the potatoes, adding a generous supply of cream and butter if you have it, if not milk, and beat very light, remove chickens from pan, and make the gravy, which serve in two bowls, or gravy dishes, have the water boiling, rinse out with the boiling water a pitcher large enough for the coffee that you intend making, and allow one teaspoonful of ground coffee for each cup, and one for the pitcher, put this into the pitcher together with one egg, beat all up, then pour on the boiling water, cup by cup, let stand in warm place, covered closely until required, stir it up once, then let settle, and I'll warrant that all will want a third cup. All this is for the people who do not keep servants, by arranging and

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planning the work the cooking and the serving this dinner is not so laborious as it seems perhaps. Of all things try to have everything on the table if possible, so as not to have to bob up a dozen times to get something needed, have a good supply of spoons, the table with the dessert on can be drawn up at the right of the hostess, with a bowl, to throw the cold coffee when the third cup is called for, a pitcher of boiling water, to weaken the coffee for some who do not desire the strong. (Find recipes for cranberry jelly, and salad dressing in recipe column.) Should the guests remain for tea and the evening, have bread and butter, tea or cocoa, cake, and some kind of fruit sauce, fresh fruit upon these occasions is always relished, and often times appreciated more after a hearty dinner than pies and puddings.

I should like to take someone by the ear, in my recipe for making baking powder, it should have read, "To one pound of cream tartar add one half pound of baking soda, and one half pound of corn starch" but that blessed individual got it "baking powder" instead of soda. If any of you have tried to make it I surely am sorry, but please do not blame me they can't lay that to the woman this time, though there was a woman at the bottom of it.

Our music lovers will appreciate "Dorette" in our September number, the chorus is too pretty for anything, probably after marriage her name was "Etti".

The readers of COMFORT will all be beautiful, plump, and happy from reading COMFORT and following the advice of our own little Katy, or I should say "Katherine" but she advises us not to eat pies and puddings or drink coffee. Katherine dear! can we not have just one more good dinner such as I have described above? or will you put your dainty foot down and forbid our eating any of that toothsome mince pie, and taking a cup of "J. A. D's" fine coffee? "We will promise to be good and not do so any more" but she is right, in her advice.

Who was it sent in that dear old-fashioned bookmark, made on perforated paper? That work is coming in again and is called hollen embroidery, when it is done on canvas, or canvas can be based on any material, the pattern worked, then the threads of the canvas drawn out. A book of those patterns is owned by one of our dearest crippled boys, it was sent him by a lady from Manchester, England, and has some of the handsomest designs I ever saw for such work; they can be used for cross-stitch work, perforated paper. Get out your patchwork Mrs. Eckle, and Sunshine Allie. Did you

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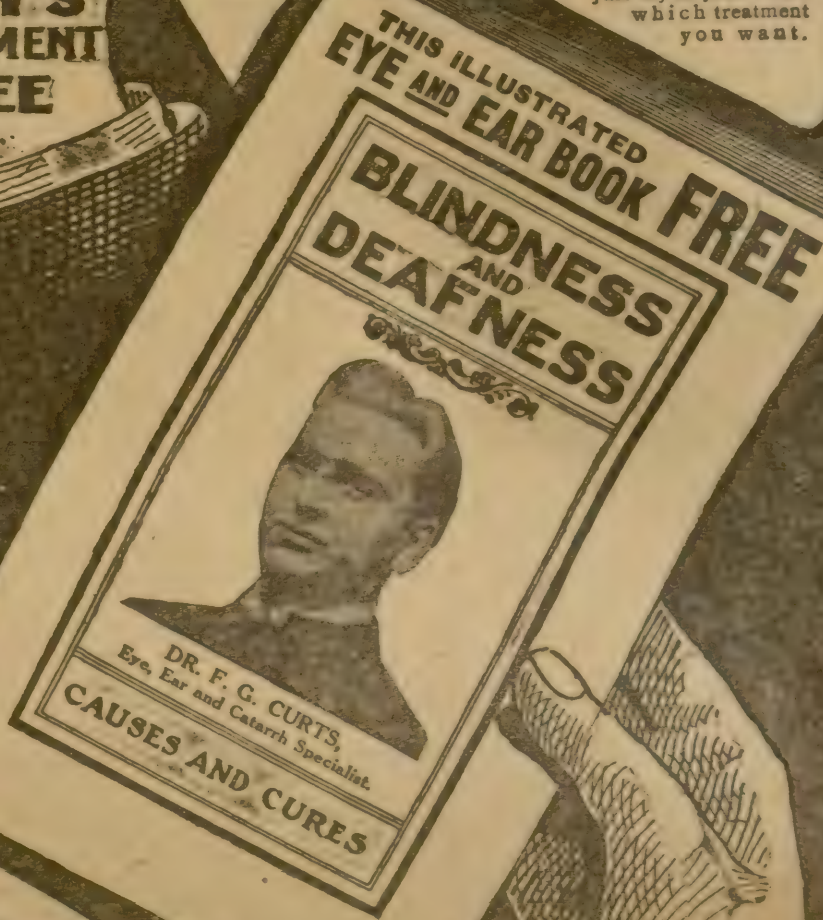
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

ever see handsomer designs, than those in our September number? and all that dainty drawn-work, tenebrific work, collars, etc., all for our benefit. What a mine of good, useful ideas, thoughts and deeds, COMFORT brings out. More Christian acts are being done through this paper than any I know of, it brings us together as a united family, it is educating and uplifting, a paper for the young. As its pages are never soiled with improper or illiterate headings, we can put it into the hands of our children knowing that they will be improved by its perusal; to the older ones, it is filled from cover to cover, with interesting reading and information, the work and good it is accomplishing I can see every day.

Mrs. Cosgrove. I thank you in His name for the contribution, to my shut-in fund. Let us all, friends! endeavor to help some, even one, poor unfortunate at this season, for a club of seven subscribers to COMFORT are offered a "real truly" fifteen inches high, for some poor little mite that never owned one, there would be eight Christmas presents, pleasure and happiness going with them all for a whole year. Let us not, while preparing our Thanksgiving feast, forget those less fortunate ones, bake one more pie, cake or chicken, and hand out to some deserving one, remembering that,

"Soon will the season of rescue be o'er;
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;
Haste then friends, no time for delay,
Throw out the lifeline and save them today."
J. A. D. (Mrs. VAN DYKE.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have made the cross-stitch deer patterns given in COMFORT some time ago into a large crocheted square, twenty-six by twenty-six inches, working with white silk thread. I want to make it into a bedspread by crocheting a wide border around it, but find I have no pattern suitable, so decided to appeal to the sisters to help me out. Any pattern of cross-stitching or crocheted blocks which would do for this, would be greatly appreciated.

Hoping that COMFORT can help me in this as it does so many others, I remain one of its best friends and well wishers.

Mrs. F. W. TILLSON, 119 Jefferson Ave., Bennington, Vt.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am only a little girl of thirteen years. I am writing to you, as I suffer from swollen glands, tuberculosis trouble. Can any of the readers help me by suggesting remedies. I would also like to receive a few calico pieces. I enjoy COMFORT and could not get along without it.

MISS EDITH MCCAY, Farlinville, Kansas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I think COMFORT about the best home magazine published, although I receive over a hundred magazines and home monthlies every month from a friend of mine and I must say that COMFORT takes the lead.

I wonder how many mothers and sisters have heard of the two new vegetable wonders. One is a sort of vine and makes an excellent table food or nutritious dessert and the other is an herb which is equally as good for the blood during spring, as anything for the kidneys. I rely on it entirely for the many ills which we sisters are sometimes subject to. I have seen it cure some of the worst cases of kidney disease and female ills and for rheumatism it is almost a "sure shot" every time, no matter how bad. As I have seeds left over from last year I will gladly give them away as long as they last. Just send a stamped addressed envelope with your request and state which kind you are interested in.

Mrs. A. T. CORDEY, 3659 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati, O.

DEAR COMFORTERS:

Through the kindness of the editor I send greetings. I think the letters the last few months have been especially good. I have not always read this "corner," though I do not know why, for I always get interested when I do.

Miss Cora Nichols. I enjoyed your letter; first, because it was interesting and second because you are almost close enough to be my neighbor. If you ever visit the Star City, you have a standing invitation to come and see me. The fact that Crawfordville was the home of Gen. Lew Wallace, is sufficient to make it of interest. The subject of my graduating thesis was taken from his book, "Ben Hur." But it has been nineteen years since I "recited." That sounds like long ago, yet it seems such a little while, for "Time is swift-winged as Hermes," as Mrs. Evans Wilson says.

By the way, isn't her style elegant? Though I have read "St. Elmo" before, I subscribed for COMFORT solely because I learned that it was to run as a serial. But COMFORT has other good things, too. The editor's page for instance. The shut-ins with their gentle complainings, keep one from growing selfish and make those of us who have enough, ashamed to grumble. I have read other cheap papers and found their stories cheap, but Mrs. Wilson's works I knew were high class. "A Speckled Bird" is the only one of her books which I have not read and I am glad it comes next. One of the strongest serials is "The Shadow of a Cross."

I, too, live in a college town, Purdue University, with its nearly two thousand students, is located here, on the West side of the historical old Wabash river. I live within ear-shot of the students' yells and can hear the faithful old clock, striking preliminary chimes, striking out the hours, quarter hours, etc. But we are back of the university, and out of the "crush." I wish some of the leading universities would have the moral courage to institute some reforms in their games and prohibit the playing of football. If some of the larger ones would lead, the smaller ones would soon fall into line, rather than be unpopular.

The Indiana State Soldiers' Home is situated about four miles North of here and connected with the city by street car line. Three miles still farther north is the Tippecanoe Battlefield, where, in the famous battle of Tippecanoe, William Henry Harrison defeated the Indians under Tecumseh, Nov. 11th, 1811. "Prophet's Rock," where the brother of Tecumseh held council with the Indians, and foretold the disastrous results of the battle, is also pointed out to the visitor. Parallel with the river, and between it and the Soldiers' Home grounds, is a strip of land known as "Tecumseh's trail," a part of which is fitted up with tents, swings, pavilions and other restful attractions and used as a park. Persons residing near historical spots, grow so familiar with them, that when they attempt to write about them, they have a feeling that it will be stale reading to everyone, yet I suppose, there will be very few in this vicinity who will read this.

I would like to be of help to someone. Here is an almost sure cure for toothache:

Equal parts sweet spirit nitre and pulverized alum. Apply frequently to gums. If there is a cavity saturate cotton and place in it.

To those who use laxatives (and their name is legion), try whole flaxseed in teaspoonful doses. This is recommended by a famous physician and with reasonable attention to diet, will help to do away with harmful drugs.

Mrs. Cassie G. Brown, 423 Dodge St., West La Fayette, Indiana.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been an admiring subscriber to "COMFORT" for several years but have never ventured to "say a word" before. We have moved to a new home and being somewhat lonesome I thought I would try. We are young people, struggling to get a start in life. We are now living on one hundred and sixty acres of "Uncle Sam's land" which we have taken as a homestead.

We have two lovely little girls, Fada Lucille aged two and one half years, and Jessie, six months. Two dear little boys are with their



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I Ship my Paint in extra size Gallon cans—guaranteed to contain full measure. These cans are dated the day the paint is made—your guarantee that the paint is absolutely fresh when you get it. Out of any six-gallon order or over you may use two gallons on your buildings. If it is satisfactory, use the balance. If it isn't satisfactory, return the balance. I'll refund all the money paid—pay transportation both ways—and the rest shan't cost you a cent. Making Paint fresh to order on a big scale for the individual user enables me to offer a better

paint—at a lower price—than any Mail-Order House or paint company in the United States. Don't think of buying Paint anywhere until you get my proposition. I can save you some money on a paint that's bound to please you—because if it doesn't please you, you can send it back after you have used two full gallons. Won't you write today for my Big Paint Book and other printed matter? It is sent FREE—along with sample colors to choose from. Just send me a postal with your name and address—and do it now—while it's on your mind.

O. L. CHASE, The Paintman,

Dept. A 162

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Heavenly Father. While we miss them we know they are "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." Sisters, I think when we write in COMFORT's "Sisters' Corner" and ask others to write to us and say we will answer that we should keep our word good. I have written to several and never received any reply. Perhaps they never received mine though.

We are eighteen miles from the nearest town, but our mail is delivered three times a week.

Mrs. GEO. C. COLE, Sedgewick, S. Dak.

Sure Cure for Obesity.

One slice of buttered toast and small piece of meat, beef or chicken, or instead of meat any acid fruit like cherries, plums, or oranges may be eaten. Then between meals drink only saffras tea clear, no cream or sugar, make tea by steeping one tablespoonful of bark, let simmer down to almost nothing, then add one quart cold or hot water and drink only that when thirsty. If this is kept up three months you will lose from twenty to thirty pounds a month and it is perfectly harmless. I know one lady who used this and she now has a fine form but was not satisfied and has started on another three months' diet.

Mrs. X. LONG, Falls City, R. D., 4, Neb.

DEAR SISTERS:

I live in a very pleasant country indeed, neither too cold nor hot, it is about one fourth level—and the rest a well-trained goat can't get over.

My father owns two farms, one of which we live on. I can do most any kind of housework and I love music, flowers and fancy work.

I suffer considerably with erysipelas. Can anyone tell me of a remedy?

When eggs are scarce, one can double the amount when frying in this way: To your well-beaten eggs add a little sifted flour. All who suffer with inflammatory rheumatism I tell of a simple and cheap remedy which cured me when liniment and doctors failed. Over the parts affected I lay flannel cloth and with a straw broom or brush sprinkle boiling water; it won't burn if the pain is severe; this might cure many sufferers, at least it can do no harm. I cried and cried when I had rheumatism and nothing did me good but the hot water.

Will some of the young people send me their photograph or a token of remembrance?

JOSEPH E. BRAGG, Brooks, W. Va.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to say a few words in explanation to all who wrote me for samples of the oak-leaf and acorn lace. I would gladly send them but I can not crochet. As I have only one sample, the best I can do is to offer to loan it to all who will send a stamped self-addressed envelope, and promise to return it as quickly as possible so that I can pass it to the next. I received one hundred and fifty letters asking for samples of drawwork, and these I have answered, inclosing to each a sample, and am pleased to say that all have returned the favor as promised. If any one failed to receive a sample, it must have been because the letter was lost in the mails, as I answered each.

As many inquired how I made my braided rugs, I will answer through this corner for the benefit of all. After saving up enough rags I cut them into strips one inch wide, and braid in as many strands as I can manage, sometimes twelve or more. Now, perhaps, you think you could not braid so many, but "practice makes perfect" you know, so keep on trying till you can, first using four strands and gradually increasing. I use cotton rags entirely if possible, as I find the woolen rags do not wear as well. Before beginning I do not sew the strips all together, but start to braid and as one strand gets short, lengthen it out by sewing on another. When you have braided enough so that the rug is the length you wish it, cut and tack each strand firmly to keep it from unbraiding, then bind all round, and your rug is finished. Some I braid flat or miss, and for others I have a center of one color, and the border of another, or one can make them of alternate stripes of red and black. I have one which my mother gave me for a wedding present. It is seven feet by five, and has been on the floor in steady use for over three years, but still seems none the worse for wear. As these rugs are easily made and serviceable, I hope some of you will utilize your rags in this way, for I know you will be pleased with the results.

Now a word in regard to the shut-ins. We should indeed all try to do all we possibly can to cheer their lonely suffering lives. It is our duty to encourage, write cheery letters and help in this way.

I, too, have one of the best and kindest husbands in the world. I have been married three years and have had two little boys; one would have been a year and the other two now if they had been spared to us, so dear sisters, and especially those of you who have suffered a like bereavement, know that we can sympathize with you. Though it seemed hard at the time, though we can not understand, we must believe that such things are for the best. I have just one favor to ask. Can any of you send me a few dahlia roots? I am very anxious to secure some.

Mrs. MYRTLE RICHARD, Huntsville, Ark.

The Right Way a Married Woman can Make Money.

Every married woman, whether rich or poor, ought to be saving. I do not mean stingy or depriving herself of the pleasant and beautiful, much less the necessities of life, but I mean the prevention of anything going to ruin for want of care.

For example every housekeeper, whether she lives in the city or country, can make her own vinegar, as it can be made out of so many different things, fruit juice, fruit peelings, jams or jellies. It can be made in winter or summer. In winter put it back of the cook stove, in summer out in the sun. All that is necessary is a jar and a jug, put all your fruit scraps in jar with vinegar mother and rain water, let it stand till sour, strain and put in jug, using jar again; if you have not enough fruit scraps use molasses, rain water and brown paper (the kind of brown paper used in rapping in), and let it stand in a warm place. In this way I make about twenty gallons a year, and if I had to buy would cost me five dollars, which costs me not more than twenty cents.

I can my own fruit and vegetables all in glass jars, also put up all our jellies, jams, pickles and all kinds of ketchups. It is cheaper than to buy them and much more wholesome, especially the pickles and vegetables. I do not make my jelly, jams, etc., till cold weather, as the work is more pleasant and the fuel is not wasted in winter. Jellies can be made out of canned fruit as well as fresh. Where one is so situated that they can not do all their own work they had better do their own baking, canning and hire all else as upon what you depend half of your health. If your housekeepers would be on the lookout for inexpensive and wholesome eatables as we watch the drygoods bargain counter we would have less dry goods stores and better health. Another item a good

housekeeper should not fail to do, and that is to keep a strict account of all she buys, date and cost. If you are honest with yourself you will be surprised how it will teach you to manage and save. It will also encourage your husband to give more freely, especially when he can see you have spent nothing foolishly. There is so much to be said on this point, a woman's waste and a man's thirst is what keeps many people miserable. We all want to be good housekeepers, so let us begin to keep strict account of all we spend from now on, and if you find it camped up, pay write me and tell me why.

Mrs. ROSE MINGLE, Mt. Vernon, R. D., 7, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been reading COMFORT for fifteen or twenty years, so I ought to feel at home in our corner, although this is my first letter.

I enjoy everything in our little paper, especially the sisters' department. We have been living in Okla. two years. We moved here from Dallas, Texas, if you have always lived in town, and moving out on a farm, found it very lonely at first. I enjoy country life. The air is so pure, and I feel nearer to God where I can commune with nature, and admire our creator's great work. We can see a higher hand than man's in every growing leaf, and budding flower. Our home has been lonely since the 18th of April, when God in His all-wise providence took our youngest child, our baby, to live with the angels. You, who have had to give up some loved one, know how much we miss our darling. She was five years old and truly the sunshine of our home. If you have little ones to bless your home, be kind and patient with them. I know we are tired and worried and sometimes seem cross with our loved ones when we do not mean to be.

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff tomorrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling,
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers,
Vex us then as they do now?

I would like to have a letter party and would appreciate any little remembrance, bulbs, seeds and any kind of house plants.

How many of you know, that, when your syrup of preserves or jelly boils over on the stove, if you will throw a handful of salt on it, it will prevent your room and house being filled with smoke.

Mrs. E. CATES, Manitou, R. D., 4, Okla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I take great interest in reading this corner. I find the descriptions of different homes very interesting and the hints on housekeeping together with the recipes, very helpful. I have been a shut-in for nearly two years, and probably if I live will be for a good many years. But Soldiers of the King are enlisted to go through the thick of the battle as well as on easy marches and in pleasant valleys. I am deriving much pleasure and sweetness in life (though at times in much pain) from the study of the scripture and prayer. I wish that all the dear shut-ins had this great consolation, the joy of being Christ's own and hearing His voice in the sound of the wind, the hum of the bee, the song of the bird; of seeing His divine beauty in the rain-drop, the fleecy cloud, the tinted flower, and most blissful of all of having the knowledge that He does even amid great tribulation "lead us beside still waters, and make us to lie down in green pastures."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

WORTH TAKING

For Kidney and Heart Troubles

One-half ounce fluid extract corn silk.
One-half ounce fluid extract peach leaves.
One ounce concentrated Lecto Compound.
Two ounces syrup of ginger.

Mix and take one teaspoonful in a half glass of water before each meal and at bedtime.

This prescription is being used by a prominent physician with most remarkable success, and he desires all sufferers to know about it. It has cured hundreds of people of all kinds of kidney and heart trouble and has been successful where all other remedies have failed to bring relief.

Almost any first-class drug store can supply the ingredients, but if you have any difficulty in securing it, suggest that you write to E. O'Brien, 110 Verona Ave., Newark, N. J., for further information.

Bargain in Organs

Readers who enjoy music in the home should write to W. W. Kimball Company, 113 Kimball Hall, Chicago, for factory prices on the world-renowned Kimball Organ. Kimball Organs are now sold direct to purchasers on convenient terms, and a large saving can be made on a high grade instrument. Readers should write now to this company, even if they contemplate the purchase of an instrument at a later date.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. It will save you anxiety and expense and send your daughter to school or to work. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

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YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE

Send 2c stamp and date of birth for best horoscope.

PROF. NAHOMI, Dept. 26, Bridgeport, Conn.

LADY SEWERS wanted to finish off shields at home; \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Phila., Pa.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

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Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning toward filling the Album. Address

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liable company. Experience unnecessary.
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plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise.
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AGENTS make 500 percent profit selling our \$1 bottle
of "PAIN EXPELLER". Write today
for terms. F. R. Greene, 29 Lake St., Chicago.

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without
operation. If you have Appendicitis write me. Address
E. W. LE FEVER, M.D., Dept. A, Marietta, Ohio.

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pay you \$5 per month
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bottle of L. A. N. E. S.
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D. J. LANE, Box C, ST. MARYS, KANSAS.

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and I will write the music and present to big N. Y. Pub-
lishers. "A hit" may make you rich. My song, "In the
Good Old Summer Time," made me a fortune. My
experience will aid you. Write today for free booklet.
HEN SHIELDS, 36 Johnston Building, New York.

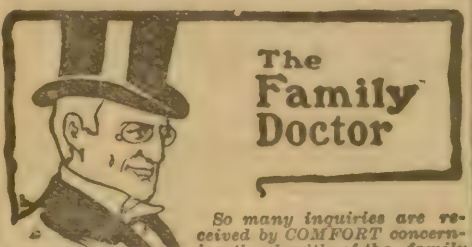
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Leather Shoes \$1.49 up;
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and Misses' Shoes 90c
up; Children's Shoes
40c up; Ladies' Shoes 15c up; full
line of Sportswear and Athletic Shoes;
Rubber Footwear of all kinds. Order
from this adv. sending
price and size and width of
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shining low prices and
general terms and guaran-
tee by which we send shoes entirely
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ceived by COMFORT concern-
ing the health of the family
The remedies and advice here given are intended
only for simple cases; serious cases should be re-
ferred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers
are advised to read carefully the advertisements in
this paper, as they will often find in them what they
seek through their questions in this column. They
will thus save time, labor and postage. Address
The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

H. R. G., Rosedale, Ind.—Dropsy is not to be
cured by simple directions in print. You must
put your case in the hands of a physician. He
may be able to cure, or relieve you, and he
may not.

Comfort, Deerfield, N. H.—Have your hair
singed at the ends by a barber. Then use a tonic
made of bay rum, eight ounces; tincture of can-
tharides, three drams; oil of lavender, half
dram; oil of rosemary, half dram. Massage your
scalp thoroughly for ten minutes, at least once
a day, and about once in two weeks rub into the
roots a little vaseline. The vaseline will soften
the hair and keep it in place, but do not use it
except at the roots. (2) You can do nothing
for the hair moles except to pull out the hair.
For the pimples, be careful in your diet, eat-
ing little or no grease, few sweets and drink no
coffee. Massage the skin gently once a day and
use a lotion made of precipitate of sulphur, one
dram; spirits camphor, one dram; glycerine, one
dram; rose water four ounces.

J. A. M., Tacoma, Wash.—Consult a physician.
Possibly an operation will be necessary. It is
sometimes difficult to cure without the knife.
You can get at drug stores much better remedies
than you can have prepared by any directions
we can give you. These medicines will relieve
but not cure permanently except in simple cases.
Better see a physician at once. If you can not
pay for treatment go to your city hospital.

I. W. K., Pulaski, Va.—The pain in the heart
neighborhood is from indigestion, and the excess
of fat is largely due to the same cause, we
think. Put yourself on the very plainest diet
—rice, eggs, milk with crackers or stale bread in
it, very little meat and that lean; no pork, no
pies or pastry, no coffee and take a dose of salts
in hot water as often as necessary. Drink very
little water, eat no potatoes or sweets of any
kind and take plenty of vigorous exercise. Get a
book on physical culture and follow its directions.

Mrs. Lucy Harvey, Berg, N. Dak., writes for
the benefit of Mrs. L. E. Piedmont, S. C. who
asked in this column for goiter cure, that she
used iodine on her goiter with such success that
it disappeared. She applied it two or three
times a day, and if it blistered she stopped the
application for a few days. As this can not
harm if it does not cure, we commend Mrs. L.
E. to try it, and thank Mrs. H. for the sug-
gestion.

Miss M. S. Tacoma, Wash.—As you live where
there are good doctors and plenty of them,
with a city hospital in addition, we would sug-
gest that you try some one of them, pay or free,
as may be. Your trouble is not one that can be
properly treated through the columns of a
public print.

J. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Try vocal culture to
strengthen your voice. It is, as far as we can
discern, not a matter for a physician. There
are numerous voice culturists in your city and
some one of them can do you more good than all
the doctors. At eighteen you should be able to
build up a good strong voice, whether you sing
with it or not.

J. T. B., Butte, Mont.—The physicians of
Butte are quite familiar with the latest treat-
ment of diphtheria and they know all that is
known on the subject. If they do not, they are
culpably ignorant, for the treatment of dip-
theria has brought it within the list of conquer-
able diseases. By isolation and proper care
diphtheria should not become epidemic. Go after
your board of health.

H. L. D., Eastman, Wis.—Your own local
physicians are as good as any we might recom-
mend for the treatment of nasal catarrh, and
less expensive. Better than any medicine, how-
ever, is a change of climate, if that is within
your means. Try the dry, cold air of Colorado,
or the hot dry air of Arizona. Three months
sleeping in the open air will effect a cure if it
be possible under any conditions.

A Reader, Rogers, Ark., suggests another cure
for goiter. Equal parts, say a tablespoonful,
each, of powdered alum and common salt dis-
solved in water and applied externally several
times a day will effect a cure, or stop the growth
if continued for several weeks. We should like
to hear from patients who try this remedy.

Mrs. A. D., Big Fork, Minn.—As you ask for
our unreserved opinion we will say that your
case is one of nervous and general debility
which can be treated only by physicians who
can see you and examine thoroughly all the con-
ditions. We do not know what your diet is,
but it should be very simple and your di-
gestion should be kept at its best. Indigestion
brings all sorts of troubles, new, and adds to the
old ones. Keep on with your home doctor and
follow his instructions to the letter, first of all
having him prescribe a suitable diet for you, ex-
cluding coffee.

L. O. V., Charleston, S. C.—Better than pre-
venting the fermentation of the lemon juice and
water, is to use a fresh lemon, making less
of it so you may use it before fermentation be-
gins. You will get better results that way. Grape
fruit is harmless any way you take it, but it
is not a substitute for the lemon. It is an ex-
cellent breakfast food, but should not be mixed
with water.

J. C. L., Hiddenite, N. C.—When the mind
weakens at sixty years of age, there can be little
hope of its restoration to normal strength. Es-
pecially when the cause is one that can not
be rationally treated. Change of scene might
result in some improvement, or a few months
at an institution where mental diseases are a
specialty, might do so. This is merely experi-
mental, and may be beyond your means. Apha-
sia, which seems to be the chief trouble, is not
incurable, however, and you should get the ad-
vice of the best physicians your means will
command.

Worried One, Highland Park, Tenn.—Get your
doctor's advice again. There may be other com-
plications as the result of the typhoid attack.
Stop drinking coffee. It will do you no good,
and may do much harm. We do not venture
an opinion as to the mercury, but leave that to
your own physician.

Anxious, Cuzle, W. Va.—The bad taste in
your mouth of mornings is due chiefly to in-
digestion, or bad digestion. Diet yourself for
awhile, and every night before going to bed and
in the morning drink a glass of hot water with
half a teaspoonful of cooking soda dissolved in
it. Stop drinking coffee, if you drink it at all.
Take a dose of salts every other morning, if
necessary.

F. R. E. D., Newberry, Mich.—Your case is not
for us to offer advice upon. Only a physician
in attendance at such a time is the proper person

WE WANT YOU TO TRY A SAMPLE OF KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

It will surely prove to you the wonderful healing power of this remedy for
Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head
or any Complication resulting from Chronic Nasal Catarrh

Don't neglect Catarrh, don't suffer with a cold in the head, don't try expensive treatment when you can
be instantly relieved and permanently cured with a simple, pleasant, perfect remedy that has proven its
merit for years. Thousands testify to the excellence of Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly and we are so con-
fident that it will also help you that we make the liberal offer to refund your money if a thorough trial of a
regular 25c tube fails to do you good. Absolutely pure, guaranteed under Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906.

OUR FREE OFFER doesn't cost you a cent. All we ask
is your name and address on a postal

You can get a regular 25c tube at your drug store. A 50c size holds three times as much as the 25c size.

OVER 30,000 DRUGGISTS SELL IT
If you should not have it send 25c in stamps, coin or P. O. money order to

MAIL ORDER DEPT. KONDON MFG. CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

to advise you what to do. Get his advice and
follow it.

E. P., Rutherford, Tenn.—Don't be too afraid
of the cost of health. You can't well afford to
be without it. The climate of Colorado is what
you need, and the Denver neighborhood is all
right, but farms there are expensive. Colorado
land in some sections is worth a thousand dol-
lars an acre. Other lands, however, may be had
for as low as thirty to fifty dollars, according
to the water advantages, as everything goes there
by irrigation. You may get some information by
writing, but the better way is to go and see for
yourself. The Escalante valley, Utah, is a fine
spot for development. It is desert now, but by
and by will blossom as the rose, and land may be
bought for \$1.25 an acre from the government.
Write to Land Commissioner, Washington, D. C.,
or Postmaster at Modena, or Lynn, or both. Mo-
dena is in Iron county, Lynn in Boxelder.

Inquisitive, Lucas, S. Dak.—From the sym-
ptoms we should say your hands are affected by
some form of eczema, and will require treat-
ment by a physician who can examine your gen-
eral condition and prescribe for the cause as well
as the effect. It will be impossible for us to do
anything beyond this suggestion. (2) Possibly the
"ravenous appetite" is due to tapeworm. Have
you seen a physician on the subject? (3) If you
have too much blood the only way to re-
duce it is to diet yourself, and this you can not
do with your "ravenous appetite." More cause
for you to consult a physician.

Mrs. L. E., Piedmont, S. C., may find further
suggestions as to cure of goiter by writing to H.
S. Goodwin, No. 185 Monroe St., East Liverpool,
O., whose wife has been practically cured.

Mrs. D. C., Lake Como, Pa.—A stick of lunar
caustic is usually about as long as your finger
and is the same kind that is used for removal
of warts, moles and other epidermic excres-
cences.

Anxious Mary, Hope, Cal.—It is strange that
the physicians who examined you for heart dis-
ease, and did not find it, did not tell you that
you were suffering from indigestion. At least
you have all the symptoms. Now begin to eat
only such food as you can digest easily, and stop
drinking coffee. Eat rice, eggs, milk with
crackers in it, fruit, raw cabbage, no potatoes,
no sweets, no water at meals and no pork. Lamb
and fowl are good, as is anything that digests
readily. Before each meal take a glass of hot
water with a half teaspoonful of cooking soda
dissolved in it. Tell your doctors what we have
told you and ask them for further details of
treatment for indigestion. You don't need
medicine to cure, so much as you do food which
will prevent.

S. E. C., Belts, Tex.—The proof of the pud-
ding is the eating. If the remedy you mention
will do what is represented, it is good; if it
will not it is not good. Try it. There is noth-
ing in it which will do you any harm, if not
taken to excess.

Invalid, Brooksbury, Ind.—Change of climate
is the best cure for catarrh. Go to the hot or
cold dry air of the West. (2) It depends upon
what causes the swelling of the eyes. (3) The
open air of the dry country, North, South or
West, is the best preventive of consumption.
Stay out in it, day and night.

Mrs. M. J. Ray, Bakersfield, Cal., writes that
she knows of a case of goiter being cured
by wearing a tin collar around the neck, so made
as to be removed to wash the neck. This is a
simple remedy enough, if it will do the work.
Mrs. R. A. C., Glendale, Ore., suggests iodine
as a cure she has seen tried successfully.

Mrs. E. V. S., Rock, Mich.—The scar produced
by a deep burn or scald, can not be removed.
You may reduce it somewhat by massaging it
gently every day.

Mrs. B. C., Gaffney, S. C.—The trouble is mus-
cular rheumatism and the cure difficult, unless
he could go to a dry climate, Colorado or Ariz-
ona. As he is a farmer why not try one of
those states, where he could do quite as well,
or better, than he can do where he is. As a
relief we would suggest applications of chloro-
form liniment to be had at any drug store.
Dampen a cloth with it and hold tight upon the
muscles of the back, changing it from place to
place to prevent blistering.

Blue Eyes, Mead, Wash.—The remedy is harm-
less enough, nor will be of any great advantage,
we imagine. Simple diet and clean skin will be
better.

Daisy M., Keokuk, Ia.—Some of the grandmas
of your town will be better authority on the
old-fashioned remedy than we are.

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FREE Prescriptions for
Liquor and Tobacco Habit
We are distributing free to all who write and
inclose a stamp, a prescription for the cure of
the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in cof-
fee or food. Also a recipe for the cure of the
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Painless Home Treatment. We will send any-
one addicted to Opium, Morphine, Laudanum or
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most remarkable remedy. This free trial sometimes
effects a perfect cure. Confidential correspondence
invited from all, especially physicians.
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engraved on both sides, proper size; up-
per case of 14-Karat GOLD, 14K, 14K, 14K,
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Send address and we will send
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\$2 and we will send watch and ring,
also a gold laid chain, LADIES
OR GENTS' SIZE AND CHAIN.
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to the General Stores, Drug Stores, etc.
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traveling expenses. Experience not
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home with-
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pain or discomfort of all female diseases, piles, etc., by
the use of our wonderful vegetable remedy. To prove
we send FREE TRIAL TREATMENT to all who write.
MATHIS & CO., Ladies Dept. 5, Gilmer, Texas.

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Allen's Ulcerine balances Chronic Ulcers, Boils, Ul-
cers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent
Ulcers, Mercantile Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg,
Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure.
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"In the Gloaming," "Auld
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and fifty-four other old fa-
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Write name and address plainly. Hun-
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

You have a great many of you no doubt heard of this place; it is an elevated plateau surrounded on all sides by beautiful mountains, three years ago it was the home of Jack rabbits, uninhabited by man. There are now 270,000 acres of arid land reclaimed by irrigation. The land is very productive and the country level. We can stand in our door and see dozens of homes scattered over the plain. The railroad is being put through the entire length of the tract, and many new towns are springing up over the tract, the principal one being Twin Falls City. Those of you who live in an extremely cold or warm climate and would like to make a change, would very likely find this climate congenial.

Mrs. Van Dyke you are certainly doing a good work in this department. I can sit up and use my hands, if there is anything that I can do to help you and others, write me.

Mrs. JENNIE BUCHANAN, Twin Falls, Idaho.

DEAR SISTERS:

I do enjoy the letters. I only wish I might get better acquainted with you all. I have called this time to ask a favor. Will the sisters, who can spare them, send me a few flowering shrubs, slips or rose buds, or flower seeds? We have just moved to a new place where we have neither flowers nor trees, and I miss them. I would like to get enough for a good start next spring. Anything will be most gratefully received as our home is barren.

FLORA COULL, Sophia, Beaver, Co., Okla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy the letters and thank one and all for their dear little chats.

I am an Oklahoma sister, and have been taking COMFORT but a short time. We live three and one half miles east of Byars, Okla., on rented land. Our little cabin has one room and a dirt floor. We have a darling boy of seventeen months with the sweetest brown eyes and fair complexion. Can any of the sisters tell me what I can make his dresses of as he is creeping and wears them out rapidly? I would like to hear from any of the sisters and especially the mothers, as I am a young mother of eighteen who would appreciate advice in regard to rearing my little one. I will try to answer all letters.

MOLLIE HOYLE Byars, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS:

I long to join this corner and thank you all for the helpful, interesting letters. COMFORT is certainly the best paper of its class and I am glad so much is being done for the shut-ins.

Each one of this large class has my sincere sympathy, but I can not help much materially as I am not over blessed with this world's goods, still I can ask God's blessing on each one and truly sympathize with all for I have passed through deep waters myself, but if we put our trust in the one who faileth not, He will carry us through.

I should enjoy hearing from any of the middle-aged sisters and will try to answer each.

Mrs. SOPHIA SILER, Celina, E. D., 3, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am an old subscriber to COMFORT, and have derived much benefit from its columns. The sisters' corner is always interesting. The stories are bright and clean, and the poultry department a great help to a "poultry crank" as myself. Will some of you tell how to raise turkeys? I had over one hundred hatched this spring, and have only fifty-eight left.

I find that lice kill most of them and I don't know how to rid them of the pests. I am fond of raising poultry. I succeed with chickens. I raise the Rhode Island Reds and like them very much.

I love flowers too. Have some beautiful geraniums, hydrangea and begonias. Louisiana has many flowers that grow wild. Among them, the stately magnolia and yellow jasmine. The magnolias grow on the creek banks. The cattle eat the young trees, but in the winter and early spring before the cattle are turned out we can find them and transplant to our gardens where they seem to grow and thrive as well as on the creek banks. I have learned to root house plants and cape jasmines and if the sisters wish to know how, I'll write again and tell you.

Mrs. PIXTON you will hear from me soon. May our dear paper long live in the wish of Mrs. C. E. ROBINSON, Pelican La.

Comforting Hints of All Sorts

To clean spots from clothing an excellent cleanser is made as follows:

Mix equal parts of alcohol, benzine and chloroform together, add one tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia to each quart of the mixture.

First shake and brush the garment to be cleaned and spread on an ironing-board, then take a piece of flannel eight inches wide and double it, now begin and roll it tightly until it is about one and a half inches thick tie tightly with string at both ends, saturate one end in cleanser and rub spots until they disappear.

For spots on your light wool goods brushing fullers earth in with a finger-nail brush will at once remove the spots.

A detached straw hat may be cleansed by brushing with a strong solution of borax and placing in sunlight to dry.

If you have a black wool garment which you can wash get ten cents' worth of soap free bark, at any drug store, steep in hot water one half hour, strain, pour in tub and proceed to wash garment, using no soap.

Mrs. M. TACKITT, Arcata, Cal.

To keep silverware from tarnishing, wrap in cloth sprinkled with flour and keep in a dry place.

A little cayenne pepper given to a bird in its food every day, will turn its feathers to an orange color.

To keep bread from sticking to pans, sprinkle the greased pans with flour before baking.

If you run short of sugar, mix a little syrup in. We have tried it in cake.

To cure a bad cold, make a tea of dried elderberry blossoms.

MISS DELILAH DINGMAN, Box 144, West Mentor, Ohio.

Use old stockings and hosiery from old side-garters to make holders for flatirons and to handle cooking utensils. Sew the hosiery inside one corner of each holder, letting only enough project to hang up in a convenient place near the stove.

When washing drop a small piece oforris root in the boiler and the clothes will have a delicate violet scent.

When washing kitchen rag carpets, starch them with starch left over on wash day. They will lie on the floor like new carpets.

To clean chandeliers that discourage one to look at. Dust thoroughly, then take a small sponge and pure vinegar, wash off and rub after with a cotton flannel cloth.

If one has not a room set apart for sewing and must use either dining or some other room which has a rug, take a sheet and spread on the floor under the machine and around the corner where sewing (a few tacks will hold it in place nicely) to catch all the threads and pieces which can not help falling. This can be easily lifted up in the evening and your rug is as fresh and clean as when the sewing was commenced.

Take a spool of crocheted silk with a crochet hook make a common chain stitch. Then it is sewed on with the machine. It looks like a little braid.

A great saving of time and help in dressing children may be had by sewing a tape to pass under the foot of knit underwear. It makes it easy for small children to pull on their stockings and helps older ones dress quickly.

LENA WEINBAUER, 128 St. Nicholas Av., New York, N. Y.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT:

I wish to thank you for responding so promptly to the request for silk pieces. I received fifty-six letters in all, some were of sympathy, and some were chain prayer letters, also letters from

doctors for medical treatment for rheumatism. Some of the readers sent large packages of beautiful silk and velvet as well as satin pieces, also ribbon. I was surprised to get such generous sized pieces of all colors, besides the embroidery silk.

The postmarks on some of the packages were blurred so that I could not make out where they came from and some did not send any address at all.

Miss Lulu C. Harrison, Yazoo, Miss., Miss Fannie Wilkinson, Pa., I heartily appreciate the lovely packages you sent me. Thanks. Also Mrs. Kurtz, Iowa, Mrs. Crevey, Mrs. Edson, Mrs. Thornton and numerous others I am very thankful to.

I feel grateful to the lady in Michigan who sent me a large package of needles.

Those that sent me post cards for exchange I will soon answer.

Mrs. LIZZIE MOULTON, New Lisbon, Wis.

DEAR EDITOR:

Will you kindly thank all the dear sisters and readers of your little paper, who kindly and generously remembered my dear mother on her birthday; she asks you to thank each one from North, South, East and West, for she received little tokens from everywhere, and it would be too much for her to try to thank each one separately.

ORA HUFFMAN, Wilmington, Ind.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to thank all who responded promptly to my request, and kindly sent the necessary articles for baby. If you could have seen the reception accorded each gift, you would realize more fully how much I appreciate each kindness. I have been very busy and a lack of postage has also kept me from answering each one personally, will you kindly accept my thanks and best wishes through our COMFORT?

Mrs. T. J. BEARD, Cedar Rapids, R. D., 2, Iowa.

COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to write just a few lines to thank you all for the many encouraging letters, stamps, cards, etc., which I received. Since writing last I have lost the use of my left shoulder and arm and now suffer a great deal, and at times it is hard for me to say God's will be done. I do enjoy the sisters' letters, and each month can hardly wait for COMFORT to come. I don't want to be selfish, but I can not help asking you to remember a poor, sick, old lady once in a while. As I can do very little now, besides reading, I would appreciate books or story papers.

Mrs. SUSIE NICHOLS, Lewisville, R. D., 1, Texas

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank all for the many nice letters and post cards which I received. It would have given me great pleasure to have answered you each, but as it is impossible for me to, I will take this method of thanking you, and letting you know how much I appreciate every kindness.

IRA KING, Lexington, E. D., 1, Texas.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I thought I would drop in for just a moment to thank the great number who so kindly remembered me with letters, etc. Each was surely appreciated. I assure you.

DORSEIL HUNDLEY, Fayetteville, W. Va.

DEAR SISTERS AND MEMBERS:

I want to thank the twenty-seven who kindly wrote sending me remedies for swollen glands. I have tried one remedy and have found it very effectual. Of course I could not try them all, but thank you each just the same for your kindness in responding to my request. A COMFORT sister.

Mrs. GUSS LEFF, Box 400, Geneva, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

Up to the present time I have received twenty-three letters in response to my request. I will try to write you each personally as soon as I can and hope you will pardon me for not being more prompt, but since my mother was buried, July 7th, I have had much extra work to do. I know the sisters will excuse me for acknowledging an answer to all in this way.

Mrs. H. S. FRINK, Clark's Corner, Conn.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I want to thank one and all for the generous lot of cards and pictures sent to my little crippled boy Walter; he can walk a little now but is still very lame.

Mrs. ANNIE NEW, Webb, Miss.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Mayonnaise Dressing

Put the yolk of one egg into a bowl, with one half teaspoonful of mustard, the same of salt, and cayenne pepper to taste. Beat or stir constantly while half a pint of pure olive oil is poured into the mixture, pouring it drop by drop. If the oil is not desired, cream can be substituted.

Sweet Potato Croquettes

Boil one half dozen medium-sized sweet potatoes, peel and mash, season with salt and butter, make into cone-shaped croquettes, dip in egg and cracker, corn meal, or bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

Squash Pie (without eggs)

One and one half cups of cooked squash, two and one half cups of boiled milk, two common crackers rolled fine, one cup sugar (or one half cup sugar and the same of molasses), one teaspoonful of ginger, one half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of salt.

Pork Apple Pie

Line a deep dish (which will hold about three quarts) with paste, and fill with sliced pork apples, and one half pound of fat pork, chopped very fine, mix well together, then pour over this one and one quarter cups of molasses, nearly two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and a little salt, then put on upper crust, with holes for the steam to escape.

Old-fashioned Fried Apple Pie

Two cups flour, one half teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream of tartar, one tablespoonful of sugar, one egg, a piece of butter size of a walnut, half a cup of milk, or just enough to wet so you can easily roll. Break off small pieces and roll thin in the shape of a saucer, put a tablespoonful of stewed apple in each piece, fold together, wet edges, and press them firmly. Fry in hot lard. Eat with some good old-fashioned Dutch, or sour milk cheese.

Milk-rising Bread

Boil one half cup of new milk and add to it enough corn meal to make a soft batter. Let stand overnight at a temperature of about seventy-five. In the morning boil another half cup of new milk, and add cold water till about milk warm, mix thoroughly with the batter made at night, adding one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and enough flour to make a soft batter. Set this mixture in a very warm place (not less than one hundred degrees), let rise to double its bulk, it will take about three hours. As soon as risen, add an equal bulk of water, in which has been dissolved, one half teaspoonful of soda, one rounded tablespoonful of lard, more salt if liked, and flour enough to knead quite soft. Put into pans, let rise to double its bulk, and bake.

Recipes for the Thanksgiving Dinner

Mince Pie

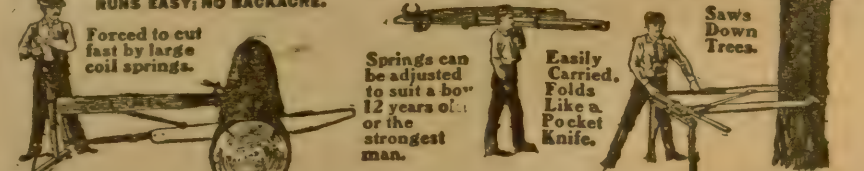
One cup meat, one half cup fat salt pork, two cups of apples all chopped fine, one cup sugar, one half cup molasses, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of cloves, cook meat and pork, then chop, add the apples, sugar, and molasses, with the spices, moisten a very little if too dry, with water, bake between two crusts, putting a good supply of raisins on top of the mixture before putting on top crust. Of course brandy, elder, or wine can be added if desired, but for the sake of your boy, and girl, mothers! do not do it.

Cranberry Jelly

Boil the cranberries, till tender, let drain in

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RUNS EASY; NO BACKACHE.



With our Folding Sawing Machine, Saws any kind of timber. Instantly adjusted to cut log square on rough or level ground. Operator always stands straight. One man can saw more with it than two men can in any other way, and it is easier. Saw blades 6 1/2, 6, 6 1/2 or 7 ft. long. Champion, Diamond or Lance. Teeth, to suit your timber. GUARANTEE.—If any part breaks within three years, we will send a new part without charge. Send for Free Catalog showing latest improvements, giving testimonials from thousands. First order secure agency.

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cheese cloth bag, put on juice to cook, when boiled down one half, measure and for each cup allow a cup of sugar, boil again about twenty minutes, perhaps it may not take that long, try a little occasionally to see if it stiffens, when cool, pour into molds.

Salad Dressing

Put one cup of milk or cream in double boiler, add two eggs beaten light, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one quarter teaspoonful of mustard, if milk is used add one tablespoonful of butter, cook to a thick cream, when cold and ready to pour on the salad add one half cup of vinegar, and one half teaspoonful of salt.

Pumpkin Pie

Pare and cut pumpkin in small pieces, stew until tender and dry. To one cup of pumpkin, allow one half cup of sugar (or half sugar and half molasses), one egg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one half teaspoonful of ginger, two cups of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of butter, bake with only one crust. A good way to do is to set the pie in the oven then pour in the mixture, you can fill the tin brimming full in that way and be sure of a good deep, thick pie. Always serve either of the above pies with cheese, the pumpkin pie can be served cold, but the mince should be heated through, where the pies are cut ready for serving before meals this can not be done. J. A. D.

Canned Rhubarb

Trim and remove all spots or blemishes and cut into inch pieces without peeling. Place in a vessel that you can cover tightly, and add sugar, according as you wish a rich sauce from one half to a full pound for each pound of fruit. Shake the dish a few times to settle the sugar into the fruit, cover tightly and place in a moderate oven. No water is used. When it boils it will be found tender, yet each piece has preserved its shape. Can as you would any stewed fruit.

Oatmeal Cookies

One cup shortening, two eggs, one cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of salt, two cups of flour, two cups of dry oatmeal, one cup of raisins. Sift sugar, soda, cinnamon and salt and flour together, and add the rest in order as they come.

Don't roll, but take teaspoon and drop in pan, give plenty of room to spread.

Good Cookies

Two cups sugar, one of butter, one of sour cream or milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda; mix soft, roll thin, sift granulated sugar over them, and gently roll it in. Mrs. J. C. FRIPPIN.

Potato Pancakes

Grate four large potatoes, add two eggs, not beaten, one half teaspoonful of salt, one fourth cup of sweet milk and one half teaspoonful of baking powder; stir all lightly together, taking care not to beat the eggs up too much. Fry the same as ordinary pancakes, but longer to cook thoroughly.

Egg Salad

Boil one half dozen eggs until hard, shell and cut into slices, and pour over them while hot, the following dressing:

Put in a soup plate one half teaspoonful salt, one fourth teaspoonful black pepper, add three tablespoonfuls olive oil and stir until salt is dissolved. Stir in one tablespoonful each of good vinegar and onion juice. Set away in a cool place for two hours, and serve.

Sponge Cake

Beat well two eggs and one half pound sugar, one half tablespoonful of melted butter, one fourth pint sweet milk, and one half pound of flour, one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This makes a four layered cake.

Molasses Sponge

Three eggs, one cup molasses, one and one half cups flour, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful cloves. Bake in a deep tin. This would make very nice pattypans or small cakes.

MRS. DELROY EMPEY.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

A CENT will bring you the information how to become an auctioneer and make \$10 to 40 per day. Station 6, Wm. B. CARPENTER, TRENTON, N.J.

AGENTS MAKE BIG XMAS MONEY Selling Fulton Rubber Type, Business and Printing Outfits, Sign Markers, Stamp Pads, Juvenile Toy Outfits. Every home, office and store buys at sight, big profits. Write today for particulars and catalog. FULTON RUBBER TYPE CO., 130 Fulton Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

\$1.00 SIGNED RING 10 CTS. To introduce our Catalog of 1000 Bargains, we send this Signed Gold Pattern Ring to any one sending 10c., to pay postage, etc. Handsomely engraved. All the rage. Bates & Co., Dept. 2, Box 1540, Boston, Mass.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE by the greatest Egyptian Astrologer and Mystic Adept. The future, love, health, wealth and marriage, all made plain to you. Send date of birth and stamp to PROF. ESME BYAM, Dept. 65, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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THE GREATEST and BEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN ON HORSES.

A Gold Mine of Interest and Information by Which You Save Dollars!

Prof. Oscar Gleason, the greatest horse owner, trainer and breaker that ever lived in America has last consented to write a book on the Horse. We have made arrangements to furnish copies of this valuable work to all lovers of horses, and we call your attention to the great value of this unparalleled work which should be in every home and stable in the land. Gleason's Horse Book is a large, handsomely bound book of 400 pages, printed on pure white paper in large clear type, bound in colored covers, and is illustrated with 186 full plates and illustrations drawn by special artists. It is the most complete horse book ever published, produced under the direction of the United States Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Gleason has given to the world for the first time his wonderful methods of training and treating horses. It contains chapters on History, Education, Feeding, Tricking, How to Buy, Feeding, Breeding, Breaking and Taming. How to Detect Sickness, and an invaluable study of the Diseases and Treatment of the Horse. The value of the book and will save horse owners hundreds of dollars every year. It is a book that every person ought to know who is in any way interested in horses. If you will get a copy of this book, it is a whole library in the libraries of the wealthy and has always been sold as high as \$3.00.

CLUB OFFER. To our new readers interested in Horses and Cattle we make this liberal offer: Send us 33 cents to pay all shipping charges and for a trial of six months' subscription to our great NATIONAL FARMER, and we will send you, postpaid, a copy of Professor Gleason's great 521-page book. If you will get a club of one yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, we will send you one of the above described books free. Address THE NATIONAL FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

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Our Free Catalog tells how we sell Genuine

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Watches in fine gold cases on credit everywhere. You do not pay a cent until you have received the goods, then only \$3 month. Charges prepaid.

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

\$22 Watch \$18. Writings guarantee. Elgin or Waltham, latest model, 17 genuine Ruby Jewels in fine 20-year gold case. Only safe way to buy a high grade watch. Write today for catalog Watches, Diamonds, Xmas goods.

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DON'T STAY FAT

We have such marvelous records of reduction in hundreds of cases with the Kresslin Treatment that we decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments. It takes off fat at the rate of 5 pounds a week, and we guarantee a permanent reduction. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. No starving, no wrinkles, or discomfort. Perfectly harmless. Easy and quick results. Don't take our word for this; we will prove it to you at our own expense. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave as fat is reduced. Write today for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address DR. BROMLEY CO., Dept. 256 W. 41 West 25th Street, New York City.

THE PARROT HAS ESCAPED

FROM HIS CAGE. TRY AND FIND HIM.



ANY little girl cutting out this picture, and marking plainly with pencil or pen the missing bird (if she can find it), will receive just what she wants to amuse her. The cutest, brightest story that she ever read. BETTY AND THE TEDDY BEARS. All about a girl and how she went to New York on a visit, what she saw there and how she got her "heart's desire" when she went home again. You have never read a story quite as cute and sweet as this, and it is full of pictures that will amuse you more than anything else of the kind that you ever saw. The story was written for YOU by a lady who knows all about little girls and we want every little girl, and big one, too, who likes to read a lovely bright story illustrated by fine pictures to have it once. I will send you a tiny booklet containing the charming story of BETTY AND THE TEDDY BEARS absolutely free, and prepay all charges if you will send me the names and addresses of ten girls from 7 to 15 years of age. Write plainly and you will soon receive this beautiful Teddy Bear story. Address, WM. J. THOMPSON, 649 West 43d St., New York.

TWO FOR 10c
16-inch Tinted Centerpieces
If you want two for 10c each, send 20c to the Manager of Art Embroidery Goods. We will send you with two of these 16-inch tinted centerpieces, No. Cherry, W.B. Rose Violet, Strawberry or Conventional Design, with the magazine subscription for only 10c. Send to: Mrs. J. C. NEWMAN, Dept. 7, 291-3 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

MEN'S FINE SUIT AND EXTRA TROUSERS \$4.95

FUR COATS CHEAP

To widely advertise our great tailoring shops and make our fine clothing and low prices famous, we will sell 12,000 suits of Fall and Winter weight **NAVY BLUE WOOL CASIMERE** at \$4.95 each, and as a special premium and adv. we will give free with each suit at \$4.95 a pair of handsome, latest style, fine, fancy striped worsted trousers. The suit is Graham's finest grade navy blue casimere, a splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful changeless finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, elegantly finished and is guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers \$8.00 to \$10.00 suits or no sale. Sizes 32 to 48 in. breast.

The Free Trousers

which we give with the suit at \$4.95 are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are very stylish, finely tailored and perfect fitting. This is the most astonishing and beautiful offering ever made and we openly challenge any firm to equal it.

Send \$1.00 deposit, give chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue casimere suit and extra pair of elegant, fancy striped worsted trousers by express subject to examination at the express office, you to pay like balance, \$3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at \$10.00 to \$12.00, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood, regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your \$1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book which contains 150 samples of ready-made and made to order suits at \$4.50 up; trousers \$1.25 up; overcoats \$4.50 up; and complete stocks of duck and sheep lined clothing, fur coats, mackintoshes, etc. They are elegant fabrics, from World Famous Mills, carefully assorted to suit every taste and every age. Order the outfit or come for this sample book to day. Do it right now.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. J. W. Culver, French Corral, Cal., wants the old-time songs "Maudie Moore," "Eddie Dear," and "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Stars," and will pay the old-time price for them to any reader of COMFORT who will send them to her. Possibly some reader may tell her where she can find them. She will be glad to know.

Miss F. M. Polo, Mo.—You have nothing to do with the expenses of publication of a book if the publisher accepts it. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, are well-known and reliable publishers. Submit your Mss. to them, enclosing postage for return, unless you send by express which will be cheaper and safer. Books of travel are not popular, and publishers do not want them except by very well-known writers or travelers. Fiction is the leading subject, and we advise you to try a novel, and get your story out of your imagination. But do not place too much confidence in yourself. Writers and publishers differ so on what constitutes a good book that many writers are doomed to bitter disappointment. What your friends may say of your writings, whether they are scholars or not, amounts absolutely to nothing with the publisher. He depends on his own judgment entirely.

Young Chemist, Hancock, Md.—When last heard from Ramsay was Professor at University College, London, England. We do not know Mr. Curie's address. He is dead. (2) Radium is obtainable, but at a price beyond your means. (3) You are not far from Washington. Write to Secretary of Agriculture for information about orchids of all varieties. You may get roots from the botanical gardens at Washington, if the Secretary can spare them.

M. C. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—Consult the large shoe handling firms of your city. They would know the exact value of your patent and could advise you much more satisfactorily than anyone not in the business and knowing its needs.

A. W. Canastota, D. Dak.—For all information concerning American copyright, write to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. Inquire separately for Canadian and English copyright cost. You can get Hood's Rhymer from any bookdealer. Try Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, or any dealer you know of who is nearer. It will cost about \$1.25.

L. K., Osage City, Mo.—We are not coin experts. Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

Mrs. M. L., Aberdeen, Ida.—Are you sure you have the right name? We have not heard of the paper.

I. H., Paragould, Ark.—We do not recall the machine you mention. Write to Omnigraph Co., No. 39 Cortland St., New York, for information.

L. A. W., Cashville, S. C.—Scribner Sons & Co., D. Appleton & Co., P. F. Collier & Co., Funk & Wagnalls, New York City; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Rand, McNally & Co., and A. C. McClurg Co., Chicago. Write to them all and see what they have to offer.

F. E. C., Stillwater, Okla.—The only plan to work your way through dental college is to find something to do in the town or city where the college is located and study between times. Many students finish their course by this means. The college itself can offer nothing, except in very rare instances.

W. M. F., El Dorado, Texas.—Write on letter-size paper eight by ten and one half inches. Write first to the publisher and find out from him whether he wants to see your Mss. Explain to him what you have to offer—the subject and about how many words long it is. If type-written, as it should be, it will run about two hundred and fifty words to the page.

Sisters, Graham's Isle, N. Dak.—You have caught us napping. What is "June Bottle Day"? It is not in our calendar.

W. H. S., New York City.—You are in the very midst of the information you seek. Step into Twenty-third street and inquire at first hands. You will see the signs in the windows.

H. L. J., Washington, La.—If you can prove that the publisher used the material you sent to him, after returning it to you as no good, you may bring a civil action against him for damages. You can only know that he has defrauded you by seeing your work in print over his name as publisher. Unless your poem was copyrighted especially, the "blanket" copyright on the book of poems will not prevent your using it. All the publishers of the leading magazines, who publish books, are reliable.

C. W. W., Klye's Ford, Tenn.—A number of schools advertise to prepare students for civil service examinations, and we suppose they will do as they say if the student is equal to the course they offer. Much more depends on the student than on the school.

Pine Tar, Fruthturst, Ala.—We can not teach you how to make pine tar by printed directions. It is not a difficult matter to learn, but you must see for yourself how it is done. Doesn't anybody make it in your neighborhood? Take a little trip of education over into the tar counties of North Carolina. Write to the Postmaster at Tarboro, Edgecombe county, for information. Inclose postage for reply.

O. S., Taylor's S. C.—The passage you quote might come from any one of a hundred books about England, or a thousand newspapers, or a million public speakers. You will have to give several more lines of it to make it at all distinctive, and even then it would take guessing to say where it came from. Suppose you read two or three histories of England and see if you can't find it for yourself. In any event, you could broaden your knowledge and the best of us can't get too much of that.

Subscriber, Globe, Ark.—Your questions can only be satisfactorily answered by experts and practical workers. Write to Vulcanized Rubber Co., No. 110 Grand street, New York City, inclosing postage for reply.

E. S., Redmond, Wash.—Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show ought to be in winter quarters by this time. Write to Col. W. F. Cody, North Platte, Neb. (2) There are dealers in cancelled stamps, but as they do not advertise, we do not know their addresses. Such stamps are of very small value, and you have to have a wagon load to be worth handling them.

A. M. Liberal, Kans.—Trenton Linoleum Co., No. 41 Union Square, and Linoleum Manufacturing Co., No. 874 Broadway, New York City. We suppose they have their own designers, but if you can submit any new and handsome design you will no doubt be able to get money for it. Write to them and find out.

S. P., Red Staff, Cal.—Write to Editor, The Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

D. C. K., Johnstown, Pa.—We never heard of the paper. (2) No place that we know of unless you have exceptional ability. (2) Have you inquired of your local booksellers? Get the address from them of second-hand dealers in Philadelphia.

Anxious One, Ulysses, Pa.—Write to John Wanamaker, Book Dept., Philadelphia. Ask the price.

A. W. H., S. Hingham, Mass.—You can find sale for such material only by taking it to Boston and showing it to dealers. As a rule they handle the manufactured article, but will take handmade if of superior excellence.

D. A. L., Chester Hill, O.—There is no meaning worth giving a second thought to. Find something else to worry over.

Mrs. D. T. H., Rosengrant, Pa.—The P. O. Dept does not buy cancelled stamps. Write to Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., and hear what he has to say on the subject.

A. C. Q., Amsterdam, N. Y.—We don't believe in that sort of thing, and beg to decline offering any assistance.

Mrs. J. L. B., Kanto, Ind.—Write to Barber & Klutz, Box 26, Knoxville, Tenn. State about what price you want to pay and you will get designs accordingly.

If E. G., Cuyahoga, O., and F. E. M., Pine View, Ala., will write to Ed. Snider, West Union, Ill., they will find out what they want to know about pearls.

E. M. G., Lancaster, Pa.—See answers above to Mrs. D. T. M., and E. S.

G. G. A., McAdenville, N. C.—Go back to your Bible and learn that you can not add to your stature, nor can anybody add what you can not.

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

I could not resist its fascination. Dear little girl, you are the only one I ever wished or asked to be my wife, and because you are so precious to me I will not surrender my hope, unless you force me. Remember the long years I have waited for you. In time, perhaps, you might learn to care for me. May I entreat you to try?

"Mr. Noel, I trust you, I admire you—in a way I feel attached to you—but I must tell you the truth. I shall marry no one, not even you."

"Then I shall never repeat my folly. Be sure I will vex you no more; but there is something you can do to lessen my pain. If trouble or disaster or sorrow overtake you, will you promise to confide in me, to allow me to share it, as if I were indeed that ex-er brother you have tried to believe me?"

"Yes, Mr. Noel. After father I will always turn next to you, and you must not condemn me because unintentionally, I have been so unfortunate as to hurt you."

"For several reasons I wish your father to know at once all that has been said tonight. He is aware of my intentions, and kind enough to approve them. One final request I trust you will not refuse me. The visit to my house on the Lake has been definitely arranged, and I particularly desire that no change of plan should be made. Henceforth no word of mine will ever r all this interview, and during your stay under my roof I assure you no allusion to my dead hopes shall annoy you. Trust me, and come."

The carriage stopped at Senator Kent's door. As Mr. Herriott led her up the steps, she noticed he barely touched her arm, and when he rang the bell she caught his hand between both of hers.

"Dear Mr. Noel—you do forgive me?"

A neighboring lamp shone full on his handsome face, pale and set, and a sudden consciousness of the unusual charm of his noble personality thrilled her. Withdrawing his hand, he held it behind him, and as he looked down at her, his lips twitched.

"You have done me no wrong by simply following the true, womanly dictates of your pure heart. Marriage without genuine love is a degradation to which you could never stoop. I will love you always, always; but I find it hard to forgive myself for making utter shipwreck of a man's dearest aim in life. Good night."

As Mrs. Mitchell opened the door, he turned away and went swiftly into the street.

"Eglah! What is the matter? You are crying."

"How can I help it when I have hurt the noblest man in all the world—except father? My one true friend, who never failed to be good to me!"

"You have refused to marry Mr. Herriott? My baby, you will never find his equal. Your father can scarcely forgive this defeat of his pet scheme, dating from the time you were ten years old."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Read the next chapter, "The Marriage Was Legal," when Father Temple tells the tragic romance of his early life with remorseful regret. Send 15 cents for subscription or renewal for 12 months. See Book Offer, this Page.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Cured. Free trial treatment. We specially desire cases where other remedies failed. Confidential. HARRIS INSTITUTE, Room 558 No. 400 W. 23d St., New York.

MAGIC TRICK CARDS for 20 Just to introduce our new book of 1000 other cards you can change eight to ten or more, read cards to black, white, hearts or clubs, etc., just as you desire, and receive one dollar. DR. F. H. CO., Dept. 15, 1041 Harrison St., Chicago.

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS locally or traveling Full time or side line. Steady work—good pay—promotion. Address MORITZ TOBACCO WORKS, Box 566, Danville, Va.

3 BOOKS FREE FOR CLUB OF 2

CHILDREN'S STORYBOOKS Bright Colored Pictures, Heavy Colored Covers.

We have secured only a few thousand of these handsome, popular standard juvenile story and picture books of the sort that for hundreds of years have made many children happy. These books are of six familiar titles and will be a delight to any child and amuse the older ones as well. Each book is seven inches wide and ten inches long printed in four and five bright color effects and having a bright colored cover strongly stitched on with wire staples so they are suitable for either very small children to be amused by the pictures or for older ones to read the popular old-time stories. These books come in two sets of three books each.

Set No. one comprises Cinderella, The Express, and The Sleeping Beauty. These three books are given free for a club of two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each.

Set No. two also comprises three books, story of Tom Thumb, The Merry Farm Alphabet, and The Soldiers' Album. This set is also given free for a club of two—most people like to have all six books as so to give some of them away for Holiday or Birthday Presents and we give all six books for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. As our supply is of such a limited number we advise you to get up your club and send at once for we cannot obtain any more after this special list which we secured at a bargain rate are exhausted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Set No. three also comprises three books, story of Tom Thumb, The Merry Farm Alphabet, and The Soldiers' Album. This set is also given free for a club of two—most people like to have all six books as so to give some of them away for Holiday or Birthday Presents and we give all six books for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. As our supply is of such a limited number we advise you to get up your club and send at once for we cannot obtain any more after this special list which we secured at a bargain rate are exhausted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Set No. four also comprises three books, story of Tom Thumb, The Merry Farm Alphabet, and The Soldiers' Album. This set is also given free for a club of two—most people like to have all six books as so to give some of them away for Holiday or Birthday Presents and we give all six books for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. As our supply is of such a limited number we advise you to get up your club and send at once for we cannot obtain any more after this special list which we secured at a bargain rate are exhausted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Set No. five also comprises three books, story of Tom Thumb, The Merry Farm Alphabet, and The Soldiers' Album. This set is also given free for a club of two—most people like to have all six books as so to give some of them away for Holiday or Birthday Presents and we give all six books for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. As our supply is of such a limited number we advise you to get up your club and send at once for we cannot obtain any more after this special list which we secured at a bargain rate are exhausted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Set No. six also comprises three books, story of Tom Thumb, The Merry Farm Alphabet, and The Soldiers' Album. This set is also given free for a club of two—most people like to have all six books as so to give some of them away for Holiday or Birthday Presents and we give all six books for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. As our supply is of such a limited number we advise you to get up your club and send at once for we cannot obtain any more after this special list which we secured at a bargain rate are exhausted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Set No. seven also comprises three books, story of Tom Thumb, The Merry Farm Alphabet, and The Soldiers' Album. This set is also given free for a club of two—most people like to have all six books as so to give some of them away for Holiday or Birthday Presents and we give all six books for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. As our supply is of such a limited number we advise you to get up your club and send at once for we cannot obtain any more after this special list which we secured at a bargain rate are exhausted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Set No. eight also comprises three books, story of Tom Thumb, The Merry Farm Alphabet, and The Soldiers' Album. This set is also given free for a club of two—most people like to have all six books as so to give some of them away for Holiday or Birthday Presents and we give all six books for a club of only four yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. As our supply is of such a limited number we advise you to get up your club and send at once for we cannot obtain any more after this special list which we secured at a bargain rate are exhausted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WANTED YOUNG MEN

BRICKMAN, FIREMAN, ELECTRIC MOTORMAN, PORTERS, Experience unnecessary. Name position; 100 positions open. Inter. Railway Inst., Dept. G, Indianapolis, Ind.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office, \$60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

FREE. Send 2c. stamp and birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death. MADAM TOGA, Dept. 9, Fairfield, Conn.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FEAR SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY. DR. GANNADAY, 106 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

FREE GOLD WATCH

This Watch has a SOLID GOLD LAIDCASE ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES, with a beautiful design. Fully warranted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch. GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give it FREE to boys and girls or anyone willing only 20 of our handsome jewelry catalogues at 1 cent each. Send us your address and we will send jewelry postpaid. When sold send us \$2.00 and we will positively send you our SOLID GOLD LAID HIGH ENGRAVED WATCH FREE of charge. UNION MFG. CO. DEPT. 102, CHICAGO.

FOUR GREAT BOOKS

All By Augusta Evans Wilson

We have succeeded in arranging for the first time a special edition of four popular books, all from the pen of Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, always heretofore unobtainable except at \$1.50 or \$2.00 a copy. Each is a splendid bound book of over 400 or 500 pages, printed in clear type, on first quality book paper, bound in buckram with stamped title and half-tone covers. Complete in every way and an especially desirable set of books. You will want one, two or more, surely after consulting the entire advertisement, reading the description of each story, and you may be familiar with St. Elmo, or A Speckled Bird, which is now appearing.

Mrs. Wilson has the distinction of having written the most fascinating American fiction in her several stories some of which are now forty years famous, and has not been approached by any Modern Story for continued success, and today her works command the highest prices and have the largest sales.

ST. ELMO her most famous work, would alone have won for her fame and fortune unending, had she composed no others. As an instance of its lasting popularity there were many thousand copies of this book here advertised, distributed after the story appeared in COMFORT, and the story was written many years ago. If you have not read it you have wanted to; if you have read it, it reads well a second time, and it is a book you should own. Your grandparents probably read St. Elmo and your grandchildren will read it.

INFELICE. A companion story to St. Elmo, very similar yet different. The same sweet charm of the author is clearly apparent, the story is told as only Mrs. Wilson can arrange words, and the charm of interest constantly increases from chapter to chapter. To read one of her stories is to desire another and in Infelice you will find splendid characters making a story you are sure to become fascinated with.

VASHTI is yet another of Mrs. Evans-Wilson's successful stories equally as popular as the others, and should be read in conjunction with the other Evans stories. Vashti is different and in the difference there is interest; the story is fully as absorbing as its companion stories and leaves the reader with pleasant memories. Mrs. Evans-Wilson's stories are unique in originality, unusual in composition and never fail to please every reader, a lacking in nearly every author's work.

A SPECKLED BIRD needs no introduction at this time as the story is appearing serially in COMFORT to the entire satisfaction of our readers, if we may judge from the volume of testimony coming to us with expressions of thanks for furnishing such a splendid treat. It is difficult to pronounce a preference in Mrs. Evans-Wilson's works; each story she has produced has won many thousands of readers. One book may be the most admired by one person and another has another choice, although no one will acknowledge any dislike for any.

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Club Offer. We offer the above books on the following terms: Liberal terms: Any one book of your selection for a club of ONLY 7 SUBSCRIBERS to COMFORT at 15 cents each to date until Jan. 1, 1909; any two books for a club of only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, to date until Jan. 1, 1909. A Special Offer: If for any reason you cannot get up a club of COMFORT subscribers we will send any book and a subscription to COMFORT to date until Jan. 1, 1909, (or EXTEND your SUBSCRIPTION for a year if already paid up,) for only 50 cents. Please do not send less than 60 cents or ask us to change this offer. We send all books postpaid.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

THIS is the month of Thanksgiving, dear cousins, but only by proclamation of the President of the United States, and every month of the year should be one of thanks giving for all the comforts we receive and discomforts we do not receive. Some people call it "dear November," but it need not be drear if we put our smiles into the weather and give some of our own sunshine to the dark days. Maybe you think you have none to spare, but try passing the sunshine around and see how much more you will have to take its place. However, I mustn't talk while there is work to do, and none of your questions are answered yet.

The first I take up from the pile of letters before me is from Marie of Chicago who is troubled because the young man she loved has not written to her as he promised when he went away in July. As he was twenty-five and she is thirty-two, I much fear that the lad has found another sweetheart. And it is just as well for Marie, because most men want wives younger than themselves. I am sorry for Marie, and glad too.

Western Lassie, Newberg, Ore.—Don't trust the man who is nice to you only part of the time, and neglects you when the other girl is around. You ought to know he doesn't care very much for you or he wouldn't act that way. (2) If the young man won't take a hint, tell him plainly that you do not want his attentions.

E. R. F. Bermuda Hundred, Va.—Don't answer his letter if he is careless about writing to you. He should write promptly, or not at all. (2) Young men should act as gentlemen in young ladies' company. Impoliteness of any kind is not to be tolerated, and if they persist in being impolite have no more to do with them. As for loving a man who is vulgar, you should not.

Papa's Darling, Hillsboro, Md.—Yes, it is wrong for first cousins to marry, and in many states it is illegal. (2) Corresponding with an unknown man may get you into serious trouble. Better write to someone you know. (3) Sixteen is too young to marry, whether your parents give their consent or not.

Dark Eyes, Wylam, Ala.—Beware of the man who drinks. Help him all you can by being his friend, but don't marry him to reform him. (2) Tease the jealous man all you can. Jealousy is nasty and mean and if you marry a jealous man you will be good and sorry for it.

Little Girl, Birmingham, Ala.—He should not have joined the navy while he was engaged to you. You can do as you please about waiting for him. Don't get too fond of his people. It may come out all right, but I have my doubts.

Lovesick Lily, Central City, Neb.—As you do not know which man you should choose, you had better wait till you are old enough to know your own heart. When you are twenty-one you will be better able to judge. I am sorry for the man to whom you are engaged. (2) Waiting is all right for some girls, but I don't think it is for you.

J. J. B. Peoria, Ill.—It doesn't mean anything when a young man squeezes your hand or cept that he likes to, and you shouldn't let him. (2) Because "R. V." does not dance the first set with you is no sure sign that he does not love you. Maybe he brought another girl to the dance. (3) Obey your parents. Shun any man who advises you to the contrary.

Mabel, Canton, O.—Don't worry over the young man but keep right on being pleasant to him. I think yet, he is your admirer, but he is evidently too bashful to make any advances. In the meantime, if you see any other young fellow who is interesting, be just as nice to him, and this may cause the bashful youth to take notice. (2) A girl may become popular with men by being cheerful always and treating them fairly and as good fellows. Be particularly but not prudish, and speak kindly of all other girls.

L. E. A. Wheeling, W. Va.—The man is a rascal with the gift of ready writing, and he has been fooling you. Write to his wife explaining to her what kind of a man her husband is. Send her the letters he has written to you. The only way to cure that kind of a man is to kill him.

C. A. P. Woodville, Wis.—Read the letter and see for yourself what he has to say. It is your only way of proving whether he is still right or not, and not a very sure way, either.

School Girl, Oak Hill, Kans.—Tell your uncle how badly the boy acts and ask him to put a stop to it. I don't know any better plan of relief.

Comanche, De Leon, Texas.—Better not marry the young man who decides not to marry then comes back and apologizes and wants to. (2) Oh, yes, of course, when you meet a stranger and fall in love with him, you should ask if he is single. Also, better ask him his name and a few other particulars. (3) The kind of sweetheart you mention is just the kind not to have.

Fannie and Bettle Hartley, Ark.—Kids of your age should stop thinking about beaux and get to thinking about schoolbooks. Both of you together can't spell correctly.

Three Wild Roses, Dalhart, Texas.—She should treat him as an utter stranger. (2) Throw him over and find a man who is not so promiscuous in his attentions. (3) If the man won't take a hint, give him a slap. If Bessie's beau is too bashful to compete with the other chaps, he ought to lose her.

Dimple Cheek, Brooks, W. Va.—Really I think you should marry instead of trying to earn your own living. The world is too big for you to go out into alone, and I fancy you would make a very good wife to the right sort of man. Anyway, try it and see.

Anxious Heart, Snyder, Okla.—Ask him some evening when he tells you he loves you that you think he is only fooling you and ask him to prove what he says. Either that, or ask him what he thinks of your marrying someone else. He is merely dillydallying now and needs to be brought up sharply.

Sunflower, Mankato, Minn.—You can do nothing except to accept his attentions, as you would those of any other friend. If he cares for you as a sweetheart, he will let you know. Don't show your feelings by being impolite or indifferent. (2) You should not have responded with a rude card. If the man was rude to you that did not warrant rudeness on your part. Let the whole matter drop.

Ruth, St. Louis, Mo.—If both of you are thoroughly of the belief that the difference in ages does not count in your hearts, then marry. The marriage of an older woman to a younger man, when it is happy, is of the very happiest kind.

Brown-eyed Beauty, Sanborn, Ia.—He is a silly, sensitive sort of boy who is not worth

thinking about when there are plenty of men so much better. If he insists on waiting until you speak to him before he speaks to you, let him wait.

Rosa B., Drifton, Ala.—Accept the attention of other young men until you have taught this particular one that you are not dependent upon him for attention. You may do as you please, but I never would marry a man like that. If you want me to answer your questions don't address your letters to the Etiquette Editor.

There, dears, I have answered all your questions, except some that had to be answered in other departments, and I hope you will profit by my advice, even if it is not always just what you want it to be. May the good Lord help us all to do the best thing for ourselves. Now, by, and be happy till we meet again in December. COUSIN MARION.

The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

J. S. H., Critt, Ark.—Your blood is in a bad condition and I want you to take my hot water cure and abstain from greasy foods, candy, puddings, pies, etc. Take plenty of good long walks and a bath every day. You really need a milk diet. Why not take it?

L. H. P.—See reply to J. S. H., Critt, Ark.

Use Shorty.—Take an ordinary-sized glass or cup and drink two cups of hot water half an hour before each meal and half an hour before going to bed.

Josephine.—Consult a dentist about your teeth. Try holding Peroxide of Hydrogen in your mouth two or three times a day. This will whiten your teeth.

Couterville, Ill.—See reply to J. S. H., Critt, Ark.

Wild Rose.—See reply to A. G., Seymour, Iowa, in October Question and Answer columns.

California Poppy.—Peroxide of Hydrogen will not injure the skin in any way. Take the hot water until your skin is clear and healthy. Massage your face vigorously to banish fulness. There is no way of enlarging the eye, without injury to the sight.

P. F. W.—Take the milk diet and eat one meal a day. You are probably anemic. My hot water cure is fine for sick skins. Perhaps the dizziness is caused by some displacement that should be attended to.

Orissie 8.—I would not advise the use of glycerine, although it does not cause a growth of hair. But milk is good for whitening the skin but anything that is greasy is apt to produce little "fuzzers."

Daisy.—You are a foolish girl. There is nothing that will make the skin under your eyes dark permanently so it will never wear off, unless it is a dye, and I hope you won't do anything like that. Stay as you were made and don't paint yourself up like a heathen.

Broken Heart.—I do not advise the use of the remedies you mention. Take my hot water cure and a good bath daily. See my article on complexion. You will derive great benefit from my Beauty Bags and I hope you will try them. A good rice powder is harmless.

Grey Eyes.—Drink your hot water one half hour before taking your little lunch.

Sweet Sixteen.—Borax is very cleansing, but as it dries the skin, a good cream should be rubbed on after washing the face.

Miss Willie R.—I think I should leave them entirely alone unless the growths are malignant. I am not much in favor of cutting and slashing every time one has a little bump. Leave them alone. That's the best thing you can do, it seems to me.

A Subscriber.—For goose-flesh on the body, try a bath every day, scrubbing your body and arms thoroughly with a medium stiff nailbrush. Keep this up and your skin will be soft as velvet.

For-get-me-not.—Do not drink the hot water.

M. J. L.—Write me a letter inclosing stamped-addressed envelope and I will send information.

Trying Hard.—Ask as many questions as you want to, girle. That's what I'm here for. There is no charge.

Mrs. O. H. W.—Use my Beauty Eggs, a little borax in your bathing water and a good face cream.

Mrs. Florence Caffero.—Use Castile soap for the children.

Anna.—The hot water will not cause you to gain or lose flesh.

R. C.—You can not do anything for a birthmark, unless you go to a Dermatologist and that is very expensive and not at all safe.

M.—To keep your hair from parting at the side, wave it every night on hairpins for a few weeks.

Cowboy Girl.—Make up your mind to keep your shoulders straight. Nothing can be done for your fingers.

Humiliating.—Pull out with tweezers, being careful to pull out the roots. After which, apply ammonia to the roots every day.

Baby Bunting.—Hot water will cure your biliousness and bad breath, unless it comes from catarrh or decayed teeth. Rub vaseline into your nails every night. There is no preparation that will make the hair curly. Instead of using a curling fluid, put your hair up on hairpins at night. This will make your hair wavy and fluffy, whereas curling fluid makes your hair sticky. You could dye your hair but I would not advise it. I only wish I had auburn hair. I would have my heart's desire.

Wenatchee.—Use a good face cream to counteract dryness of skin. Get eyebrow pencil from the drug store.

Miss Jessamine J.—Your red eyelids are probably caused by eye-strain. Bathe them in hot water and do not use eyes more than is necessary. See reply to Red Roses in October Number regarding dimples. This treatment will make your dimples more prominent.

Lizzie A. T., Idaho.—Yes, almond oil might cause growth of hair. Glycerine is good for oily skins. No, hot water will not make you fleshy. Peroxide of Hydrogen and Ammonia will kill the hair roots. Rub vaseline on your finger-nails. Yes, massage gently with skin food.

Mrs. C. E. U., Okla.—Use rice powder for your face. It is perfectly harmless. You will find the Pretty Girls' Club skin food is fine for wrinkles. I think the complexion bulb and the vibrator do more harm than good in most cases, when in unskillful hands. The Beauty Bags can be used two or three times before throwing away. Fill up thirty or forty of these bags at once, and they will last you for a long time.

T. B.—You should consult a doctor about your neck and see if the fullness really is a goiter and if so, take treatment for it.

C. B. C.—To stop rush of blood to the head, try not to become over-heated, avoid tight clothes and stimulating drinks. Rich greasy foods are also injurious. Try taking a cold bath each morning, and I think you will be benefited. You should certainly take treatment for your catarrh. To strengthen the lungs and stomach and build up your nerves, take the milk diet. See my reply to "Guata" in October number. The Milk Diet is very fine for lung trouble, but another important thing is plenty of fresh air and no tiring work. Rest, sleep and drink milk. Raw eggs combined with milk makes a strengthening combination in cases of lung trouble. The milk diet is injurious to anyone suffering from organic heart trouble. Use the Beauty Bags every time you wash your face and you will be delighted with your improvement.

East End.—I do not approve of bay rum for the hair.

And now thanking you all for your attention I wish you much success. Be sure and remember to Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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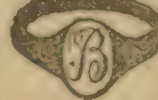
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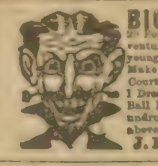


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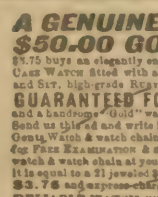
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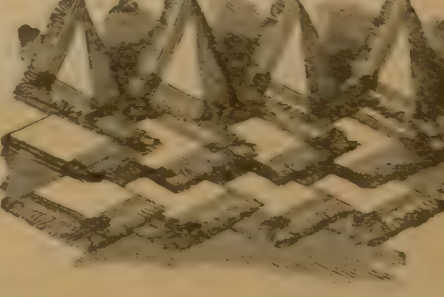
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Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in advance, or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT, with the obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

All names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

P. H. P.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that if the contract for the purchase of the farm you mention was properly drawn so that it can be legally enforced, the purchaser has a good and legal right of action against the seller of the farm for specific performance. The seller upon signing the contract and accepting the deposit bound himself to give to the purchaser a good title to the property and assumed the liability of getting his wife to join in the deed. It might, however, be difficult to establish much damages in such an action as the agreed value of the property is fixed by the purchase price mentioned in the contract and the purchaser's damages would probably be fixed at the amount paid as a deposit on the contract and the expense he had been put to in having the title examined, and as it would cost him somewhat more to bring an action for specific performance it might possibly be wiser to settle the matter on the basis of a return of the deposit already paid, as is suggested.

D. L. B.—We are of the opinion that the most practical way for you to procure the relief you desire against the corporation you mention would be for you to bring a stockholder's suit for its dissolution. We think you would have to pay whatever attorney you employed for that purpose a reasonable fee for his service in addition to the disbursements.

G. H. D.—We are of the opinion that such a contract as you mention is a valid legal contract. We think, however, that in order that there be no question that such a contract was made, you should have it put in writing during the old people's lifetime.

M. C. S.—We are of the opinion that your stepdaughter has no legal right to issue commands or instructions of any kind to you. We think it very unfortunate that you are compelled to live under the same roof with her. Perhaps you and your husband can devise some way in which she can make her home elsewhere.

P. G. L.—We are of the opinion that you have no right to cut timber without the consent of the owner, from lands belonging to someone else, whether the owner be a private individual or a railroad corporation. We think that the penalty for so doing would depend on whether they proceed against you civilly, or criminally, we can only say that it might be money damages, a fine, or imprisonment.

Daisy B.—Under the laws of the State from which you write we are of the opinion that upon the death of the man you mention the property you mention should have been distributed under the law one third to the widow and the balance in equal shares among his children or the descendants of any deceased child, provided, of course any of his children or deceased son leaving children. The widow, provided she possessed testamentary capacity, can dispose of her portion of her husband's estate, by her will or otherwise, in whatever manner she may see fit, possibly in your case the other next of kin might agree that the whole of the father's estate go to the daughter who makes a home for her old mother.

Mrs. B. M. J.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion: (1) That the woman you mention can dispose of her real estate without her husband joining in the deed, and the fact that the husband and wife are not living together has no bearing on the matter; (2) that she can cut off her husband from any portion of her estate by will; (3) and that divorces to be valid must be procured in the State, which is the matrimonial domicile of the parties; except that, for example, a plaintiff may acquire residence in another state, which may obtain jurisdiction over the defendant by his or her appearance in the action.

Mrs. A. H.—We think it will either be necessary for you to prepare the specification for your application for a patent yourself or to employ a patent lawyer to do it for you; unless you are pretty well versed in the matter, we think the assistance of an attorney might be advisable.

E. A. U.—You should communicate with the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. H. M.—Under the laws of the State where you are, we are of the opinion that the action for recovery of land in law or equity must be brought within ten years from the accrual of right of entry, saving disabilities; we think that you should have commenced your action a long time ago. (2) We can not recommend a lawyer to you as you desire; you must select your own lawyers and make your own arrangements with them as to fees.

W. W.—We are of the opinion that before offering your composition for sale you should make sure that the ingredients do not in any way infringe upon the pure food and drug act. It may be that before offering it for sale you will have to have it approved by the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

D. C.—We advise you to get a copy of this law and to read it carefully.

C. M. D.—We are of the opinion that the children of the man and woman you mention have no interest in the land you mention. (2) We do not think your mother had any legal right to leave the land to you by will, as you are your grandmother, unless she disposed of the same as executrix or trustee of your grandmother's will and legally accounts for the same, or unless the land was sold under some court decree or judgment, such as in a proceeding to sell infants' real estate, in which event she should account for the same.

R. W. H.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that the statute of limitations runs against actions for injuries to the person within two years after the action accrues.

Mrs. M. R.—We are of the opinion, that your mother-in-law has a legal right to dispose of, either by sale, gift or will, all such property as she owns individually, provided, of course, she is of sound mind and not under any legal disability.

A Reader of Comfort.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that in case of a divorce the common property will be divided equally between the husband and wife, except when the divorce is granted on the ground of adultery or extreme cruelty, in which case the court apportions the property in its discretion. This rule holds only as to common property and we are of the opinion that the one against whom the divorce is granted would lose all rights of inheritance in any other property the husband or wife might own.

North.—We are of the opinion that marriage between Americans is prohibited in the following states: Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Massachusetts, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Utah, Washington and Wyoming; also in the Philippines, Porto Rico and Hawaii.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22).

Drop Dumplings

One egg, one pint of sweet milk, lard size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, and flour enough to make stiff batter so that it will cling to the spoon. INDIA M. CATTERTON.

Cream Pie

One pint milk, two large spoonfuls sugar, one tablespoonful flour, yolks of two eggs and white of one. Beat eggs, sugar, and flour together, let the milk get boiling hot, pour in the beaten parts and stir until thick, make the crust and bake it; fill with the custard. Beat the remaining white of egg till stiff, spread evenly over the top, return to the oven to brown slightly. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

For Pneumonia

Dissolve a pinch of iron sulphate, copperas or iron phosphate in a cup of warm water. Dose half a teaspoonful every hour in water. Relief will come quickly. Good whenever there is fever, inflammation, congestion or pain.

Chocolate Sponge Cake

Yolks of two eggs and one cup of sugar, stir slowly. One half cup chocolate grated, add four tablespoonfuls boiling water. Mix with sugar and egg. One cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add to cake.

Good Pudding

Pare and chop four tart apples, add a cup of stale bread crumbs, one cup seeded raisins, one half grated nutmeg, one half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful cinnamon. Beat four eggs light, add to dry ingredients. Mix and pack in a mould. Cover and boil three hours. Serve with liquid sauce. MRS. M. T.

Salad Dressing

One tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of dry mustard, four tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, five tablespoonfuls melted butter, the yolks of four eggs, one and one half cups sweet milk, two thirds cup of good vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring till it boils. This will keep for a long time. MRS. W. C. SMITH.

Butterscotch

One and one half cups Imperial Syrup or other, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful vinegar, one teaspoonful butter, a pinch of salt, and three-fourths cup water. Boil until it strings; do not stir much until it gets quite thick. When done stir in some nuts or coconut, but it is good without. Pour out in greased pans. MISS D. DINGMAN.

Three Hour Bread with one Raising

Twelve medium sized potatoes, mashed; two cups flour; one cup sugar; one half cup salt; two dissolved yeast cakes; water to make three quarts. When you make it up stiff add flour, lard, sugar and salt in about the proportion of one pint of flour, one half tablespoonful lard, a teaspoonful sugar, and one half teaspoonful salt to the loaf and about a pint of yeast. Knead twenty minutes, make into loaves. Raise from one to two hours and bake. This amount of yeast makes from twelve to fourteen loaves, according to size. The yeast will keep in a cool place. If flour and yeast are warmed it will make better bread.

Shamrocks

One cup scalded milk, one cup hot water, one tablespoonful lard, two of butter, seven cups of flour, one teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one half cake yeast foam. Mix milk, water, butter, lard, sugar and salt, when lukewarm add three and one half cups of flour and yeast foam, cover and let rise. When light, add remaining flour and knead, let rise again, butter your pans, form dough into small balls, about the size of English walnut, place three balls in each division of gem pan, making them three quarters full, let rise until above the edge of pan, then bake in quick oven.

Twists

One cup scalded milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one half teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one egg, grated rind of one half lemon, flour, have your strips twelve inches long and one half inch wide, take up the two ends in one hand, the center in the other and twist into shape of about five inches long, place into buttered pan, let rise until light, brush with the beaten white of an egg, and sprinkle with powdered sugar, then bake in a moderate oven.

Olives Sandwiches

Thin slices of bread, evenly buttered, cut hexagon shape, between each two slices place a layer of Neufchatel cheese mixed to a paste with equal quantities of cream salad dressing and covered thickly with chopped olives. M. LEE.

Hurry Cake

One egg, one cup sugar, butter size of an egg, one half cup cold water, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two cups flour and flavor to taste.

Oatmeal Cookies

Two eggs, two cups sugar, one cup shortening, one cup thick sour cream, one tablespoonful soda. Flavor to taste. Mix a little for sample and bake, to know how the oatmeal or graham swells. You can use white flour instead.

Orange Float

Take one quart of hot water, one cup sugar and let boil, then add four tablespoonfuls corn starch dissolved in a little water. Let it boil fifteen minutes, take from stove and let it get cooled a little, then add juice and pulp of two lemons and pour over four or five oranges that have been sliced in a glass dish and over the top spread the beaten whites of three eggs sweetened and flavored with vanilla. You can use other fruit if you wish. Bananas would be good. L. M. FRINK.

Requests from Shut-ins

As the sisters' corner is flooded with letters and requests, and particularly the same shut-ins and sufferers write to this department and Uncle Charlie's, we will be obliged to omit this feature and hereafter, instead of publishing the two lists, which are practically duplicates we will only be able to print the one list in Uncle Charlie's department. Shut-ins however, who write letters of general interest and those to all, will be gladly welcomed and their letters accorded a place.

Mrs. Wm. Callahan, Webster, Ill. Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Oxford, R. D. 1, Maine. Mrs. Wm. Brandell, Box 26, Okaton, S. D. worthy and needy, would appreciate anything useful. Mrs. Victoria Hutchens, Rock Bridge, Ky., letter party on Dec. 20th. Bennett Vanfossen, Cove, Ohio. Mrs. Edw. H. Ball, Boonton, N. J., an elderly shut-in, anything cheering. Mrs. Jane Wolfe, Newport, R. D. 5, Tenn., letters. Mrs. L. M. Higginbotham, Peach, Va. Miss Josephine Wall, Brownsville, Ark. Robert E. Bennett, Niter, Kansas, Mo., Idaho, anything to amuse a six-year-old boy. Phoebe Anthony, Box 28, West Kingston, R. D. 1, R. I. Ida Keren, Terminal Station, Peoria, Ill., asks aid for a helpless old lady. Miss Maggie Pearce, Box 53, Adrian, Mo. A continual sufferer. C. Whayton, Freehold, N. J. Cassie Browne, Alexander Pl., Clinton, Ala. A patient shut-in. M. Lillian Perkins, Hemlock Creek, R. D. 1, Pa., a lifelong cripple. Sarah Good, Brock, Neb., send cheery letters.

Correspondents Wanted.

Maggie Tarbett, Pittsburg, Ga. Miss Alice M. Highfill, Box 85, Newport, Ind. J. P. Mathews, Hazel, Mo. G. W. Walker, Steele, Mo., young people. Hazel Bell, 608 So. Sterling St., Greenville, Ohio.

Mrs. Vida Gray, Kongemont, N. C., Oct. 21. Katie M. Ruxer, 20 Hawthorne Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., young people. J. B. Kirda, Lyndora, Pa. Willie Warnkey, Alexander, N. Dak. Miss Elizabeth Hammer, Beaver Dam, R. D. 4, Wis. Mary Hess, Coles Summit, Pa. Mrs. Sallie Jebcoat, Swansea, S. C. Martin Melon, McClusky, N. D.

Comfort Postal Requests

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The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The Publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Miss Betty Wamble, Box 46, Aberdeen, R. D. 1, Miss. Susie Clements, 333 S. Washington St., Kokomo, Ind. Frank H. School, 609 Cherokee St., So. Bethlehem, Pa. Miss Cora Slupley, 1814 Jackson St., Anderson, Indiana. Mr. A. L. Hill, Truman, Minn. Mrs. A. E. Maas, 1054 Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Lena Mattson, Box 169, Biwabik, Minn. Fay Baer, 11008 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. Miss Nettie Priestner, 1914 Lubbock St., Houston, Texas. Miss Agnes Provonska, Oak Harbor, Ohio. Mrs. Laura Shorbridge, Box 39, Fridley, Minn. Miss Annie Kane, 2037 E. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md. Blanche Scott, 214 Union Ave., Hannibal, Missouri. Belle Vandament, 217 Union Ave., Hannibal, Mo. J. O. Copporn, Kearney, Neb. Harry Keller, 1222 E. Philadelphia, York, Pa. Miss Lola Mirise, Roscoe, Ohio. Mrs. A. C. Ford, 810 Elm St., Iowa Falls, Iowa. Gary Richardson, Box 50, Crumpler, R. D. 2, N. C. Mary E. Enright, Spring Lake, Wis. Marguerite A. Blaney, Box 3, Butler, Pa.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

The case was out of the ordinary. Warfield had undertaken the defense only after an understanding that he should not try for an acquittal. He told the prisoner if acquitted he would be under the supervision of the state. Today Warfield had come to plead that this miserable life should be spared. The doctrine he had advanced during the trial was new. Sometimes in arguing a point he reached his old-time eloquence. His ideas were novel and interesting.

Early as it was when he reached the courtroom he found it filled. The thrifty farmers crowded elbows with the village merchants and professional men. The idlers and the curious jammed every bit of available space.

Slowly the legal grind went on. The hours passed unnoticed. During the noon recess Warfield took no food. He read several chapters from the Gospel of the New Testament.

The afternoon was taken up with the argument of the prosecutor. His conclusions were based almost entirely upon the Old Testament. The prisoner was guilty and should pay the penalty upon the cross. He charged the jurymen not to be swayed by pity, but to remember that society must be protected.

"If this man is guilty—and he is guilty—he should pay the penalty by death. Remember the penalty by death. Remember the judgment day: 'His throne was like the fiery flame and his wheels as burning fire. Ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him. The judgment was set, the books were opened. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.'"

With these quotations from scripture the prosecutor exhorted the twelve men in the box that God would hold them responsible that justice be done.

The evening recess Warfield gave over to comforting the mother of the prisoner. She had heard the plea of the prosecutor and there seemed but little hope.

At the evening session the room was packed to suffocation. All the windows were lowered to let in air and the moon riding high in the heavens cast its splendor over the gathering.

Slowly Warfield began his address. He felt weak and unequal to the task. His whole energy was not in the effort. Once he paused to wonder at his own stupidity.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he commenced, "the law of man says you shall judge the penalty for this crime. There has been a crime, we do not deny it. Look at the prisoner there in the cage. See the hard drawn lines in his face and the blank expression of his features. The Constitution of our country says 'All men are born free and equal.' But gentlemen, I can not agree with that conclusion. At the time our nation was organized, equality was much desired. That expression originated from the rule of emperor and king. It does not mean that all men are equal in intellect or opportunity. This poor wretch before us was never other than a wretch. You, gentlemen, and the honorable court know that for years past he has been known as the 'town drunkard.' You and I, and every voter within the reach of voice, have voted to allow the sale of whiskey for revenue. This poor, ignorant man became a slave to the demon of rum. When delirious with craving for the stimulant and without money, he begged a drink from the man who had for years sold him the vile poison, the man who had received in exchange for rum practically all the money his labor produced, he was refused. Then the demon arose within him and he stabbed to death the keeper of the saloon. The prosecutor says there can be no doubt of this and we admit it. The man whose death we seek to avenge sold to this prisoner the whiskey which made him a demon and the demon killed. The law of God says 'Thou shalt not kill.' Gentlemen of the jury, will it be pleasing in the sight of God if you kill this man because the demon in this man, the demon of whiskey, has killed?"

"Nearly two thousand years ago a man was born on earth. That man was the Christ. If you are familiar with Jewish history you know the ideas of right and wrong of that period were based upon the teachings of the Old Testament. But Christ came to teach a better life. He came to teach the brotherhood of men."

Through the open windows came sounds from the great pipe organ in the Catholic church across the street. Warfield remembered the choir was to practice and that Theta was there. He hesitated for a moment and the stillness of the courtroom was intense.

"Christ came to teach a new doctrine. He loved the despised. He comforted the widowed, offered pardon to the sinful, rebuked the rich and had compassion for the poor. He knew the weakness of men and He pardoned them. In the thirty-first verse of the twelfth chapter of St. Mark, He said: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Have you and I loved this man, our neighbor, while we received a revenue from the whiskey sold to him?"

The great organ pealed louder and voices mingled with its tones. The sweet soprano of Theta rose clear and distinct:

"Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on. The night is dark and I am far from home, Lead thou me on."

He had ceased to speak and stood with bowed head until the last note died away.

"Lead thou me on tonight," he whispered. He looked again at the jury, this time with a new light in his eyes. It was the voice of Theta! All the old love came back and strengthened him. It awakened his old-time dreams. Ambition again was supreme. He would win the case, the verdict would not be death!

His arguments became more impressive, the audience leaned forward and the steady click, click, of the great clock was all that answered his pleadings.

"God made man for a purpose; this man was made for a purpose. If you, gentlemen, and I were to live our lives again we could and would do differently. So would this man. There near him is his aged mother. She suffered and gave him birth and I ask in her name that we declare wrong the doctrine of 'a life for a life' and give a new birth to the Christ command, 'thou shalt love thy neighbor.'"

As Warfield continued he grew more eloquent. Here and there a sob broke forth. The prisoner sat unmoved, but the jury leaned forward that they should not miss a word. In the rear of the room Uncle John sat as one transfixed. He was doubtful of some of his recent opinions about Gene. A rear door opened, Theta was shown in, and Uncle John arose and gave her his seat.

Gene did not see her, his eyes were fixed on the jurymen. He seemed to have them convinced, but he pleaded on.

"God did not make any of us perfect," he pleaded. "Some of our mistakes are greater than those of others. This prisoner must seek his pardon from his Maker. Will you give him a chance? Will you place him where he can not harm society and let him reflect and seek pardon before God calls him, in His own way, to final judgment?"

Theta's hand stole into one of Uncle John's and gave it a squeeze. Her cheeks were burning. Was that Eugene Warfield pleading in God's name for the repentance of sinners?

"I ask no more," he was saying. "It rests with you to determine whether two murders, one illegal and the other legal, make a right? I leave the case with you and may God direct the verdict."

The big courtroom began to be alive again. All eyes were on Warfield. Even the jurymen continued to look at him while the judge's charge was read. It was short and stern.

Then the jury retired to see if an early verdict would be possible. The crowd began to leave and Uncle John and Theta went forward. Gene saw them and came over to the railing. Uncle John congratulated him warmly, overdoing it as he always did on such occasions.

Theta extended her hand and Gene pressed it slightly. Then the color came to his cheeks, the fire was again in his eyes. He held her hand longer than Uncle John thought was necessary. Others crowded up to congratulate him and Uncle John went out to get the team. Theta soon joined him; Gene waited for a decision.

In a few minutes the bailiff announced a verdict had been reached. The prisoner with dull, blurred eyes looked at the men who were to pronounce his fate.

"Gentlemen what is your verdict?" came the answer. "Guilty in the second degree," came the answer, and then the foreman added, "Let God be the Judge."

Happy in his victory Warfield left the scene of his triumph, hoping to catch an early car home. As he stood at the corner waiting, the sound of drums met his ears. Down the street came a small band of marchers. "Come to Jesus He is waiting; come to Jesus He can save," earnestly sang the Salvationists. As they passed Warfield noticed a woman, of notorious character, carrying a flag. She was singing: "Come to Jesus, He will save."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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"The Shadow of a Cross" in Book Form

We have had a great many calls for this story in Book form and wish to here announce that it has not been issued yet, but any reader who would like to secure a copy of this book free for getting up a club of four subscribers to COMFORT should write us about it at once so we can reserve a book for them. You do not have to send the club now, just address the Book Editor of COMFORT and say you would like to have a reserve copy when published and will secure club later.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

The Girl Child.

'Course we'd figured on a boy child, same as people always does; Baby girls is jest th' uselesstest they is or ever was; Helpless when they're kids, an' helpless when they're middle aged or old— All th' fambly turn pertecter fr th' ewe lamb in th' fold.

Dassent ever pop th' question even though she's lost in love— Has t' set an' wait till someone labels 'er his turtle dove, Yit it wadn't a boy, by gracious, when it come th' other day! But we've kind of got a notion that we'll keep it anyway.

Course 'twas drefful disapp'intin' that she couldn't been a boy, An' the tears we shed—er swallowed—wadn't no sparklin' tear of joy; Still, she's small an' mighty dauncy, an' she cuddles up s' sweet With 'er fists like velvet rosebuds an' her teeny wrinkled feet— Clingin' close, jest like th' tendrils of th' morning-glory vine.

As it clambers up th' porch posts on a piece o' cotton twine. She do' no' but what she's welcome as th' flowers is in May; So we've somehow got th' notion that we'll keep 'er anyway.

Then ag'in I thought o' mother—she was onct a baby girl; Ain't no tellin' jest which oyster is th' one that hold th' pearl.

Who could tell when she was little that she'd grow t' be so great? An' would make my dear old daddy such a stiddy runnin' mate? Then th' one that lays an' snuggles with that bran' new baby, hyer— Would my life be worth th' livin' if it hadn't been fer her?

She was jest as pink an' helpless as this new' one is, one day; So it's middlin' easy guessin' that we'll keep 'er anyway.

—STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

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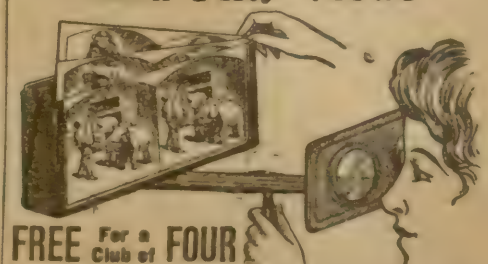
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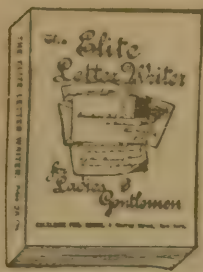
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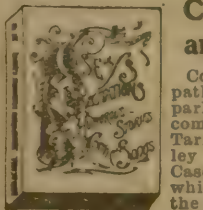
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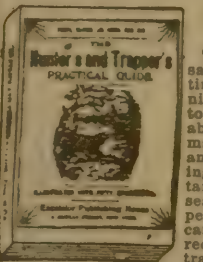
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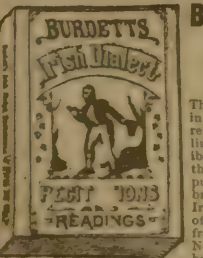
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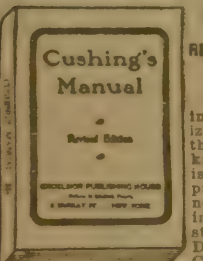
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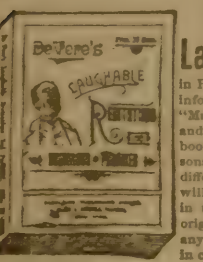
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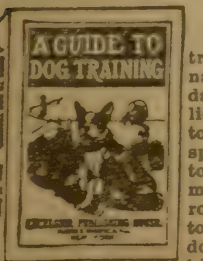
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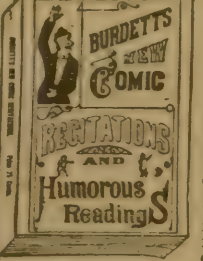
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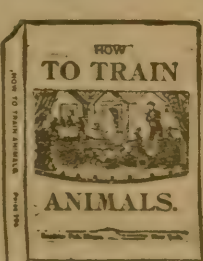
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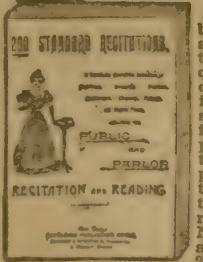
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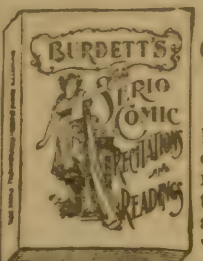


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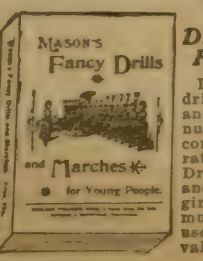


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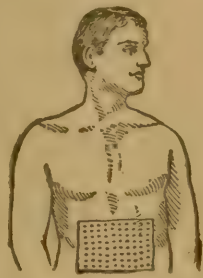
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KNOW thyself—learn thy faults—Realize your power—And, above all things, know your "body." There are thousands and thousands of ailing people who, if they but knew how to take care of themselves, would today be strong, well and happy.

Trial Remedies Free.

THIS is a day of specialists. One physician makes a study of the stomach. He devotes his whole life to its diseases; the causes; the different turns the disease takes; and the way to cure each form of that special disease. Another physician takes the eye and becomes an expert in curing the disease of the eye. So it has become in all the great hospitals throughout the world. Each disease is treated by a specialist. So many are the diseases that one doctor cannot become proficient in the curing of every disease. But specialists cost money; more money than anyone but the millionaire can afford to pay. Then what is to be done? Just this: Taking OXIE as a basis, we have, with the aid of a nerve specialist, compounded OXIE HEALTH TONIC. It is the greatest food for the nerves and blood that any specialist can recommend. In the treating of stomach troubles, the experience of one of the greatest stomach specialists has been given us, and as a result we present to the world OXIE PILLS. OXIE POROUS PLASTERS for imparting energy and vitality and freeing the system from all pains are beyond comparison. That is why we say:



Used As a Stomach Draft.

The Plaster here illustrated is in position as applied for Indigestion and Dyspepsia. They relieve soreness and strengthen, being of course, most effective when used in connection with the HEALTH TONIC and OXIE PILLS. They may be applied over the Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Heart, Lungs, Throat or any place where there is weakness or inflammation, and need of a soothing, stimulating draft.

PURITY AND SAFETY OF OXIE REMEDIES.

Because of the notoriously large numbers of adulterated, dangerous, poisonous or fraudulent medicinal preparations offered to the public, the National Pure Food and Drugs Law was enacted by Congress on June 30, 1906, to protect the people against these dangers. Among other provisions against fraud and adulteration of drugs and medicines, this law requires that in case Morphine, Opium, Acetanilide, Cocaine, or any one of the other narcotic or poisonous drugs specified in the law enters into the composition of a medicine sold through interstate commerce, the name and percentage of such poisonous drugs must be plainly printed on the label or wrapper.

The law also provides for guaranty of pure and unadulterated drugs and medicines. Very heavy penalties are imposed for fraud, adulteration and selling under false guaranty. None of the Oxien Remedies contain or ever contained any of the narcotics or dangerous drugs specified in the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Our guaranty of all Oxien Remedies is on file with the Department of Agriculture at Washington and our serial number is 2505.

A Family of Four Generations Using Oxien Remedies

It is seldom we have the privilege of seeing four generations like this picture. What perfect health brightens each face. How clear the eyes. You can plainly see the vigorous manhood and energetic and vital womanhood in each one. What a happy and prosperous family. Mr. Thomas says they all have used more or less Oxien Medicine and he would not be living today if not for Oxien. Read his letter below.



FOUR GENERATIONS.—READ WHAT THIS GREAT-GRANDFATHER SAYS OF OXIE.

THE GIANT OXIE CO.
Dear Sirs: I will now tell you about the picture I sent you of the four generations. The two oldest is myself and wife, the next two in age is my daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Jones; the next two is their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Slusser and the little girl, their daughter, Grace Louella Slusser, my great-grandchild, and they have all used more or less of the OXIE MEDICINE and I don't believe I would be living today if it were not for the OXIE REMEDIES. For eleven years ago I had the blood poison in my right arm and was helpless for two years until I commenced on your remedies.
EVAN THOMAS.

Thousands of Active Agents

are selling OXIE REMEDIES in all parts of the World. Both men and women find it an agreeable business to help the sick and ailing.

Oxien Agent Four Years

I have met with success and I know Oxien Remedies are good. I have used the Plasters, Pills and Health Tonic and found them fine, and I have had people come to me as far as eight miles for your Plasters. I have used one and it helped me right away. I have been working for you for over four years and like the work.
Mrs. M. A. GOUGH.
Chanute, Kan.
March 11, 1907.



If you are sick, ask yourself these questions, and then cure yourself with OXIE REMEDIES:
Is your appetite poor?
Does your food cause distress?
Do you have indigestion or gas in your stomach?
Is your tongue coated?
Do you have a bad taste in your mouth?
Do you suffer continually from headache?
Is your blood poor?
Do you have dizzy spells?
Are you constipated?
Are you bilious?
Is your liver torpid?
Do you have cramps?
Are your bowels inflamed?
Do you pass sleepless nights?
Do you wake up mornings feeling tired?
Do you have pains in the back?
Are your kidneys affected?
Are your feet or limbs cold?

Heed the warning Nature is giving you in the form of pain and suffering. Don't become a physical wreck. Write for OXIE REMEDIES—while there is yet time for you to take advantage of our great free trial offer, and reap the benefits of this discovery.

FREE TRIAL OFFER
To those who will agree to test the powers of our Wonderful Discoveries, either personally or in their own homes, or in the home of some friend, and who will cut out and mail to us the following coupon, we will send, all charges paid, a sample box of Oxien Health Tonic, with a 25-cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of our Wonderful New Oxien Pills as this offer is made exclusively to those who will make a PERSONAL TEST as here stipulated.

PERSONAL COUPON.

Name _____
Address _____

All communications in reply to this special offer must be addressed THE GIANT OXIE CO., 119 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

CLUB OFFER: We know you will want more than one of these handy books so we have arranged to give them away on these liberal terms. Any one book you may select for only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, to date until Jan. 1909—or three books for a club of five subscribers at 15 cents, to date until Jan. 1909. This offer secures the books post paid. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

AUTUMN, FALL AND WINTER STYLES. SPECIAL LIMITED BARGAIN OFFERS.

For 60 Days Only. You have the opportunity of securing patterns for your entire wardrobe for Autumn, Fall and Winter at a great reduction. The styles illustrated below comprise garments of the latest design for every member of the Household, and may be obtained, by ordering AT ONCE, at rates NEVER BEFORE HEARD OF. These patterns are of the same high quality as those which we have been offering paper, or you may have two patterns and a full year's subscription for 30c. A pattern of any of these designs may be obtained by sending to the pattern department with 30c. for a year's subscription to this Hub today we will forward, postage prepaid, any Five Patterns, which you may select, for 35 Cents, or any Three Patterns for 25 Cents, single pattern 10 cents. If you are already a paid-up subscriber to this paper, and cannot get up a list of descriptions at bottom of page and be sure to order only in sizes given.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



4112—CHILD'S SET; one size.
 4149—BOYS' BLOUSE; 6 sizes, 4 to 12 years.
 4166—CHILD'S OVERALL ROMPERS; 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years.
 4168—MISSES' COSTUME; 4 sizes, 14 to 17 years.
 4173—GIRLS' DRESS; 7 sizes, 3 to 9 years.
 4176—GIRLS' DRESS; 9 sizes, 5 to 14 years.
 4178—CHILD'S SACK APRON; 4 sizes, 3 to 9 years.
 4180—GIRLS' APRON; 3 sizes, 5 to 9 years.
 4181—CHILD'S BLOOMERS; 7 sizes, 2 to 14 years.
 4184—CHILD'S PETTICOAT; 4 sizes, 1 to 7 years.
 4187—INFANTS' DRESS; one size.
 4188—CHILD'S PLAID DRESS; 3 sizes, 1 to 3 years.
 4197—MISSES' and GIRLS' WAIST; 7 sizes, 4 to 16 years.
 4201—MISSES' SHIRT-WAIST COSTUME; 4 sizes, 14 to 17 years.
 4203—GIRLS' BOX-PLAID DRESS; 8 sizes, 5 to 12 years.
 4209—MISSES' and GIRLS' DRESS; 9 sizes, 8 to 18 years.
 4210—GIRLS' APRON; 4 sizes, 4 to 10 years.
 4211—GIRLS' DRESS; 8 sizes, 5 to 12 years.
 4212—LITTLE GIRLS' FRENCH DRESS; 7 sizes, 3 to 9 years.
 4213—GIRLS' ONE-PIECE CIRCULAR APRON; 7 sizes, 3 to 9 years.
 4218—MISSES' APRON; 4 sizes, 10 to 15 years.
 4221—MISSES' DRESS; 4 sizes, 14 to 17 years.

4223—GIRLS' GABRIELLE APRON; 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years.
 4224—CHILD'S KNICKERBOCKER DRAWERS; 4 sizes, 1 to 7 years.
 4226—CHILD'S DRESS; 6 sizes, 1/2 to 5 years.
 4227—CHILD'S APRON; 6 sizes, 2 to 6 years.
 4230—INFANTS' SET; one size.
 4231—GIRLS' DRESS; 6 sizes, 5 to 12 years.
 4239—GIRLS' COAT; 3 sizes, 4 to 12 years.
 4240—GIRLS' TUCKED COAT; 8 sizes, 5 to 12 years.
 4241—CHILD'S TUCKED-PLAID DRESS; 6 sizes, 2 to 7 years.
 4243—LITTLE BOYS' SUIT; 5 sizes, 2 to 6 years.
 4244—MISSES' CORSET COVER; 6 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
 4245—GIRLS' DRESS; 8 sizes, 5 to 12 years.
 4250—CHILD'S CREEPING APRON; 5 sizes, 1/2 to 2 years.
 6829—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6835—LADIES' CIRCULAR DRESSING SACK; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6838—LADIES' and MISSES' RIBBON, GIRDLE and BRETTELLE.
 6844—LADIES' WORK APRON; 3 sizes, small, medium and large.
 6851—LADIES' COMBINATION CORSET COVER and PETTICOAT; 5 sizes, 32 to 43 inches.
 6855—LADIES' TUCKED CHEMISE; 6 sizes, 33 to 43 inches.
 6858—LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 6 sizes, 33 to 43 inches.

6862—LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches.
 6867—LADIES' BOX-PLAID SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6868—LADIES' 7-GORED PLAID SKIRT; 7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.
 6869—LADIES' SQUARE-YOKE CORSET COVER; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6870—LADIES' OPEN DRAWERS; 4 sizes, 20 to 33 inches.
 6871—LADIES' BOX-PLAID WRAPPER; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6872—LADIES' JACKET; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6873—LADIES' 6-GORED PLAID SKIRT; 7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.
 6877—LADIES' KIMONO; 4 sizes, 32 to 44 inches.
 6878—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6879—LADIES' APRON; 3 sizes, small, medium and large, and SUNBONNET.
 6881—LADIES' CORSET COVER; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6882—LADIES' CLOSED FRENCH DRAWERS; 4 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.
 6887—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6888—LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6897—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6898—LADIES' APRON; 3 sizes, small, medium and large.
 6900—LADIES' MENDING APRON; one size.

6901—LADIES' WRAPPER; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6907—LADIES' 6-GORED PLAID SKIRT; 7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.
 6909—LADIES' WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6910—LADIES' 7-GORED TUCKED SKIRT; 7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.
 6913—LADIES' WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6914—LADIES' SHIRT-BLOUSE; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6918—LADIES' or MISSES' CHEMISE; 8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches.
 6921—LADIES' APRON; 5 sizes, 32 to 40 inches.
 6922—LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6923—LADIES' 7-GORED SIDE-PLAID SKIRT; 7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.
 6924—LADIES' SHIRT-BLOUSE; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6928—LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6932—LADIES' FANCY DRESSING SACK; 3 sizes, small, medium and large.
 6935—LADIES' JUMPER DRESS; 5 sizes, 33 to 43 inches.
 6936—LADIES' and MISSES' SLEEVES; 4 sizes, small, medium and large.
 6948—LADIES' ETON JACKET; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
 6953—LADIES' TUCKED SKIRT; 7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.
 6958—LADIES' 7-GORED TUCKED PLAID SKIRT; 7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.
 6970—LADIES' NIGHTGOWN; 4 sizes, 32 to 44 inches.

What COMFORT Offers You!

Two new stories begin in this issue and we propose to publish during the coming winter months the most interesting and entertaining issues of COMFORT we have yet brought off our presses.

We are anxious to begin this early Winter subscription campaign in order that we may obtain the greatest possible number of new subscriptions, also renewal orders, before January 1st, 1908. COMFORT is Twenty Years Old this month, and we start right in by giving you a bigger and better COMFORT of 32 pages instead of promising improvements, and a partial list of what is now commenced in this issue, or is to appear next month, must be interesting reading for you and convince you of the superiority of COMFORT as the favorite and ideal home monthly magazine now entering the twentieth year of its usefulness.

Two New Stories This Month

From "St. Elmo" to "A Speckled Bird" is a continuation of the feast. The very popular success of "St. Elmo" convinces us that "A Speckled Bird," by the same author, Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, will become its rival among all our readers, and it is a source of pleasure to us to be enabled to offer this great serial, which will appear in generous monthly installments during the coming season. The opening chapters appear now, and we invite your attention to it, knowing you will be at once interested.

"Only a Girl; or, From Rags to Riches," By FRED THORPE, a delightful girls' story, opens with vim and vigor characteristic of the entire story, which is bound to absorb the reader from beginning to end. We have been indeed fortunate to obtain the privilege to publish such a splendid story, which appeals as readily to the older as well as to the younger generation. It is good for anyone to read such a story as "Only a Girl."

Mary J. Holmes and Oliver Optic stories are in hand and the first installments appear in this number of COMFORT. Our Mary J. Holmes' story, "The Heiress of Beechwood" will be one of the very best features of our magazine for the whole winter. No writer of popular fiction has produced in quantity the valuable fiction stories written by MRS. HOLMES, who at an advanced age still enjoys the enormous royalties from her numberless copyright stories, which a generous and admiring public are always eager to read. This is one of her favorite stories and is destined to become immediately popular with our readers. Do not fail to read the first installment.

"Charlie's Fortune," a very strong Optic story, and while it is a young folks' story, it will entertain persons at any age. OLIVER OPTIC STORIES are not to be had in any and every publication; heretofore a prohibitive copyright royalty has kept these stories in the "book form" class and made it impossible to obtain serial privilege. OLIVER OPTIC, as the premier author of young folks' stories needs no introduction to COMFORT readers; the name and story title warrant the quality, and you have but to read to be entertained. STILL ANOTHER NEW STORY. We have had a great call for more stories by that famous author, Ida M. Black, and take pleasure in announcing one of her latest and best serials entitled, "The Death-Bed Marriage; or, The Missing Bridegroom," which we are sure all of our readers will appreciate when they read its opening chapters in COMFORT this month. These are only a few of the many new stories COMFORT will give you during the coming year.

"The Shadow of a Cross" continues to appear in regular installments. There are some of the best features of the story yet to appear and the closing chapters become all absorbing. A large number of SHORT STORIES will be printed through the year, and our editors are now making selections from a great many treating on interesting subjects.

The Pretty Girls' Club

is a NEW FEATURE, and our thousands of feminine readers will derive mental as well as physical benefit from our Beauty Column to be conducted on the most approved scientific lines by KATHERINE BOOTH, an authority on how to be pretty, as well as skin, scalp and facial defects in general. The article is to be interestingly conducted to suit all girls from eight to eighty and must be of important value to all.

Uncle Charlie, Boys' Corner, etc.

In addition to above programme, COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, IN AND AROUND THE HOME, SISTERS' CORNER, COUSIN MARION, ETIQUETTE EDITOR, HOME LAWYER, MUSIC, MANNERS AND LOOKS, FAMILY DOCTOR and the BOYS' CORNER, conducted by Uncle John, are each continued, and best of all, COMFORT'S big agency and premium reward plan is always available. The biggest and best premiums for the least number of subscriptions to the most popular home monthly ever published.

COMFORT readers will find the two new serials that begin in this issue to be of unusual interest and taken in connection with "A Speckled Bird," and the other stories now running, they make the strongest lot of fiction ever published in any papers of any kind.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE WRAPPER IN WHICH THIS PAPER COMES

Every month a certain number of subscriptions expire. The expiring number this month is 229, and the October number was 228, while for December it will be 230. If any of these, or lower numbers, appear on the address seal in which we send your copy of COMFORT, please attend to the renewal of your subscription without further notification from us; we cannot afford to carry delinquent subscription accounts, nor send COMFORT, after reasonable time for renewal to any whose subscription has expired.

Don't Wait. A large number of COMFORT subscriptions expire before the first of January and we must call your special attention to the RED CROSS notice to expiring subscribers that appears at the top of the front page. If there is a RED CROSS printed in the square it means your subscription has expired and you are to make use of Coupon on this page to send in your renewal. Certainly there are none among our subscribers who can afford not to send the small sum of fifteen cents for a prompt renewal. DON'T WAIT until your PAPER IS STOPPED or the price is advanced to 25 cents before sending in your FIFTEEN CENTS for a renewal, but send today AT ONCE and thus give us time to extend your subscription to January, 1909, then you can be sure to read all of "A Speckled Bird," and the other interesting stories, all of which will run for some months yet, besides all of the other good things. Look over the fine premiums in this issue and get up a club, then send for the regular Premium List and get up one more club before the price of COMFORT goes up to 25 cents per year.

Below is a convenient subscription coupon arranged for your personal use. May we hear from you? If you accept now and renew you get 13 months' subscription for 15 cents. Use the coupon to subscribe and ask for one of our catalogues of premiums and we will also send you two beautiful colored Christmas Post Cards free.

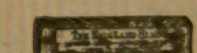
Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For inclosed 15 cents please enter A New subscription to COMFORT as paid until January, 1909.

Name _____ County _____

Town _____ State _____

Nov. '07. If this is a Renewal subscription, cross out "A New" in above line. If a new subscriber, cross out "Renewal."



A strong, easily mouthed instrument, giving clear, distinct notes without effort. These imported Harmonicas are better and better each year. This Highland Band Instrument is of such great superiority over the usual harmonica we know it will give universal satisfaction and increase a demand for harmonicas.

MUSIC, MONEY & PUZZLE. A four-inch cylinder Harmonica, a Coin Holder and a Puzzle all in one. The soft, sweet tones of this round harmonica are superior in many ways to an ordinary harmonica, owing to the reinforcement of the instrument by being wholly encased in the metal cylinder. In addition to being a first-class Mouth Organ, it has combined with it a coin holder for nickels, five cent pieces, for car fare and small change. Five pieces of money can be carried in this end of the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind.

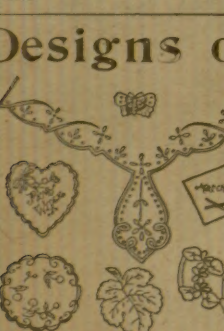
POCKET TALKING MACHINE. Here is a fun maker that beats all. Carry one of these Merry-phone talkers around in your pocket and you will have fun and laughter by the barrel. When you meet a friend, stretch his neck to break the eleventh commandment you begin to operate your talking machine, and after you announce "Rubber" a few times, the laugh is contagious and the fun begins. This convenient portable talking device is a new and clever device for reproducing the sound made by human voices and is a wonderfully correct imitation sufficient to startle people who are the least bit nervous, or have a dislike for the uncanny noises you can make in the dark. A durable and well-made article, can be carried in the pocket and operated there or anywhere.

THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER. Is a marvelous invention. Its answers to your questions are quickly given. Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Being based on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others.

A GREAT BIG BOX FULL of Pretty Venetian Beads in a Great Many Sizes and Shapes. In this assortment you will find sufficient quantity of like beads to make several useful and stylish articles for personal use. Many persons have developed such skill and taste with beads that they can now make beautiful imitation Indian relics, such as a child's dress or charms skin with ornaments of beads of varied color, of a wampum necklace of large sized beads. The outfit to make these various articles is chiefly a box of our beads, some strong linen thread and a needle, and they will amuse children for months. This great variety of beads, nearly a dozen hundred, is packed in a neat, round, wood-turned box with cover that fits securely so the beads are not likely to ever be spilled.

Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, at 15 cents each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward same day at our expense. Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

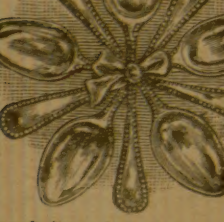
DESIGNS ON LINEN



This outfit consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Book-mark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Dollie, two dress ornaments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of smaller designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for any work.

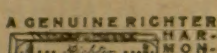
Special Offer. As a special inducement we will give you one of these Outfits if you will send but one yearly subscriber at 15c. with 5c. additional, in all 20c. We send postpaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE SILVER SPOONS.



We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated silver spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these spoons is new and very attractive and we have forks of same design to match, also knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on these spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these spoons you should have no hesitation about ordering at once.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us 3 trial subscribers for our monthly for one year at 15 cents each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the addresses and to you we will send a free gift set of six spoons. For a club of 6 you can earn 6 sets of spoons. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A GENUINE RICHTER HARMONICA. Every person knows that the "Richter" is the popular standard of harmonicas. Ten key, handsome nickel mounted and each in a case. Here you have the opportunity of buying a genuine "Richter." All persons with an ear for music will appreciate this instrument.

CORAL NECKLACE. Every girl or woman delights to possess a coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian wonder. It is a triple strand, beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance.

EASY MUSIC CHEAP. New Chart of Chords for the Piano. A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ without a Teacher. There have been many so called methods and charts devised but this is the latest and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take lessons. A complete self-instructor, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone can become an expert pianist, playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs at sight, as well as dance music, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced musician as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published. It is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere. To introduce this Chart in every home, we will send free with each chart the "Golden Hair" or "Songs," containing 184 songs, with words and music, including the great hits, "Won't You Be a Girl," and "The Mountain Maid's Invitation." Also new and old favorites, and war songs.

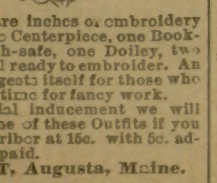
DOLLS AS BIG AS A BABY. These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged that they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long weary travail. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any "posable position." Will last years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before.



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FREE SILVER SPOONS.



We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated silver spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these spoons is new and very attractive and we have forks of same design to match, also knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on these spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these spoons you should have no hesitation about ordering at once.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us 3 trial subscribers for our monthly for one year at 15 cents each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the addresses and to you we will send a free gift set of six spoons. For a club of 6 you can earn 6 sets of spoons. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CHASED AND PLAIN BAND RINGS in the newest designs of chasing and the correct widths. Suitable for persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring to be worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate and will wear a long time.

A CHILD'S GOLD-LINED SILVER MUG. Quadruple Plated Ware. Frosted Finish. Amel Finish. Will not tarnish and is so strong and durable a baby or child cannot ruin it while playing with it. Handsome embossed decoration, leaves, buds, flowers, etc., hand cut and very attractive. Fancy handle just large enough for baby's hands.

FOUNTAIN PEN. Until recently an all rubber Fountain Pen cost \$2.50 or \$3.00 owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a good quality Pen with a glass filler, a regular Bargain store outfit.

A PAIR OF SHEARS. Made of steel, eight inches in length, will hold the edge and keep sharp longer and better than any ordinary household shears. Any woman can appreciate this quality in her shears. For dressmaking, home work of any kind, school teachers, office-work, paper hangers, stores and any and everywhere that shears are used these will fill the want.

YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS POCKET KNIFE. The two-bladed Chain Knife. Pocket Knives are made of the Finest English Steel with Cocobolo handles of the best selection with long steel chain. The two blades are full gauge. This is an American made knife, hand forged and tempered in the most careful manner. It is three and three quarters inches long, fully warranted, and we will replace if not found perfect in every way. We make this offer because we know the knives are first from flaws and will last a lifetime.

The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of eight is a very popular quantity. Many send eight subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only eight yearly 15-cent subscribers to this monthly, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

AIR RIFLE. Pneumatic action. A New King all Steel Combination Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be used for target practice anywhere at a trifling expense, also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parlor amusement. There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun. It is endorsed by army officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes a boy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with his chums for marksmanship honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle.

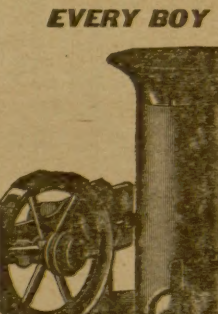
WEDDING RING. A suitable wedding ring and the most used ring for the wedding occasion. This is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate that wears long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we need not describe them to you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

SIX TOWELS. Few words are necessary to acquaint you with the value and use of a supply of nice towels. They are an indispensable quantity among us all. We have selected a gift for our agents, a set of six huckaback towels of good size, 16x28, made of high-grade material.

You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a club of only eight yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Real Steam Engine FREE.

EVERY BOY AN ENGINEER.



Be an engineer, learn to run an engine, how to use fuel, oil up and blow the whistle, just like the man. You can never see a steam engine in your life that you didn't like the looks of. Now here we give you a chance to have one all your own that you put on a table and get up steam and blow the whistle and watch the wheels go round fast or slow just as you wish, and every day you know will be green with envy.

A Genuine Yankee Engine has the following parts and can be taken down and put up as often as you wish: Cylinder with Spring, Balance Wheel, Drive Wheel, Smoke Stack, Whistle Complete, Boiler with Heater, and a high, highly finished in enamel and nickel, a jim-dandy engine and guaranteed way up. With this engine you can run all kinds of toy machines you can buy or make for your self with spoons, etc. Great fun to make toy machinery using string for belt. We want every young man to have an engine; the practical side of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and to get new subscriptions one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only 8 yearly subscribers to this paper at the special subscription rate of 15 cents a year. This small club of eight, amounting to \$1.20, pays for the full subscription for the 8 addresses and obtains a prize Engine delivered prepaid by mail or express carefully packed and fully warranted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a **COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE**, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. Byco-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most of all, they are bound and finished. The soft padded **FULL MOROCCO BIBLES** cost \$10.00 each. Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the **FAMILY BIBLE** elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purpose, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers, we are making a special attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift for only 5 home. Address yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, delivered postpaid to your home. Address

OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT.

Make Money Printing Cards.

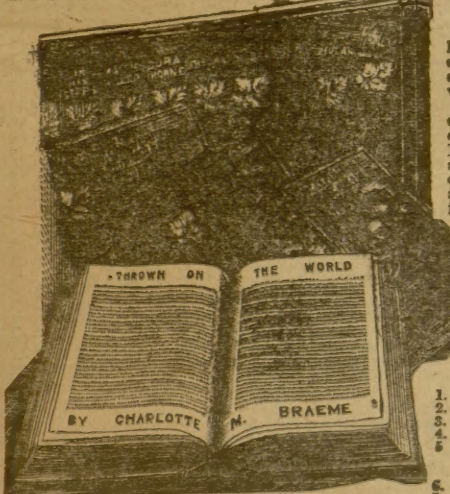


About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-foot set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickel-plated pliers to handle type and a metal ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described. Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

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Cloth Bound



Maria Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors. Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7 1/2 inches long, 5 wide and vary in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, as shown in the illustration, and the titles are all done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book at once attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

USE NUMBERS NOT NAMES. When ordering kindly use numbers to aid in promptly handling orders at this end.

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Subscription Offer. For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we send you one book in this list free, postpaid. For 4 subscribers, we send two books free, or for a club of 8 at 15c. each, we send any four books you may select. **REMEMBER.** We send our magazine to the subscribers you get, and to you we send the books you may select, by mail or express at our expense, and fully guarantee them to be in every respect as represented. Just think what an opportunity for Book Clubs.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Sideboard and Bureau Scarf.



Also two nine-inch dollies to match. This scarf design is stamped on fine quality material 60 inches in length, 18 inches wide, over ONE THOUSAND SQUARE INCHES; the largest pattern outfit we ever offered. In addition are two large dollies making a complete bureau or sideboard set that will please our lady readers. The edge of the scarf is to be worked in buttonhole stitch, the design in the center to be embroidered in long and short outline, stitch or solid. The two dollies may be worked the same; this makes a complete set that will be very useful and gain the envy and admiration of your friends. We send a circular describing many other patterns; all are free to you and a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we send this stamped pattern free.

Special Offer: For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we send this stamped pattern free.

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ELEPHANT AND THE MONKEY.

Home-made Animals for the Children.



No. C 2855.

A complete **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERN** of each of the animals here illustrated is furnished with a guide chart and full instructions and complete directions for making these cute and life-like animals, for the children to play with.



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He can also hang by his arms to any object, such as a chair-back, and he can balance himself on a rod.



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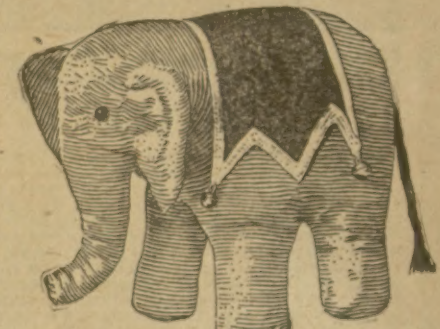


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he can perform with ease if he is properly balanced with his arms placed firmly on

the floor. He can also hang by his arms to any object, such as a chair-back, and he can balance himself on a rod.

"JERRY" the ELEPHANT is a big good-natured fellow and very companionable and is extremely fond of his friend "TONY" whom he dislikes being separated from but it was necessary on this page. If you are fancifully inclined, develop Jerry in gray material and decorate him with a red cloth blanket trimmed with gold braid and bells.

Think of the amusement and pleasure derived by any child from these animal toys, so soft and cunning, yet so practically indestructible they may be played with in doors or out with no great harm or perceptible wear. If you haven't a little child in your own home to enjoy one of these animals, secure a pattern or two and make up the animal for a gift; you cannot make a present that will take more sunshine and happiness to a little one.

In addition to "JERRY" and "TONY" and to complete the "Happy Family" there are also to be had, BARRUCHE, the fussy coated dog, JUPITER the black cat, CHUM the fox terrier, HENRY the camel, FROU-FROU the cute bunny and BLANCHE and BEATRICE the mice, all of which are shown above.

If you have one or more little folks in your home, send to us now and get these patterns and make them a few animals and start their menagerie at home.

Please order by number as per offer below.

A complete paper pattern including guide chart for making, as well as other information and suggestions sent free for a club of two subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each to date until 1909. Four assorted patterns

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HOW CAN YOU LOSE?

How Can You Be Out A Penny

In using it, in giving it a chance? How can you make a blunder in trying it, in testing it for 30 days, in letting the experience of thousands guide you, when you don't pay a penny until it is proven, until you can say with gladness and with gratitude, "It is all right. It is the best thing I ever struck. It is an honest remedy." What risk do you run when we take positively and absolutely all the risk? How can you refuse when everything is in your favor, when it is all one-sided (your-side), when we must show you before we can see a penny of your money, must deliver it at your door, right in your own hands, must let you try it for 30 days, must let you judge for yourself, must be entirely satisfied with your decision, whether it be Yes or No? When it does the work you will gladly pay for it. If it fails, WE lose. You don't! You cannot lose one way or another because you have not one single, solitary penny at stake. But you stand to win a great deal that you want, a great deal that you are fighting for—health, strength, vigor and comfort—Yes, even Life.

No one can lose a single penny by trying it for thirty full days, but thousands gain freedom from disease, from Stomach torture, from Kidney tyranny, from Bowel enslavement, from Heart fear, from Rheumatic bonds. No one can throw away a cent in testing it, but thousands throw away the shackles of disease and become healthy, natural and normal men and women. Health is here, where you can get it without risking a penny. How can you refuse? Health is worth trying for! It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper and envelope and writing us as follows:

"I am sick. I need Vitae-Ore or something that will cure me. I have seen your trial offer. Send me a dollar package. I will use it and pay the dollar if it helps me. I will not pay one penny if it does not help me."

That is all it takes. Just a short letter asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick today" or "My back aches" or "That rheumatic leg is getting worse" or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, ready and waiting for you to turn and get it, is the thing that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking. Read our thirty-day-trial offer and if you have a sick friend, show it to him.

Doctors Said: "You Cannot Be Cured"

One Package of Vitae-Ore Puts Him on His Feet Again and Back to Work.

Vitae-Ore saved my life. In curing me of Bright's Disease, which had baffled the doctors' skill. One doctor said: "You have Bright's Disease bad, and VERY BAD, too bad to hope for a cure." Another said: "I might give you medicine until doomsday and yet I could not cure you." I concluded at this time that as long as their medicine could not cure me I wanted no more of it, and resigned myself to what looked to me to be the inevitable. My hopes of a possible cure were again raised.



by reading a Vitae-Ore advertisement and seeing mentioned therein the testimony of a person who had been cured of Bright's Disease and whose condition at the time of his treatment seemed similar to mine. I procured a package and began its use. The first package put me right on my feet and back to my work. I kept it up, with the result that I am entirely cured. Doctors who have lately examined me say: "You have no kidney trouble whatever; your kidneys are all right." Vitae-Ore has done all this for me. I am well and working at 65 years, and owe it to this remedy and the world to tell what I know of it. I send two photos, an old one taken when I thought I was going to die, and another taken just a short time ago. They tell their own story.

M. M. AMMENDOWN,
South Framingham, Mass.

Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 2 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

Thousands of People

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitae-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anemia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions. It cures where others fail.

What Vitae-Ore Is.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

No Other Offer

equals this Vitae-Ore 30-day-trial offer in its fairness, liberality and genuine benefit that may be obtained by old and young. No doctor has ever offered you treatment on these terms—no other medicine has ever been handed out to you in this manner. It is all in the medicine—its virtue and merit allow us to so offer it. And it is not a new, untried medicine seeking a reputation that is being so offered, but a medicine that has been tried and not found wanting, a medicine which numbers its cures by the thousands, which has gained a reputation by its curative work over the entire length and breadth of this nation, as well as in Canada and the British Isles.

It Is The Personal Duty of every sick son to use every possible means to be cured of their ailments. It is not fair to one's family nor to society to remain ill, in an unnatural condition, unfit for the fullest duties of life, if a cure can be obtained. Any sick and ailing person who fails to give Vitae-Ore a trial on this offer fails to take advantage of one of the best curative agents ever offered, the only one honestly offered on "No Benefit, No Pay" Plan.

Read This Veteran's Experience

Was A Badly Aggravated Case—Yields Readily to the Efficient Action of Vitae-Ore.

ATLANTA, GA.—I hardly know how to say what I want to in behalf of Vitae-Ore, which cured me after I had given up all hopes of ever getting around again. More than thirty-eight years ago, while in the war between the States, I contracted the Diarrhoea, which became chronic, and also Piles, from which I suffered for twenty years. Later I was stricken with Indigestion and had to give up work. I tried many skilled physicians, colleges and sanitariums and most every known treatment, but all seemed only to add fuel to the fire. I grew worse from day to day and my physicians advised me that my only hope was in traveling. I traveled for about a year by private conveyance, but at the end of the year I was worse and more emaciated and finally had to give up. My trouble at this time was aggravated by Kidney Disease, Rheumatism and Nervous Prostration, the doctor also telling me that I had Appendicitis and that nothing could save me but an operation. The Piles became internal and a Fistula made its appearance. By this time I was given up by all as positively incurable. I heard of Vitae-Ore and purchased a package, but had it in the house for over a month before I could take it, as I was so low that those around me were afraid to have me use it. I told my daughter, who had been a trained nurse, that I wanted to use the Vitae-Ore and she answered: "When you give up a good physician for a remedy you know nothing about, you are going to die." I told her that death would be preferable to the torture I was then suffering and commenced to take Vitae-Ore that Thursday. By Saturday I could sit up a little and soon began to walk about. I now weigh seventy pounds more than I did and feel better than I have for the past thirty-eight years.



It seems surprising that so much good and such a cure could be accomplished in so short a time with one medicine. I wish I could see every sufferer with Indigestion, Rheumatism, or Bladder trouble, or any of the ailments I had so I could tell them of this medicine. J. D. Dodd, 345 W. 3d St.

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Builds Up Robust, Vigorous Men.

The proudest glory of man lies in his health and strength. To be entirely successful he must possess strong nerves, a clear brain, and a sound body full of energy, vitality and manly vigor. Without health of body man cannot be at his best mentally. Health builds up that strength and character of mind which goes so far to insure true and complete happiness as well as success. If disease or debility take the place of the health, activity and energy of youth and early manhood, the mental forces become impaired along with the physical. When this time comes, Vitae-Ore proves a regenerator which fills the blood with renewed energy, correcting irregularities, curing disease and restoring the force and vitality so necessary to success and happiness.

HAD DROPSY FROM A FEVER.

Feet and Limbs Were Very Badly Swollen—Also Had Kidney and Heart Trouble.

ABALINE, ARK.—I was taken down with a Fever a year ago, which resulted in Dropsy and Kidney Troubles, and after a time I became afflicted with Tonsillitis and Heart Trouble. My feet and limbs were so swollen I thought they would burst; there seemed to be an ulcer in my Stomach, and I had no appetite whatever. I was treated by two of the best doctors in this country, but they did me no good. One of them said that I would have to go to Hot Springs and have an operation performed on my throat before I could be cured. I was in a horrible condition, and did not think I could live to see another winter. I sent for a package of Vitae-Ore and after three weeks' use the swelling was disappearing and my throat was well; my heart was beating normally and the color had returned to my face; the fever had left me and I had regained my appetite. After taking two packages of Vitae-Ore I was in better health than I had been for ten years; I felt like a different woman entirely. I cannot praise V.-O. enough, and even though I were to write for a week I could not tell all it did for me. It has saved my life, and I tell all my friends, as well as the doctors, who are surprised at my improvement, that Vitae-Ore has cured me. I also advise those who are ailing and wish to get well to take it as I did. I have since used it for Piles and three applications affected a cure. I have used it in my family for Colds, Fever, Oramp and Ulcers, and I find it good for all; in fact, we cannot do without it.



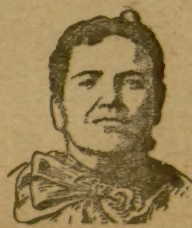
GERTRUDE JOHNSON.

Makes Strong and Healthy Women.

Woman may be called the most perfect piece of mechanism in all God's creation, but from the nature of her organism, she is the most delicate. It is due to the ease with which irregularities may creep in that not half of the women of today are entirely free from some of the many and varied ailments peculiar to their sex. Many object to or are financially unable to "begin doctoring" and so struggle along and suffer in silence, bearing a crushing weight of distress, torture and disease. Vitae-Ore is a true "Balm of Gilead" to such sufferers and is markedly successful in promptly alleviating and permanently remedying many diseased conditions which keep women from the full enjoyment of active life. Every woman should use it.

PROVED A GOD-SEND TO HER.

HARRISBURG, PA.—My conscience tells me that I must fulfill my duty towards humanity and Vitae-Ore by telling publicly the great good it has done for me. It has certainly proven a God-send to me. I suffered for years with Rheumatism and was led to think from repeated failure to cure that there was no hope for a cure. Today I am cured and all through this efficient remedy. It drove it all out of my system and there has been no return. I recommend it most highly for the great good it has done me and want everybody who suffers the terrible torture of Rheumatism to know how it cures this disease. I believe it will help any Rheumatic case and cannot find words to say enough good in its praise.



MRS. HANNAH WERLEY.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

Health is so Important

To your happiness, success and enjoyment of life and its duties that if you are in any way sick or ailing you should not delay a day nor an hour but should begin proper treatment immediately, before the trouble has a chance to become settled in any of the vital organs, to spread to other parts, or to become aggravated in its developments. The cures Vitae-Ore has made in thousands of cases prove the good work it does in checking disease and repairing its ravages, a work that every sick person, man and woman, should turn to for help. Do not continue suffering. Send for a \$1.00 package on trial today.

Address, THEO. NOEL CO., COMFORT DEPT. **Chicago, Ill.**
Vitae-Ore Bldg.